The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 4, 1954 — Vol. 22, No. 10

EDUCATION FOR OLD AGE

BOREDOM is the real killer of old people, Professor H. E. Tunbridge, of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Leeds, said recently.

This expert knowledge is supported by everyday observation. Everyone has seen active, healthy men whose retirement was nothing but a short cut to the grave.

The whole world today is faced with the problem of an increasing proportion of aged people.

Australia alone has more than 900,000 people past what is generally accepted as the productive age. And statisticians say this figure increases by 6000 each year.

Society acknowledges its debt to the aged and makes some attempt to assist them financially.

It is not enough to attend only to their physical well-being. Their mental health is equally important.

Acute boredom and a feeling of being a social burden mean, at the best, extreme unhappiness.

One of the penalties of old age, to those not of wide interests, is the gradual closing in of their world, caused primarily by their families leaving home and by retirement from the business world.

Everyone has to face old age. Why not begin education in self-sufficiency early so that the late years of life can be enjoyed to the full?

Self-sufficiency is a valuable asset. It can be learned and enjoyed.

An alert mind and widespread interests in the world around you—the world not entirely interwoven with that of members of the family, who are sometimes forced by geography or the press of their own problems to devote less time to parents—provide the best means of keeping happy.

Our cover:

● The girl on our cover wears Jacques Fath's suit with the new relaxed silhouette. It is of pale blue-and-white-striped shantung with a finely pleated skirt. The sailor tie of white organdie is new and flutters all over Paris. Blue-and-white shantung makes the flat, low-crowned hat. Inside, in our spring fashion section, you will find more Paris suits.

This week:

● John Landy and Roger Bannister are the star attractions at the Empire Games, and on pages 10 and 11 there is a story about these two celebrated milers. There has been a wild rush for seats for August 7, the day of the race. Canadians, by the way, tip Landy to win. The Duke of Edinburgh, who is visiting Vancouver for the Games, first saw Landy run in Sydney during the Royal visit to Australia.

Next week:

● Three pages of candid color pictures next week show glamor figures of the theatrical world who took part in Noel Coward's "Night of 100 Stars" in London, among them Marlene Dietrich, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Errol Flynn, and Patrice Wymore. Two color film pages show scenes from "Demetrius and the Gladiators," a sequel to "The Robe," in which Victor Mature plays his original role of Demetrius.

● "A Wreath For The Party" is the title of next week's complete lift-out novel. It is a murder mystery by an Australian author, Elizabeth Backhouse, who lives in Perth. Her first novel was published when she was only 19, and she has had several others published since. During the war she served as a W.A.A.F. officer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Why you catch cold!

Modern medical science now knows why some people spend a miserable winter nursing cold after cold, while others are immune.

The reason is that the lucky ones have good resistance. Their systems throw off the infections and germs that are the cause of colds and 'flu. A cold or cough is a sure sign of the breakdown of the bodily defences. These defences must be built up.

New knowledge about winter ailments supports a well-tried remedy. Scott's Emulsion, taken regularly, gives winter-long protection.

Scott's Emulsion tastes nice — children love it — and it is easy to digest. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is rich in *natural* Vitamins A and D and Glycerine — is reinforced by tonic hypophosphites to complete its wonderful strengthening effect on the body.

3-WAY ACTION RELIEVES COUGHS.

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£2000 in prizes offered in our big contest

The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 Jigsaw Story Contest offers a wonderful opportunity for you and your family to win big cash prizes and enjoy a new winter pastime.

WE will pay £1000 for the best story or dialogue of 350 to 500 words, composed of "ready-made" phrases and sentences from eight consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Forty-five other prizes totalling £1000 will be paid for other entries of merit.

The issues from which you may take material are dated from June 16 to August 4. If you need any back numbers to complete your entry, they are available at our offices. The contest closes on August 25.

Your story material may come from any part of the paper, including the lift-out novel and advertisements, but no phrase of fewer than eight words may be used and you may add nothing to the original wording. Complete sentences, however short or long, may be used, and any number of consecutive sentences may be used.

Write, type, or cut out the sentences, but remember to add the page number and date of the issue to each one.

Contest rules

ADDRESS your entries "Jigsaw Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you wish, but each one must be accompanied by the coupon on this page. Use one side of the paper only.

Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

Entries must be between 350 and 500 words.

Entries will not be returned to the sender, but will be destroyed when the contest ends.

The judges will award prizes according to the merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

JIGSAW STORY CONTEST

August 4, 1954. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own work.

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

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A charming and appealing romance

BY LAURENCE KIRK

A peal of bells



He kissed Elizabeth very sweetly, as though it was the first kiss or the last.

THE Millshaw girls were all good looking, and for three generations they had always been proposed to on yachts.

Josephine was the first of them. That was in 1895, at Madeira, and she looked adorable in her long bell-shaped skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves. The yacht was Vandona, owner P. Leslie Marks; and it was P. Leslie Marks himself who made the proposal.

She was only twenty at the time, and he was a good deal older. Nevertheless, she accepted him. She is still going strong, but she has been a widow for the past thirty years.

Anne was Josephine's niece. The year in that case was 1922, the place Cannes, and the yacht Valentino, owner Count Aldo Salutti. The count was only ten years older than Anne and was extremely handsome. Anne was adorable, too, in spite of the cloche hats and the short sack-like skirts which were so fashionable at the time.

It took Anne several years to realise that the count was hardly in the "good husband" class, but when she did she left him and returned to England. Her main interests now are her Pekingese and her migraine headaches.

It might be imagined from the above that the Millshaw girls were just gold-diggers or yacht-snatchers. But that is not so. They were in the yacht-owning class themselves, and it was on the Millshaw yacht, Mercator, that Elizabeth, the third of them, was proposed to.

That was at Bermuda, only a few months ago, and the man, Waldron B. Small, jun., was just as good looking as the count had been and only five years older than Elizabeth. The proposal might just as easily have taken place on the Small yacht as on the Millshaw yacht, for Waldron B. Small, *sen.*, was also in the yacht-owning class. But as it happened, it took place on the Millshaw yacht.

When Elizabeth accepted him, Waldron said he was the happiest man in the world. She was twenty years old and looked just as adorable in her slacks as Josephine had in her long skirts, or Anne in her cloche hat . . .

It is a moot point who gets the rawer deal —the children who grow up just in time to take part in a war or those who grow up just in time to miss it. On the whole it is probably the latter. The former have the certainty of both hardship and boredom, as well as the possibility of maiming and death; but they have taken part in it all, and, if they survive, the feeling they have of personal ownership in the future is an asset.

The others have no such feeling of ownership. Neither the past nor the future seems to belong to them. They are apart from the people who have been through it; they are floating in a void, and they generally defend themselves by maintaining that the whole thing was due to gross stupidity on the part of their elders.

Elizabeth had more intelligence than to think that; but she did have an insecure feeling that she had never really known what was terra firma and what was not. That feeling had been considerably lessened when Waldron first kissed her, and it was completely smothered when he proposed to her in such an entirely winning way. But the smothering, she discovered, was not permanent.

Waldron had to return to Philadelphia on important business very soon after the engagement had been announced. Elizabeth didn't feel like staying on at Bermuda without him, and she had flown home to England to cope with her relatives and to begin thinking about a trousseau.

Perhaps it was the distance from terra firma that brought it all back. Anyway it was on the Stratocruiser, in the middle of the night, that she found herself adding up all Waldron's good points.

It was a formidable list. He was agreeable to look upon, and had an original way of saying things. Like most Americans and very few Englishmen, he gave you his undivided attention. He had good taste in books, clothes, and music, and he didn't incline to those dreadful ties that seemed to be so fashionable in the United States. He was rich. (Why deny that that was important?)

And not only was he rich, but he had the right kind of money—the kind which could take you anywhere, with no questions asked. And though he was rich, he wasn't idle, and he didn't intend to be idle. (Neither Anne nor Josephine had ever thought of that item when they had done their figuring in the middle of the night.)

He was kind. He had a sense of humor. His hair grew in a pleasing way. Possibly he pitied her a little for being a European, but marriage, she was certain, would rectify that. And he had nice ears.

All through the night Elizabeth kept adding item after item, all of them on the credit side. With such an impressive balance sheet, it puzzled Elizabeth a little that she didn't feel happier about it all.

At that stage, it never occurred to her that, if she had really been in love with the man, she wouldn't have had to do all this adding up.

The return to terra firma at the London airport successfully removed these doubts. They came back again, however, when Elizabeth began to think of her impending interviews with Aunt Anne and Great-aunt Josephine.

She had an uneasy suspicion what both aunts were going to say; Aunt Anne would

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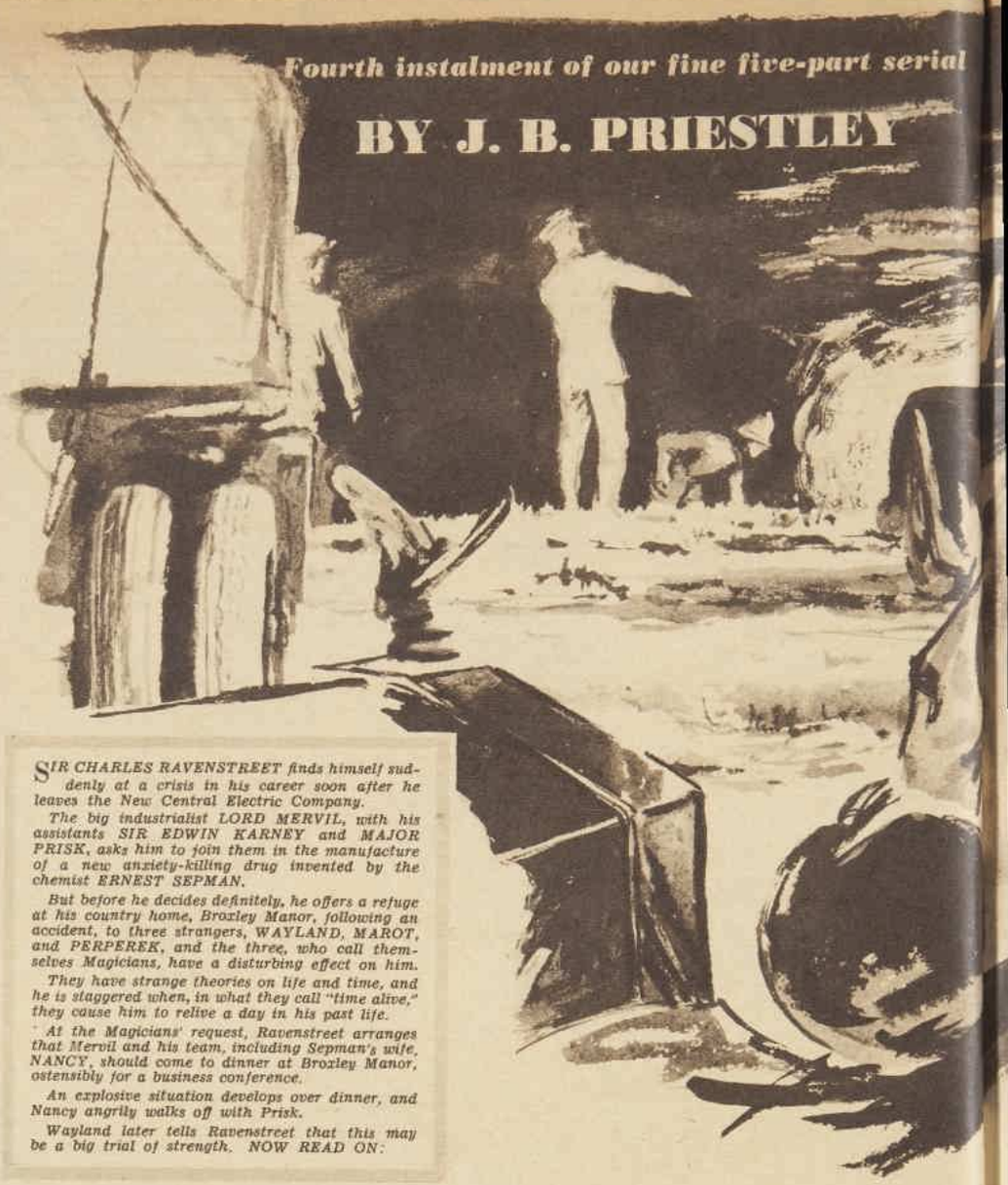
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Fourth instalment of our fine five-part serial

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY



SIR CHARLES RAVENSTREET finds himself suddenly at a crisis in his career soon after he leaves the New Central Electric Company.

The big industrialist LORD MERVIL, with his assistants SIR EDWIN KARNEY and MAJOR PRISK, asks him to join them in the manufacture of a new anxiety-killing drug invented by the chemist ERNEST SEPMAN.

But before he decides definitely, he offers a refuge at his country home, Broxley Manor, following an accident, to three strangers, WAYLAND, MAROT, and PERPEREK, and the three, who call themselves Magicians, have a disturbing effect on him.

They have strange theories on life and time, and he is staggered when, in what they call "time alive," they cause him to relive a day in his past life.

At the Magicians' request, Ravenstreet arranges that Mervil and his team, including Sepman's wife, NANCY, should come to dinner at Broxley Manor, ostensibly for a business conference.

An explosive situation develops over dinner, and Nancy angrily walks off with Prisk.

Wayland later tells Ravenstreet that this may be a big trial of strength. NOW READ ON:

The Magicians

As they moved out of the study, Ravenstreet said quietly and in all sincerity: "Doesn't it ever occur to you, Wayland, that you three may be living in an imaginary world?"

"We're all living in imaginary worlds, Ravenstreet. If you could catch a glimpse of the real world, you'd think you'd gone mad. But ours is nearer the ultimate truth than yours is, I believe; it has far less self-deception in it. And let me give you one piece of advice. Don't be deceived by the apparent solidity of things. That's the grand illusion of the senses."

He went on very earnestly, "The old warnings against trusting the senses weren't all pleas for asceticism, as most people think, but were concerned with false knowledge, wrong beliefs. You have to reverse all common-sense judgments. What seems solid is fluid, even gaseous, spectral. What seems ghostly, lighter than air, come and gone in a second, may have more true solidity than Gibraltar."

They were now within a few paces of the drawing-room door, and Wayland halted him, without any smile this time, looking almost as bleak as Marot. He spoke very softly.

"I didn't follow you to apologise because nothing is happening. I came to warn you that soon a great deal may happen, and some of it you may find very disturbing. You won't believe, I'm afraid, that these strange or tragic events are only one chapter in these life stories, that they can be changed in time alive. But please remember that is what we believe. So—it may be bad, but not as bad as you think."

He put a hand on Ravenstreet's arm, let it rest there for a moment, then gave him a little push forward.

Ravenstreet found himself entering the drawing-room, babbling about cigars and brandy. Through one tall window the sunset, ending angrily, glared, with molten bronze under a deep purple canopy of cloud. It turned the room into a cave of heavy shadows flecked with particles of fire. The men in it had the featureless faces of crowds in a dream.

Still absentmindedly playing host, he heard himself shouting the usual commonplaces, switched on all the lights, drew the curtains. The stage, as he believed they said, was set.

"Have you seen my wife?" Sepman asked uneasily.

Ravenstreet said he hadn't. "She's probably somewhere around with Prisk," he added.

Sepman pushed out his rather thick lower lip. "Well, I don't want her somewhere around with Prisk."

He drank his brandy, in a curious defiant way, rather as if he had not really been offered any but felt he was entitled to some. But then this was his general attitude.

Karney had overheard them.

"I thought I heard a car just before we left the dining-room. Probably they've gone for a little spin. Prisk knew he wouldn't be wanted." Karney's curiously

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"Two more 'ave 'ad it, mate," the lorry driver said nonchalantly to Ravenstreet, jerking his head towards the edge of the quarry.

deep bass voice might have smothered a malicious inflection. Sepman looked at him suspiciously.

"I don't care whether Prisk's wanted or not. I certainly don't want any part of him. But naturally I'd like to know where my wife is." He looked at his glass, then moved rather uncertainly across the room towards the brandy.

"I suggest that should be his last, Ravenstreet," Karney murmured. "And I think Mervil's getting impatient. Another ten minutes—and then we'll get down to it."

"I'll see." Ravenstreet was irritable. "It'll do Mervil no harm to control his impatience."

"Yes, but you know what he is."

"I know what he thinks he is."

"Now, now, my dear fellow, we can't have you losing your temper, too. Look—he's signalling."

Ravenstreet refused to look. "I give the signals in this house. Stop fussing, Karney. You haven't to take orders like Prisk. And we'll talk business all the better when we've given ourselves a little time to settle down."

"Is good that." This was from Perperek, who had now joined them. He was smoking a cigar and holding a monster helping of brandy, and was the self-indulgent old Balkan merchant to the life. "Always I talk much business—many places. Always I have nize cigar—nize brandy—plenty coffee. You think, Sir Karney?" He was all beaming innocence.

The high, wide shoulders moved in a shrug, and Karney's head seemed to sink lower than ever. "Sometimes, not always."

He hardly glanced in Perperek's direction, but gave Ravenstreet a meaning look.

Perperek raised his voice. "Is wonderful you do so good here in England."

"I don't understand you." Karney sounded annoyed.

"But is easy to unnerstan'." Perperek's protest filled the room; everybody listened. "I say is wonderful you do so good here in England."

"I'm not deaf, my dear sir. I don't understand what you mean, that's all. It doesn't make sense to me. However, let's drop the subject." And to make sure that it was dropped, he went across to join Mervil.

Perperek did not follow him, but did go forward several paces, finally standing in the middle of the room, claiming all eyes. He pointed his cigar at Karney.

He was still smiling, but the look of beaming innocence had gone, the clown mask was melting away, the little dark eyes no longer twinkled; and there was a suggestion of concentrated force that Raverstreet, who had seen it once or twice before, recognised at once. This was undoubtedly the real Perperek, a most formidable personality.

"Now what's the matter?" The demand was impatient, but there might have been a faltering note in Karney's deep bass. He looked uneasy, too; not at all the man who had told Perperek to drop the subject and who had contemptuously walked away from him. "Well—what is it now?"

"I say is wonderful you do so good here in England."

"All right, man, you've made your point." Karney sounded faintly relieved. "It's wonderful I've done so well here in England. Let's leave it at that." He turned to speak to Mervil.

"Have good remembering. Moch difficult training for remembering. So I think—I think—where is it I see Sir Karney before." Perperek had all Karney's attention now.

"So I remember. Is why I say you do so good here in England. In 1921 you were a very young man—in Constantinople—and I see you in police house because of smoggling. Perhaps you go to prison—perhaps no. But in 1921 you are young smoggler there—now you are Sir Karney here. Is wonderful, I think——"

"I don't know what you're talking about." It was a fine roar, but already his eyes were afraid and he was beginning to sweat.

"No? Have care now."

"I tell you I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look here, Ravenstreet," Mervil called, crisply and commandingly, "you really must put a stop to this. It's intolerable."

Before Ravenstreet could reply, the awkward little scene suddenly flared into strange drama. Perperek spoke rapidly in some foreign tongue; Karney responded in the same language, but hesitatingly and fearfully, like a servant caught pilfering; then Perperek lashed him with words that whistled and cracked like whips.

This brought about a remarkable transformation, for Sir Edwin Karney suffered such an immediate change that he might almost be said to have disappeared; the wide shoulders dropped, almost seemed to melt; the sunken head, now wet with perspiration, reared up on a writhing neck; and there between Mervil and Ravenstreet, in place of the stiff City knight, was a terrified Levantine, wriggling and abjectly protesting.

Perperek regarded him sombrely for a moment or two, saying no more, and then sat down to enjoy his cigar and his brandy. Karney, his persona still in ruins, found a few muttered words of English, rolled despairing sepia eyes, and bolted.

"Well, what was that in aid of?" Sepman demanded harshly.

"You tell," said Perperek to Wayland.

"Mr. Perperek knew something of Sir Edwin Karney's early history," Wayland began, smoothly. "And he reminded him of it in the language associated with that time, which I imagine to be Turkish. This produced rather a strong effect, as you saw."

"That's about what I thought," said Sepman. "But what's he supposed to have done wrong? All right—he isn't English, but what does that matter? When he was young he did a bit of smuggling—so what? Why attack

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AFTERNOON



WHEN she awoke, she could hear the soft rush of the shower muffled through the closed bathroom door. The sudden jangle of the phone on the night-table startled her and she lifted it quickly to stop the shrill summons.

Buzz Forbes' voice sounded in her ear. "You're coming into town today?"

"I have a dentist's appointment."

"Meet me afterwards. I must talk to you."

Her cheeks flamed. "I can't. I won't." She said painfully, "Buzz, we've been over this before. There's just no sense to it."

"Please. Just to talk."

"It would just get all involved . . . and complicated . . ."

"Just this once. Pretend it's a casual meeting. I'll buy you a drink."

The shower stopped suddenly and the ensuing silence was loud in her ears.

"No," she said. "I can't talk now. I'm going to hang up."

"Promise," he said. "Otherwise I'll ring right back."

He couldn't do that. But being Buzz, he might. She couldn't risk it.

"Promise," he said.

"All right," she capitulated in sudden panic. "Just this once." And heard his breath go out in a long sigh of relief. She hung up quickly.

She lay back against the pillow with her eyes shut, her heart hammering. It's absurd, she thought. I feel so guilty and clandestine and femme fatale. At eight-thirty in the morning. She bit back a nervous laugh.

When she opened her eyes again Tom Blake was knotting his tie at the mirror, scowling in concentration. She stared at the back of his dark head trying to remember the thing that had been in the back of her mind since she had awakened. And then it came to her. This was their tenth wedding anniversary. Ten whole years of marriage.

So soon, she thought. It couldn't be ten years so soon. Still it was hard to remember the time when they had not been together.

She slid out of bed and belted her robe around her waist. "I'll put the coffee on."

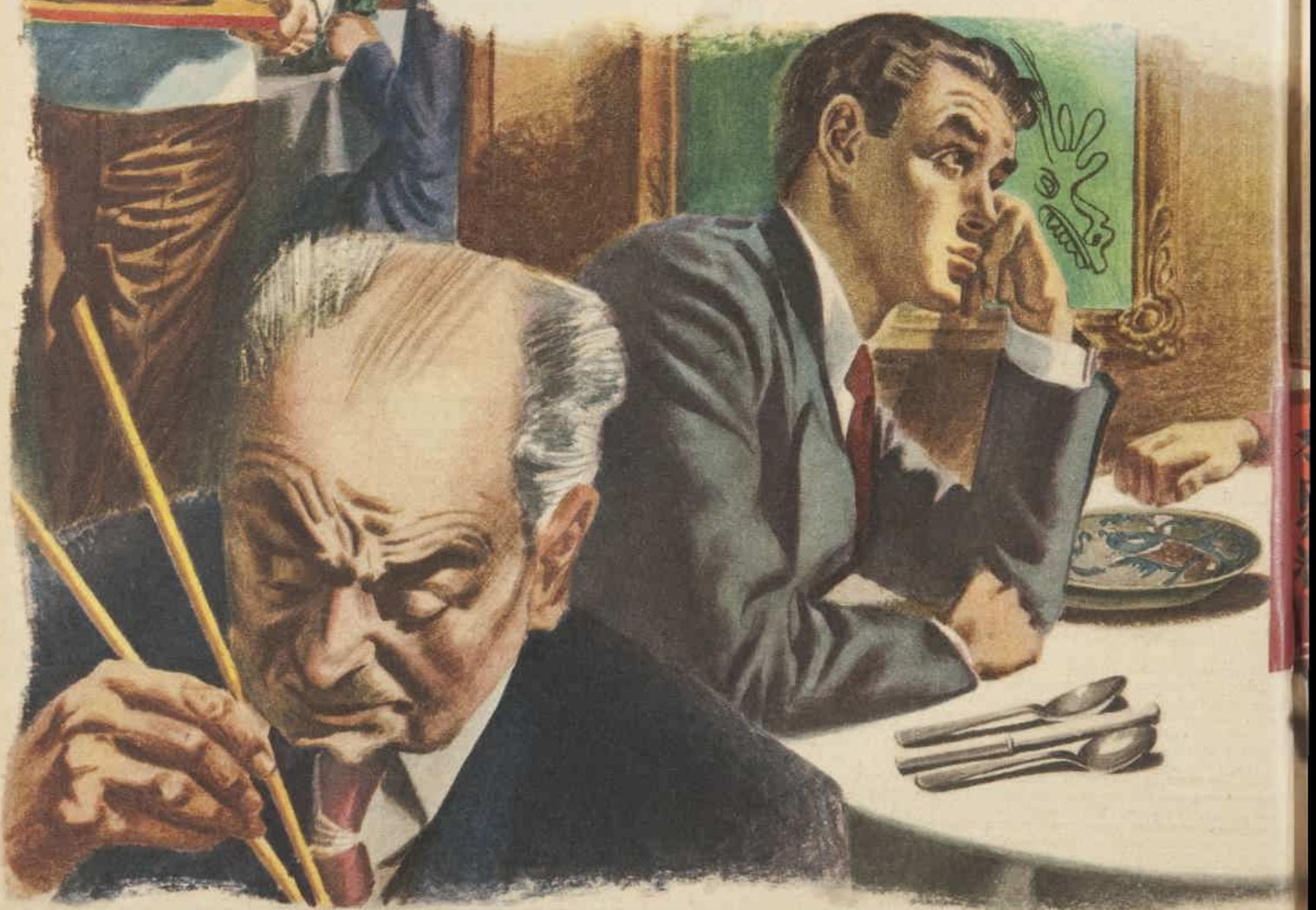
"No time," he said shortly. "I've got to get down early today on that inventory."

"Inventory?" she asked blankly. Then she remembered. It had something to do with that bank loan he had been talking about. He had finished paying off one loan in the spring and they had hoped then that things would be easier at the store.

There had been two good months afterwards and Tom had optimistically put in a full line of bicycle accessories and equipment and quite suddenly everything had come to a standstill. Now they were borrowing again.

She slid her feet into her slippers and when she straightened she heard the slam of the front door and the grunt and cough of the battered truck in the driveway. She held her breath the way she always did until the motor caught and the truck roared down the driveway. Someday soon it would need a complete overhaul and garage repairs were expensive. Each day the truck started was a minor triumph over the budget.

She picked up the hairbrush and started to brush the dark curls, in which there was no hint of grey. Twenty-nine years old, she thought, and still no lines around the eyes, a firm smooth skin, a clean sweep of jawline. The wide dark eyes in the mirror reflected her grave scrutiny.



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OF DECISION

A powerful and dramatic story of two marriages

BY ROSALIE WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

but the full red mouth quirked impishly at the corners.

"And a happy anniversary to you, too," she mocked.

He could have remembered. The thought came resentful, unbidden. Money was tight right now and she hadn't expected a present, but he might have spoken the words. And kissed her good-bye.

In the beginning he had always turned back at the corner to wave, and the gesture had been infinitely endearing. She tried to recall how long it had been since he had stopped doing that and could not. Somehow along the road of years a lot of things had changed. Perhaps they did for everyone.

A part of her mind sprang quickly to his defence. Tom Blake had a lot on his mind these days. He had said that credit restrictions were tighter at the bank. That he wasn't at all sure they would grant the loan. And the Blakes had no P. G. Bradley lurking in the background of their lives, smoothing the path for them.

"Good morning. You up?" The soft, slurring voice sounded at the kitchen door.

Helen stuck her head out of the window. Mary Forbes from next door, in a new pink and white housecoat, her blond hair caught up in a pink ribbon, waited on the porch.

"Door's open. Put a light under the coffee."

She showered quickly and dressed, slipping the candy-striped cotton dress over her head, adjusted the zipper and pulled in the belt. Anyway, she thought with wry satisfaction, she had not put on weight.

The dress was five years old and still fitted as well as it had the day it was bought, despite the score of times it had been washed. She outlined her lips in coral and went downstairs.

Mary had poured two cups of the fragrant, steaming brew and was generously spooning sugar into one. Helen put the cream on the table and Mary poured a large dollop into her cup.

She was small, plump, and fair, with the winsome disposition of a sunny child. She grinned at Helen. "If I don't lose some weight Buzz swears he'll leave me." She sipped the sweet mess with blithe unconcern.

Helen turned to the refrigerator to hide the swift color in her cheeks. "Buzz thinks you hung out the moon," she said. And in a funny way it was true. The feeling he had for Mary was no part of that hurried, furtive phone call this morning. She added truthfully, "I don't believe I've ever once heard Buzz criticise you."

Mary's nose wrinkled. "He has his moments. He nearly blew his top last night when I told him about the stole."

She had been pricing sable stoles. Helen drew in her breath sharply. "You didn't really buy one?" Buzz had been telling Tom only the other night how uncertain things were at Prince and August.

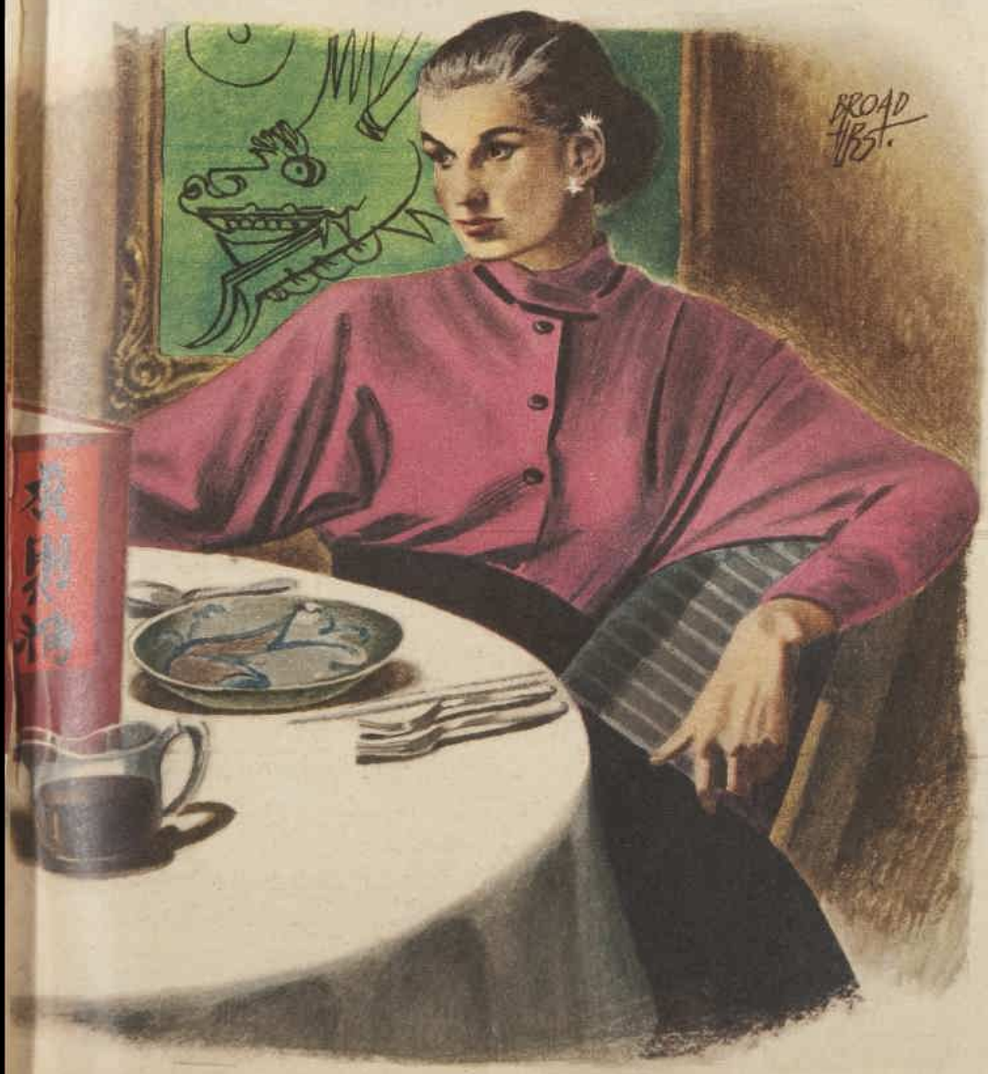
Mary grimaced. "Sable was as high as the moon. I settled for fox. But he howled like a wounded banshee just the same."

Helen laughed at her. "I can't imagine Buzz howling." Big, easy-going, amiable Buzz, former football champion, with the open smile of a happy extrovert and the disposition of an angel.

"I know just how to keep that boy in line. I told him if he didn't want to pay for it I'd call dad. He'd be tickled to buy it for me."

"And Buzz didn't take an axe to you? He's a forbearing soul."

Mary giggled. "He just wrote out that cheque so fast I hardly finished my sentence."



Poor Buzz, Helen thought. Maybe she ought to talk to Mary, warn her somehow. But how could you put it in words? And warn her of what? Don't push Buzz too far, Mary. But Buzz wasn't complaining. He isn't as happy and docile as he looks. He needs something more than he's getting out of his marriage. And how would you know that, Helen Blake?

"Good old dad," Mary said placidly.

It must be comforting, Helen thought once again, to have a P. G. Bradley to fall back on. Paul Goodhope Bradley, retired widower, old enough to have made his money, still young enough to enjoy it. Mary was an only child and he adored her. Every winter he took her for a ski-ing holiday with him and in the summer they went off together to the beach.

That makes it cosy for Buzz, Tom said disgustedly once, the fact that the old man lets her husband have her around the other forty-six weeks of the year.

"Buzz doesn't seem to mind."

"He's not in any position to make a fuss, is he? When you're accepting somebody's charity you don't turn around and kick him in the teeth. No matter how much you might like to."

"You're wrong about that," Helen said stubbornly. "He's got Buzz the job with the accountant's company, but he isn't supporting them. I'm positive of that."

"Cut it out," Tom said wearily. "You know the score. Buzz is a nice bloke, but he's no ball of fire. And that wife of his spends money as if it was going out of style tomorrow."

"It sounds," Helen said pointedly, "like a lot of fun."

"Sure," Tom said shortly, turning away, his shoulders bowed. "I used to think we could do it someday. When I was younger and full of beans and optimism. Two or three thousand years ago."

"Tom," she said quickly, ruefully. "I'm not complaining. It isn't that. We're doing all right."

"We're doing very well," he said bitterly. "When was the last time you bought a new outfit?"

"We'll make out," she said and wondered which of them she was fooling. Prices were going higher and still higher. And people were buying less and less. Things at Blake's sports store had reached the point where only another sizeable loan would mean survival.

"Give it up," she had urged once. "Sell out. Cut your losses."

"And then what?" Tom asked coldly.

"Get a job somewhere."

"What for?"

"For some peace. For security. For the sake of a regular salary coming in every week. And an end of this constant, nagging worry."

He hadn't bothered to conceal the contempt in his voice. "A job like Buzz Forbes'?"

"Why not?" Her voice was edged with anger. "What's so terrible about that? Buzz has it a lot easier than you."

He bit off the words. "Maybe I haven't made myself clear on the subject of handouts. Even granting that he's earning his keep, what makes you think I want it easy? When was anything worth while built the easy way? When I'm done I'll have something to be proud of, something I created myself, slowly, solidly, something substantial. Not a sinecure that could blow up in my face any day at the whim of a junior partner or a change of office administration . . .

When Mary had gone, Helen straightened the house, making the beds, washing up the few breakfast things. It was all finished in an hour. When there were only two people there wasn't much disorder.

If young Tommy had lived, she thought regretfully . . . if she had been able to have another child. She had trained herself not to think about it, over the years, but today, for some reason, the banished thoughts surged and eddied in her mind. It was, she supposed, because of the anniversary, the tenth anniversary that marked the close of a chapter in their lives.

Tom Blake was taking inventory, but there was more than one kind of inventory and the disjointed fragments of remembered conversations and milestones in their marriage constituted another kind.

There wasn't, she thought ruefully, a great deal on the credit side of the ledger. Buzz Forbes wasn't the only one who needed more than he was getting from his marriage.

Perhaps Buzz had sensed that instinctively and it was that forming the fine strong thread of sympathy beween them. A thread she had never intended to draw them together. She thought she had made that clear to him. But this call this morning had taken her by surprise.

She had said yes, she would meet him, but of course she

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Tom looked at Helen with bewilderment. "Sometimes," he said, "I could swear you are psychic."

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Handsome Stranger

By NANCY WILBUR



Doreen grabbed my arm and we both stared at the man. "You must meet him," Doreen whispered to me.

LIFE was not always so rosy. There was, for instance, that horrible spell last spring right after Dave and I broke up, when I went for six weeks without a single date and was quite convinced that I had already withered on the vine at the ripe old age of 24.

Doreen assured me that all girls go through such a spell at some time or another—even the smooth, attractive types who look as though they spent their evenings rushing from cocktails with Steve to dinner with Harry—which, let's not be modest about it, is how I look when I'm not too busy glooming over my lack of social life.

Doreen was going steady. It was a nice, settled, comfortable deal and she later married Mike. And, bless her heart, she really did her best for me. She would whip up delicious little suppers for four — meaning herself and Mike, me, and whatever unattached male they could rope in for the evening.

And there we would sit in Doreen's delightful apartment, eating Doreen's delicious spaghetti or listening to Brahms or playing the latest word game. And nobody but Doreen ever guessed that I felt completely hollow —unloving and unloved.

The slump, of course, couldn't last forever. Finally I began to have dates.

There was Irving. Irving was a musician. Unfortunately, I did not understand Irving. We parted, unregretfully, after three dates.

Then there was Nick. Nick was being psychoanalysed. Now analysis is a very fine thing and I am all for it. The trouble with Nick was that he had been analysed a little too much but not quite enough. If I got mad about something, he was very ready to trot out an interpretation of my unconscious hostility towards men.

There was Joe. Good old Joe dragged me from football to racetrack and back again for ten days. Good old Joe's idea of heaven was for me to cook dinner while he read the sports section. It was my idea of quite another place and one night I told him so.

There was Marvin. He was married but forgot to mention it.

By June, Doreen and I were desperate. We had run through all Mike's friends, all Mike's acquaintances, all the men Mike could possibly snare to "stop by and have a drink with Doreen and me and there's a very attractive friend of Doreen's I want you to meet."

And I was still without a man, or any hope of a man.

It was a beautiful evening, blue and shining. Doreen and I were walking home.

I said, "I want to stop and get a paper." Routine stuff. Did it every night. Went home, fixed myself some scrambled eggs, sat on the sofa, eating, reading, and hoping the telephone would ring.

"Okay," said Doreen sympathetically.

I was fumbling in my pocketbook for some change when it happened. Into the paper shop came a man. But what a man. He appeared from behind me, tall, tanned, with blue eyes and a warm, humorous mouth.

I felt as if I had known him forever. He was, he must be, in advertising. He liked Brahms but he liked Benny Goodman too. He liked football in moderation.

I was staring like a goon. But Doreen grabbed my arm. "Did you see that?"

"Yes," I said, "I saw."

"Lucy," she said, slow and determined. "Lucy, he'd be perfect. You must meet him."

"Nonsense," I said gloomily, my natural optimism sapped by months of malnutrition. "He lives in another State and he's only here on business, besides which he's been married for six years and they have a stained timber house and two children."

"Oh," said Doreen morosely. Then she brightened. "He doesn't look married, not married enough. And if he lives here in the city he must know somebody who knows one of us . . ."

I went home to my scrambled eggs.

The next morning Doreen came bursting into my office. "Lucy! I saw him again this morning. And he went in for a paper so he must live near you and . . ."

We stared at each other—speechless.

And that night I saw him. For some unearthly reason the street was quite deserted and we walked towards each other along the empty footpath, and when I got near I lifted my eyes cautiously and peeked at him and he was peeking at me.

Instead of scrambled eggs, I splurged on a steak and strawberries for dessert. Afterward, I washed my hair with one of those rinses guaranteed to produce fascinating golden highlights and ironed a couple of tiresome but frilly blouses.

The next morning I met Doreen on the way to work. There was, of course, no discussion. We both knew that we were going to buy morning papers on the chance that he might be there . . . and there he was, coming out of the shop. Doreen muttered in my ear, "He stared at you, Lucy. He positively stared."

"Yes," I said, serenely.

Flushed with triumph, I found myself speaking to the paper man. "Who," I said distinctly and with considerable aplomb, "who is that man in the brown hat? His face seemed familiar. I think he might be the husband of a girl I was at school with."

The paper man took the bait. "Couldn't be. He's a Mr. Cameron, Mark Cameron. He just moved here —and he's not married."

Out on the street, Doreen surveyed me with awe. "Not married! And the way he looked at you! Oh, Lucy, you've just got to meet him!"

Suddenly I was depressed. I said, "I know. But how?"

She looked thoughtful. "It's evening. Mike has picked us up at the office. In his car. We're hurrying to make the light. But a man is crossing the street . . ."

I chimed in. "Mike puts on the brakes. But it's too late. The man falls—oh, ever so gently, of course. He isn't hurt, except that his hat falls in the gutter."

"We apologise tremendously. He insists that he isn't hurt. But we say that at the very least how about having a drink with us, just to steady his nerves after such an unpleasant experience. He accepts . . ."

"Or I could pretend I was doing a survey for some research organisation. I could look up his address in the phone book and . . ."

"I can see it now!" murmured Doreen. "You're wearing your black pique dress and your gold hoop earrings. You ring the bell. The door opens . . ."

I took over. "'Mr. Cameron?' I ask. He nods. 'Mr. Cameron, I am representing the Institute for the Advancement of Public Opinion. Would you care to give us your opinion on the use of color in kitchens?' "

Doreen broke in. "He smiles. He says, 'I'm not married, Miss—it is Miss?' Now you nod. 'Prescott, Lucy Prescott.' 'Miss Prescott,' he says. 'So you see, I don't know much about kitchens. But if you'd care to come in, there must be lots of opinions I could give you.' "

"No," I objected. "Too wolfy."

"Yes" she agreed regretfully, "Too wolfy. Well, there must be another way. Don't you think he looks like the type who does his shopping around 11 on Saturday mornings?"

I said I thought he did.

"So that's when you go to the market. You wear your green-and-white check. And white earrings. And you arrange it so you leave at the same time, whether you have to buy one radish or two tons of frozen food."

"And then?" I said, interested.

"And then you collide with him, making it seem as though he pushed you."

"That sounds pretty difficult!"

"Difficult, yes. Impossible, no. After all, your whole life's at stake. So it seems as though he pushed you. You fall. Your groceries scatter —but never mind, you don't get up. You clutch your ankle . . ."

"I make a little grimace of pain!" I cried happily. "I say, 'I seem to have twisted my ankle!' He says, 'I hope it's not serious'! I smile . . ."

I wouldn't, of course, have done it if she hadn't rung me on Saturday morning, encouraging me, reminding me of the nights I'd stayed home with my scrambled eggs.

I wore my green-and-white check which, if I do say it, is madly becoming. Trembling, I approached the market.

And he was there. Buying all sorts of interesting things—rye bread, orange marmalade, steak, French mustard. I just knew I was going to like him.

We left at the same time. This involved me in staring with fascination at frozen peaches for almost five minutes—but I made it.

We were going through the door together and I was all set to move in for the coup de grace, when I knew I couldn't do it. I couldn't be that aggressive, that unfeminine.

So I'd spend the rest of my life with scrambled eggs and a good book. But I wanted a man who'd take the first step in the proper tradition. I didn't want to have to do it myself. I'd always feel I'd, somehow, trapped him.

I thought, Lucy, you're a fool. And I was, and I knew it, and there was nothing I could do about it and I was feeling very miserable when suddenly he side-stepped. A broad male shoulder rammed me, an Argyle-clad male ankle interlocked with mine—and down I went, in a shower of rolls, pickles, rye, and mustard.

Neither of us got up.

He clutched his ankle and said, "I seem to have twisted my ankle." I said, "My goodness, I hope it's not serious."

He smiled.

And life, as I said, is rosy.

Like I thought, he's an advertising executive. He was a football player. And he's a wonderful husband.

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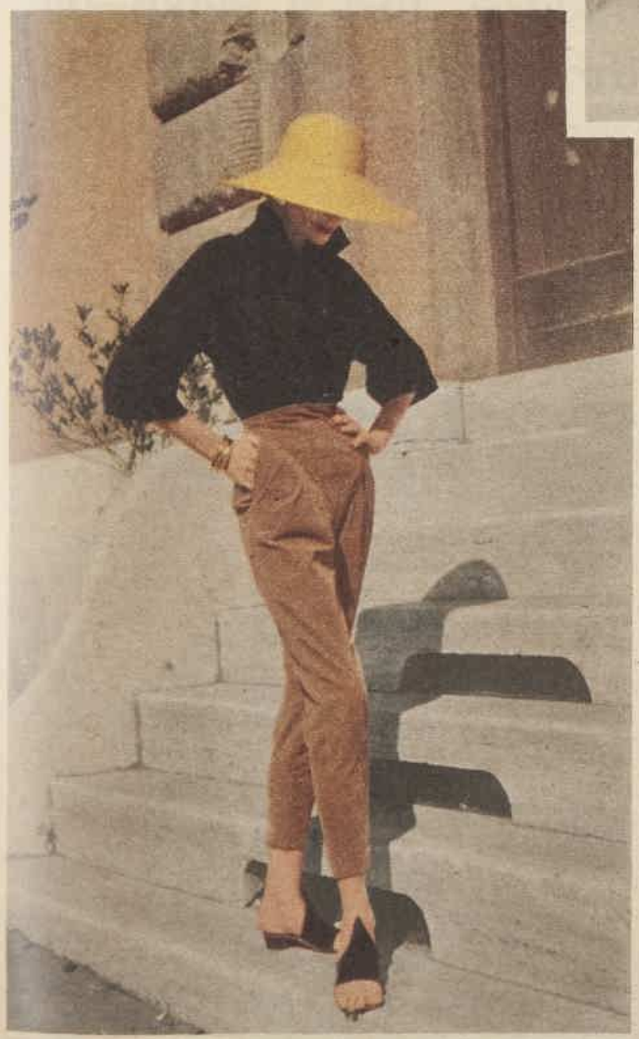
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Play clothes by Roman designers

Roman designers make international fashion news with a new ease and elegance in casual clothes. Pants are long, slim, tapering, and high-waisted, in black-and-white or striking color. Fabric, straw, wool, and leather are allied.



FLOWERED PIQUE pants from Simonetta, of Rome, worn with a black wool jersey blouse. The hat to match the pants is of wool, silk, and straw, woven in an intricate floral design. Inventive Italian designers like contrasts. Pictures by staff photographer Alec Murray.



HIGH-WAISTED ankle-pants in honey beige duvetyn, worn with a loose-sleeved, covered-up black jersey top. The big, shady hat is of natural Italian straw.



BLACK-AND-WHITE evening-striped pants, right, with wide black cuffs, by Simonetta, of Rome. The high waistline is tied at the side, the shirt is black wool jersey.

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Here you are—
FULL DETAILS OF THE

EXCITING CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

1ST. PRIZE 2 WEEKS TO California!

PLUS 120 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Just imagine! A tourist trip by air to glamorous California and a fortnight's glorious holiday in the land of San Francisco . . . Hollywood . . . Palm Springs . . . and you—and perhaps your husband, your mother, sister, or best friend—may be the fortunate ones.

READ THE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY!
IT'S EASY! NO COMPLICATIONS!
ENTER NOW — THIS VERY MINUTE

CONDITIONS

1. Consider these Recipes on the basis of taste, economy, and ease in preparation, and place them in what you consider to be their order of merit. Then add your favourite recipe of any kind.
2. Fill in the coupon or write out your entry and mail to G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
3. Every entry will be examined and, in the event of a number of competitors displaying equal skill in determining the order of merit of the recipes, the judges will select prize winners from the competitors' favourite recipes on the basis of taste, economy and ease in preparation.
4. First prize is a tourist trip by air for one person for two weeks in California, to be taken up by 30th June, 1955, subject to obtaining passports and visas, otherwise a trip elsewhere of equal value will be awarded.
5. If a label, lid of a can or cutting of the words "Cream of Tartar" from any cooking product containing Cream of Tartar is attached, the first prize will be doubled and will become a trip for two people.
6. The Proprietor or Manager of the Grocery Store nominated by the winning entry will be awarded an Australian holiday trip for one or two people to the value of £100.
7. Consolation prizes of 10 Electric Waffle Irons, 10 Electric Irons or Toasters, 100 beautifully bound and coloured basic Cookery Books.
8. Anyone is eligible to enter except employees of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and its Advertising Agency, and their families.
9. The decision of the Judges will be final; no correspondence will be entered into regarding such decisions. Entries become the property of Australian Cream Tartar Co. Pty. Ltd. and may be used at its discretion. Entries close at G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, at 5 p.m. on Monday, 1st November, 1954.
10. Prize-winners will be advised by mail and will be announced in an advertisement in "The Australian Women's Weekly" on 15th December, 1954.
11. The Coupon is not required from residents of any States where its use contravenes the law of that State.

1. PATTY CAKES:
INGREDIENTS: 6 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour, pinch salt.
METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased patty tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen cakes.

2. LIGHT FRUIT CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ lb. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, ½ lb. castor sugar, 1 oz. coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 ozs. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon cornflour.
METHOD: Cream butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add sifted flour and salt; continue beating until soft, white and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved, add yolks. Mix into creamed butter and flour. Fold in almonds, fruit and sherry, then baking powder, sifted with cornflour. Turn into 8-inch round or square tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1½ hours.

3. ORANGE CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: 8 ozs. butter, ½ lb. sugar, grated rind of one orange, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour.
METHOD: Cream butter, sugar and orange rind thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add orange juice, mix well. Fold in flour, which has been sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

4. COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES:
INGREDIENTS: ½ cup butter, 1¼ cups brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1¾ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, pinch salt, ½ cup coconut.
METHOD: Beat butter until softened; gradually add sugar, vanilla and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper (not greaseproof) and place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into wafer-thin slices with a sharp knife. Place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in air-tight tins when cold.

5. CHOCOLATE CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. butter, ¾ cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, ½ teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 level tablespoons drinking chocolate, good ¾ cup milk.
METHOD: Cream butter with sugar; add boiling water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice one layer with chocolate icing and join layers with cream.

6. GINGERBREAD CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: 1½ cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon margarine, ½ cup milk, 1 beaten egg.
METHOD: Sift flour and spices into a bowl; add the sugar and mix. Melt the shortening, add the milk to it, warming it slightly before stirring in the treacle, beaten egg, soda and baking powder. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and thoroughly. Pour into buttered and paper-lined slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. When cool, cut in squares and sift with sugar.

7. SPONGE SANDWICH:
INGREDIENTS: Three large eggs, good ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk.
METHOD: Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and frothy; gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into two greased 7-in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill and ice when cold.

Remember
If a label, lid of a can or cutting with words "Cream of Tartar" from any product containing Cream of Tartar is enclosed, the first prize is doubled to a trip for two persons.

FILL IN NOW AND POST TO G.P.O. BOX 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Here's all you do! — In the first square put the number of the recipe you consider the best, based on taste, ease and economy in preparation, then your second choice and so on.

1st No.	2nd No.	3rd No.	4th No.	5th No.	6th No.	7th No.

My favourite recipe for _____ is attached.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

The Proprietor or Manager of my Grocery Store is Mr. _____

of _____

Your entry may also win a two weeks' holiday in Australia for your Grocer and his wife.

CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

TWO FAST MEN





● *ROGER BANNISTER, who, on May 6, 1954, at Iffley Track, England, became the first human being in history to run a mile in less than four minutes. He ran against a 15 miles per hour crosswind, clocking 3:59.4 seconds.*

● *JOHN LANDY, the fastest man in the world, who, on June 21, 1954, at Turku, Finland, broke Bannister's record. Landy ran in perfect conditions, clocking 3:58 seconds to improve on Bannister's time by 1.4 seconds.*

Running is just a small part of their busy lives

The two greatest mile runners the world has ever produced, Australia's John Landy and Britain's Roger Bannister, now in Vancouver for the British Empire Games, are surely two of today's most modest heroes.

TALK to them about their miracle runs—or rather try to talk about their record-smashing runs—and Bannister talks of Landy, and Landy of Bannister.

"Take Landy's time for the mile, 3:58," Bannister says, "that really is a wonderful achievement."

Landy, asked about his record run, says, "Why, Bannister's run of 3:59.4 in the wind and cold of London in May is at least as good as my own."

The run both champions want to talk about is that of their pacer, English middle-distance runner Chris Chataway. Both imply that without Chataway neither of them would have, at the time they did, broken the four-minute mile.

Chataway himself says he considers Landy and Bannister as equals.

"I will say they are dead on a level," he said.

"You have to take conditions into consideration when you consider their records," he said. "Bannister ran his race on a cold, windy May day, while conditions for Landy in Finland were ideal."

Athletics Section Manager of Australia's Empire Games Team, Mr. Theo Treacy, of Western Australia, has taken with him to Vancouver the silver inscribed championship medal of the Amateur Athletic Union of Australia.

The highly valued medal will be presented to Chataway as a token of the Union's appreciation of the part he played in the race in which Landy broke Bannister's mile record.

Chataway, with the rest of the world, is eagerly awaiting the clash between the two men in the mile event at Vancouver, when Landy, the fastest man in human history, runs against Bannister, who first broke the coveted record.

The mile has always been the glamor race of the track; times for it have been carefully watched and recorded.

Record runs

A "FOUR-MINUTE" miler has been regarded as a fabulous human being since 1875, when Slade ran a mile in 4:25.5, but the time has been whittled down over the years.

In 1932 Frenchman La Doumegue ran 4:10 to beat Nurmi's record of 4:10.4 that stood since 1924; and then in 1945 Gundar Haegg, of Sweden, ran the distance in 4:1.4.

His record stood until May this year, when Bannister became the first human being to break the distance in less than four minutes.

Interviewing and reading about the two athletes reveal that they are strangely similar.

Both are quiet, studious types, and both have avowed that running is just a small part of their lives.

Landy is happiest furthering his career as an agriculturist or chasing the butterflies which he collects.

He packed his butterfly nets and specimen boxes in with his running shoes when he went to Europe, and they are assured of pride of place in his room at the Olympic village in Vancouver.

Bannister has allowed himself only half an hour a day for training since he broke the record. His burning ambition is to be a really good doctor, and he regrets the time he has to spend away from his studies at St. Mary's Hospital in London, where he is a student.

The two milers are the same age, 24. Landy is 5ft. 11¼in. tall, Bannister 6ft. 1¼in. Landy weighs 10st. 8lb., Bannister approximately 11st. 7lb.

The two tall, thin, young men both have powers of intense concentration.

"John wouldn't attempt anything unless he was absolutely sure he could master it — and master it easily," Mrs. Gordon Landy, John's mother, said the day after his record-breaking run.

"Roger has the gift of supreme concentration on whatever he is doing," his 26-year-old sister Joyce says of Bannister. "He has never wasted time on anything he wasn't going to excel in."

Landy revealed a surprising facet of his race concentration.

"The concentration is pretty intense, but it's surprising how much you notice just the same. Often at the end of a race I can remember what lots of people were doing along the side.

"That kind of noticing doesn't interfere with concentration, though. If my stride were broken by some object on the track I could easily lose the race."

Landy acknowledges that the mile is physically best for him.

"I'm too slow for the 880," he says. "The mile seems just right for me; it's not too long to get monotonous in training, and it's not short

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TO CLASH AT GAMES

● *When miracle milers Landy and Bannister compete in the mile event at the British Empire Games next week, anything may happen. Records may or may not be smashed, neither man may win — but the race will be the mile of the century.*





BANNISTER, left, breasts the tape in his record-breaking run. He finished fighting for breath, collapsed, and had to be helped off the track.

BANNISTER, at left, above, with Chris Chataway, red-haired middle-distance runner, who paced both Bannister and Landy into history. Chataway will be present when the two meet in the mile event on August 7 at the Empire Games.



LANDY is chaired amid wild cheering at the end of his phenomenal run in Finland. As he sprinted over the last lap of the mile, the crowd yelled "Landy, Landy, Landy." He was carried off the track to the cheers of the madly excited spectators.

enough to require any great sprinting ability."

Landy says he does not enjoy running.

"I enjoy the physical fitness I get from it, but no one could enjoy middle distance running," he said. "It's sheer punishment. You couldn't enjoy pushing yourself into the ground."

Landy, who loathes publicity, does not enjoy the public adulation showered on him since he broke the record.

He left the Olympic Village at Vancouver to stay with friends to escape autograph-hunters and reporters, but was ordered back to the village by the Australian manager, Jim Eve, because no special privileges could be permitted.

"The publicity I have received has been too much for me," Landy said. "I wish it would die down."

His former trainer, ace athletic coach Percy Cerutty, says Landy has an acutely sensitive streak in his nature which expresses itself in extreme shyness and almost painful modesty.

The Landy family say John is always keen to point out that if it hadn't been for Cerutty's influence in the early days of his running career he would not have developed as a world figure.

The two remain firm friends and, although Landy now sets his own schedule and methods for burning up the track, Percy continues to "bash his ear" in airmail letters.

Cerutty is secretive about the exact contents of these letters, other than to confide humorously phrased threats of what he will do to the champion if the Cerutty advice is disregarded.

"I couldn't tell you any more," he says. "Bannister might read it."

To get back to the two champions' similarities, both of them have sisters who talk about them.

John's sister, young Sue, who is 16, takes the palm at cutting down a world figure to family size.

When the news of his great run was broken to her she said: "John! . . . Why, when he was a schoolboy he couldn't run a message. I could have beaten him any time."

Actually, Sue is just as proud of her brother as is Joyce Bannister of Roger, but Joyce has more to say.

"My father was the first in the family to realise Roger could run faster than other boys," Roger Bannister's sister Joyce, a teacher of biology, said.

"He couldn't catch Roger to reprimand him one day when with some other boys he'd been particularly naughty."

Joyce and Roger Bannister have been close companions all their lives. Both were at Oxford.

From their earliest childhood they spent their holidays rock scrambling until they graduated to mountaineering. They still spend their holidays exploring and climbing Britain's mountains.

"Our 'Oxford days overlapped a year, and I was glad to be there with Roger," Joyce said, "because it was difficult for him at first. He came straight from school at a time when ex-servicemen were filling the colleges."

Recalling their childhood, Joyce said that Roger, far from being a tall, athletic boy, was short, fair, and "usually took the part of a girl in school plays."

"He was Katherine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' I remember how charming he looked in mother's old velvet dress pinned up in a bustle and how proud we were of the splendid performance he gave."

Bannister still loves the theatre, and recently took part in a performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan," which was put on by students at St. Mary's Hospital.

The Bannister home in Whitmore Road, Harrow, is home with a capital H to all the Bannisters.

"When Roger becomes 'Dr. Bannister,' our parents will be prouder of him than when he put up the mile record," Joyce said.

"We have always lived quietly and at home are rather serious people," Joyce said.

"Roger and I made our social life at college and up at Oxford and like to keep our nice secure home background something apart.

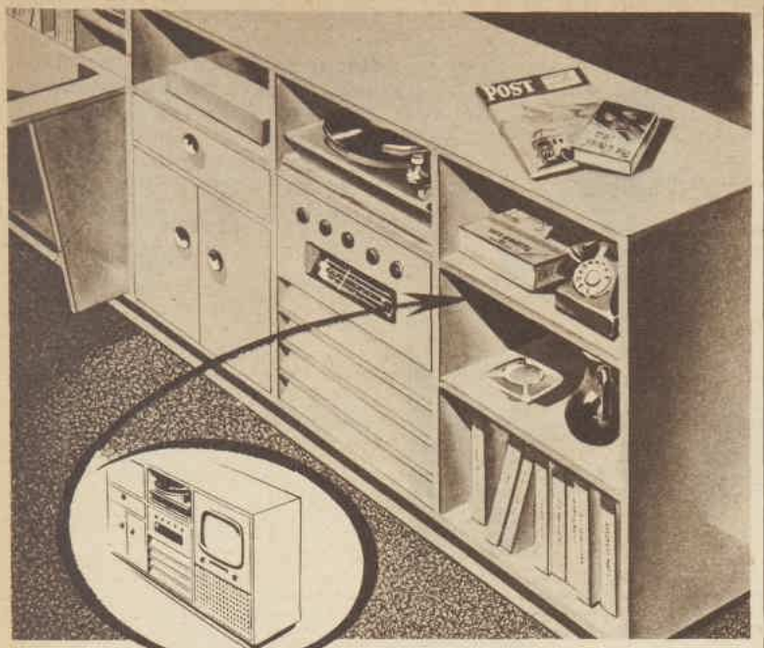
"This does not mean that when we were growing up there were not plenty of parties. My father had a magic lantern and used to keep the whole street entertained.

"He always had clever jokes from the joke shops and puzzles at our children's parties, and is full of imaginative ideas for keeping people amused.

"We did not have a large circle of friends when we were children. As we were both at day schools, we enjoyed family life and were brought up rather strictly.

Footnote: There are other runners competing in the mile event at Vancouver, which, incidentally, will be watched by the Duke of Edinburgh. Both Landy and Bannister say they will be running to win, not to break records. They say that both Halberg (New Zealand) and Pirie (Great Britain) have a good chance of winning the race. Halberg, who is 20, has run the mile in 4:04.4; Pirie, 23, has done 4:06.8.

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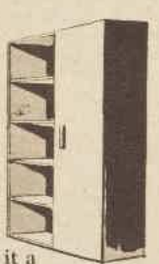
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Continuing A Peal of Bells

from page 3

say she was doing right and Great-aunt Josephine would suggest that she was making a serious mistake.

This is precisely what they did. But when one went to see Aunt Anne, one did not plunge straight into one's own affairs.

Aunt Anne invariably lay on a sofa in a dim light, and it was customary to make delicate inquiries about her health and about that of the three snuffling Pekingese before one embarked on anything else.

On this occasion, however, these preliminaries took much less time than usual. Then Aunt Anne's voice, which had been a feeble whisper while she talked about her afflictions, suddenly came out in ringing tones, "My dear child," she said, "I'm so delighted about your news."

"I hoped you would be," Elizabeth said demurely.

"But, of course, I'm delighted," Aunt Anne went on enthusiastically. "I had a letter from your father about it only this morning. He's very pleased, and I entirely agree with him. It couldn't have been a better match."

"I don't like calling it a match," Elizabeth protested. "It sounds as though he were a bit of ribbon or something."

Aunt Anne smiled and patted her on the wrist.

"But, of course, it's a match, my dear, and a very good one. You couldn't do better than marry an American at the present time. The one thing I feared was that you might marry a Latin. I know all about them — I married one — they are not very faithful."

"No, I suppose not," Elizabeth said. "On the other hand, Americans do have rather a lot of divorces, and I think that's just as bad."

"It isn't nearly as bad, my dear. And, anyway, you must be thinking of Hollywood and Reno. It doesn't happen in Philadelphia."

Elizabeth smiled and began to put on her gloves.

"I've got to go on to Great-aunt Josephine," she explained. "But I am very pleased that you approve."

Great-aunt Josephine had very soft white hair, and was still quite pretty, in spite of her seventy-eight years. There were no drawn curtains in her house. Such sun as there was came pouring in, and she sat upright in her chair.

She, too, had heard from Elizabeth's father that morning, but she didn't mention the fact, and made Elizabeth tell her everything she wanted to tell about her young man in her own words.

This Elizabeth did, in much the same order as she had done for herself on the Stratocruiser; she even ended up with the fact that Waldron had nice ears.

Great-aunt Josephine's expression did not betray what she was thinking. She nodded and smiled and smiled and nodded; then, when Elizabeth had come to the end of her list, she spoke. "But he sounds charming, my dear! How long have you known him?"

Elizabeth knew that was coming and admitted that she hadn't known her fiance for very long. A fortnight in New York and a month in Bermuda —but they had seen a lot of each other during that time and—

Great-aunt Josephine didn't wait for the explanation. "He's obviously very attractive, my dear," she interrupted. "Good looks. Good health. Good family. Money. You don't know how much money, by any chance?"

"No. I don't at all."

"I'll bet your father does!"

"Aunt Josephine, isn't that a little unfair?"

"Possibly. Yes. It may be. I just don't know." She looked dreamily out the window and then suddenly began to shake. "Oh, the poor cousin! The poor cousin!" she sobbed. "He never has a chance with people like us."

Elizabeth just stared at her; she was baffled and distressed. She had never seen Great-aunt Josephine break down like that before, and she would not have believed it possible.

"Aunt Josephine, darling!" she cried. "What's wrong? What's the matter? Don't you want me to marry?"

But Great-aunt Josephine recovered from her access of emotion as quickly as she had succumbed. In a moment she was straight-backed again. She had been silly for a bit, she said. That, after all, was one of the privileges of old age.

Of course she wanted Elizabeth to marry. She wanted her to be very happy. And this Waldron seemed suitable in every possible way. If Elizabeth couldn't love a man as attractive as that, whom was she ever going to love?

Elizabeth wasn't satisfied with this, especially the last sentence. She was a persistent girl; she never left things half done, or arguments half argued, and only three days later she was back at Great-aunt Josephine's, trying to pin the old lady down.

It was uphill work, for Great-aunt Josephine was at the top of her form, talking airily on a dozen subjects.

But Elizabeth would not be by-passed in this way. "That's all very well, Aunt Josephine," she said. "But you distinctly said something about 'the poor cousin' the other day. I want to know what you meant."

Great-aunt Josephine smiled and gave her a pat on the hand.

"You didn't know we had a poor cousin?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, we haven't. How could we have? The Millshaw men always marry rich girls, and the Millshaw girls always marry rich men. That isn't the way to beget poor cousins."

"Yes, but then—?"

"I think that love is the poor cousin, my dear. He hardly ever gets on a yacht. He either walks or comes on a bicycle."

Elizabeth remained silent for quite a while. "You don't think I'm in love with Waldron?" she asked at last.

"Do you, my dear?"

"I've wondered about it."

"Well, that's more than I did about my husband. It was such an obviously good match that it seemed indiscreet to worry about a little thing like that. And I was certainly luckier than poor Anne. Leslie had no vices. We never quarrelled; there was nothing to quarrel about.

"But the plain ugly truth is that one of the happiest days in my life was the day I became a widow."

Once again there was a long silence in the room; then Elizabeth went on.

"Thank you for telling me," she said quietly. "I think I needed to be told something like that."

Then she paused and looked helplessly around. "But how can one tell, Aunt Josephine? How can one possibly tell?"

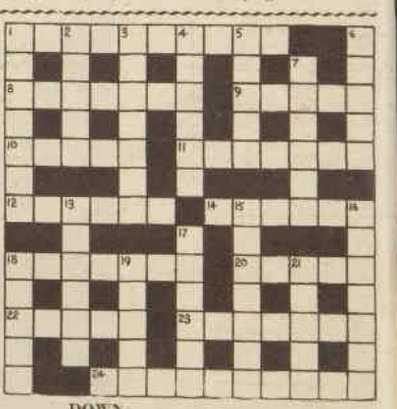
"I don't believe it's so very difficult," her great-aunt replied. "As a start, I think you've got to imagine the world stripped of all its embellishments. No yachts, no limousines, no mink coats, no jewellery. Once you've stripped the world of such things you get down to more essential ones.

"There was a film which, I think, put it better than it's ever been put before. It was an old film: you would have been a bit too young to have seen it. I can't remember its name. But I think Ginger Rogers was in it. She kissed a good many men in the film, if I remember rightly, and nothing much happened.

"But whenever she kissed the

To page 58

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Danish toes (Anagr. 10).
8. "Never expected to hear a ... ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face" (Ruskin on Whistler) (7).
9. Be less than lamb is to join the world of Mohammed (5).
10. Draw attention to a slight push (5).
11. East Indian sailors carry a cicatrice (7).
12. Jump in season (6).
14. Here and there miss the back of father (6).
18. Taxi to swell mostly a vegetable (7).
20. Wanders yet inside does nothing before midday (5).
22. Restrained a graduate whose name seems to be Edward (5).
23. Alkaloid in opium (7).
24. In the ancient theatre this was the stage (10).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword

DOWN

1. When acute they are never grave (7).
2. We are all though not always accused of carrying an axe (5).
3. Like a bereaved woman whom Zeus turned into stone (7).
4. They were mouthpieces of the gods (6).
5. "Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our . . . there?" (Measure for Measure — Shakespeare) (5).
6. They give light like the French parliamentarians (5).
7. Addresses the court to guide in an afterthought (6).
13. Blunt a discount (6).
15. Shorten a card-game (7).
16. To form wrong judgment is to believe after one thousand (7).
17. Receivers in railings (6).
18. Carriage in small dwelling (5).
19. Only a tree, but could be cut up about boy (5).
21. Elsewhere for an accused (5).

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Latest pictures by Baron of

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ABOVE: H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of a colonel of the Welsh Guards, wearing the Ribbon and Star of the Order of the Garter. Right: In the dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders he wears the kilt and the Star of the Order of the Thistle.

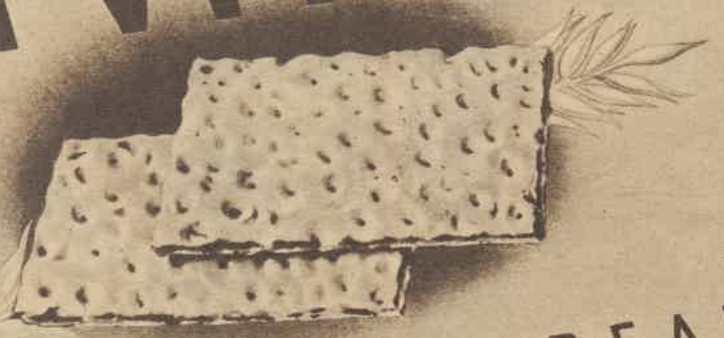
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SCHOOL'S IN



CAKE-DECORATING pupils, Helen I'Anson, Greenethe and Mrs. Noela Stuckbury, Nowra, put the finishing tou to their first cake at the C.W.A. Handicrafts Schoo

Lessons on holida —and they love it

Forty country women from all o New South Wales came to Sydney recen to see the sights, do some shopping, and "back to school."

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

THEY were "pupils" of the Country Women's Association's Handicrafts School, held for a fortnight at Keera House, the C.W.A. holiday home at Deewhy.

The "pupils," most of them married women with families, signed on for two courses each, taking their choice from felt work, millinery, glove making, cane basketry, French flower making, cake decoration, leather work, lampshade making, and seagrass basketry, and learning from six qualified instructors.

For all of them the Handicrafts School was more than an opportunity to learn some useful skills. It was a holiday from family responsibilities and a long-looked-for break from household routine.

I spent a day at Keera House with the country women, watched them as they crowded into their classes, held in the dining-room and verandahs, sewing, weaving baskets, mixing colored icings, and trying hats on one another.

They chattered as they worked, planned shopping and theatre outings for their free time, and swapped reminiscences of farm and station life.

Mrs. Mavis Mapperson, grazier's wife, of Tambar Springs, told me she had been looking forward to the handicrafts course for almost six months. It was the first chance she'd had to see Sydney in four and a half years.

"I had it in my mind at the beginning that this would be a holiday for me—it's a change, all right, but it's certainly no rest," she said.

"I thought I had a pretty full day at home — helping with the mustering, doing housework and gardening but I think I'm kept jus busy here. I go to cl most of the day and do homework at night.

"It's just like school a and I love it."

"Homework" for Mapperson meant the ca preparation of patterns French flower making course she liked best.

She interrupted her co to make a flying trip Parkes for a family reu at the 60th wedding anni sary of her husband's par Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Map son.

Before she left she c pleted a large round bou of white velvet violets to on the lape her maroon Mrs. Map son's room-m Mrs. K Stuckey, w travelled to the school f her husband's sheep sta 27 miles outside Condobo studied cane basketry millinery.

She was working on a bo felt "model" when I met h

It was a pretty shape, w a wide brim, and M Stuckey was devoting a gr deal of loving care to it.

"I hope I'll be able to w it home," she said, not confidently. "I'm dying show it to my husband."

Mrs. C. I'Anson and daughter Helen, of Greet thorpe, told me that they joyed the companionship the other women more t anything else in the han crafts course.

"They are all wonde people here," Mrs. I'An said, "and although w hard at it most of the t we have wonderful fun the end of a day I'm about worn out with laug ing."

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Mrs. L. Ferrett, 46 Karrabah Road, Auburn.

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It's child's play..



TWO-YEAR-OLD Karen Volk tucks her doll into bed in the spacious indoor playroom at the Women's Amenities Centre in Hyde Park. Karen has been attending the Centre since a baby, and has just left the nursery to join the older children.

Harassed fathers also find creche a godsend

The fathers as well as the mothers of Sydney are enjoying the benefits of the baby-minding service provided by the Women's Amenities Centre in Hyde Park.

By JANET BAILEY, staff reporter

THE Centre, which cost £80,000 and was opened four months ago, has become widely known as a haven where women can relax, leave the children to be cared for by a trained staff, or feed and change their babies.

But many fathers, coping with sudden domestic crises, have also found the creche a godsend. They have carted the children along to be checked in over the counter so that they can visit wives in hospital or give sick mothers, fighting off an attack of this winter's common complaint, virus flu, the chance of a few hours' complete rest.

For a modest fee, children may be left at the Centre for periods of up to three hours. As a result of this service, mothers are able to go shopping, see their doctor or dentist, go to the movies—or enjoy the luxury of being free by doing simply nothing.

At the moment the Centre has room only for children up to six years of age.

The nursery is run by a triple certificated nursing sister and two mothercraft nurses, while the "over-twos" are looked after by trained kindergarten attendants.

In the fenced-in playground there is a slide, a sandpit, and swings, tricycles, and toy cars for the children to play with.

The general rule is that children are taken for three hours only. But in emergency, if it can possibly be managed, the staff will care for a child for a whole day.

Opening on to the playground is a spacious playroom with a polished floor where the children can play on cold or rainy days.

Tiny tables and chairs, a miniature bedroom suite co plete with sheets and blank on the bed, and big bloc wooden ships and trains sto the playroom.

Upstairs is the nurs where children up to t years are kept. The room light and airy, and spotles clean.

Adjoining the nursery i glassed-in playroom wh the very small children c amuse themselves when th are not asleep.

There are rows of n cots where the children n sleep. When staff photograph Ron Berg and I looked there were rows of fair a dark heads just showing abo the blankets.

When parents park the children in the nursery th are handed a ticket with number on the back. A cor responding number on a met disc is attached to the child clothing so there can be a mix-up.

It's only when mothers ar due back about half past fou or five o'clock that th children become restless an



COLLISION is just avoided as these reckless young drivers pedal happily around the playground in toy cars.

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. . . gives Mum a rest



HELPING Glenn Bruce work out a puzzle in the indoor playroom is Miss A. Lomax. Outside is Miss E. Chandler. Both girls are trained kindergarten workers.

hungry and start to let the world know about it.

Parents do not enter the nursery proper, but wait outside for the babies to be sorted out and handed over by the attendants.

Every mother I asked about the Centre said it was marvellous, wonderful, and a great blessing.

Mrs. R. Holt, of Swansea, had two children in the Centre when I was there. One-year-old Matthew was up in the nursery with the other under-twos, and Deborah, aged three, was downstairs playing outside with the other children.

"It's just unbelievable," said Mrs. Holt. "Three hours of heaven. I could even get my hair cut."

Mrs. A. C. Harrison, of Randwick, said, "It's very convenient. It's a big help and lets me get away from home more often. We've been needing something like this for a long time."

A father who preferred to remain anonymous had been suddenly faced with the problem of what to do with his eight-months-old baby when his wife was taken ill.

"I had nowhere at all to send the baby," he said. "I took him there, and as a person who was violently opposed to taking away parkland I was very grateful for the facilities which were so courteously extended.

"I wouldn't have known how to cope without it."



ENTERING the Women's Amenities Centre with her 20-months-old son, Bruce, is Mrs. N. Battley, of Jannali. Mrs. Battley leaves Bruce while she learns music.



NURSERY for children under two has neat rows of cots where most babies sleep peacefully. The one in the arms of the nurse, Miss J. Malone, seems to need comforting.



FATHERS find the Centre a blessing, too. Here Mr. P. Morison gives Mrs. A. Adam the details about 13-months-old Andrew before leaving him to go house-hunting.

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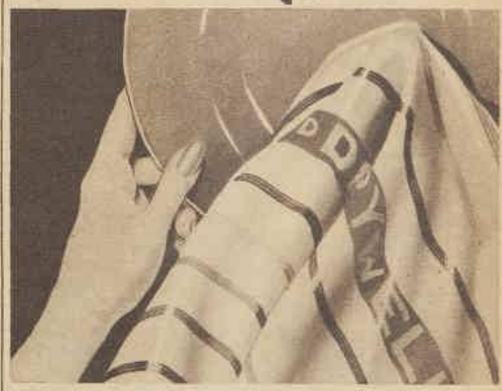
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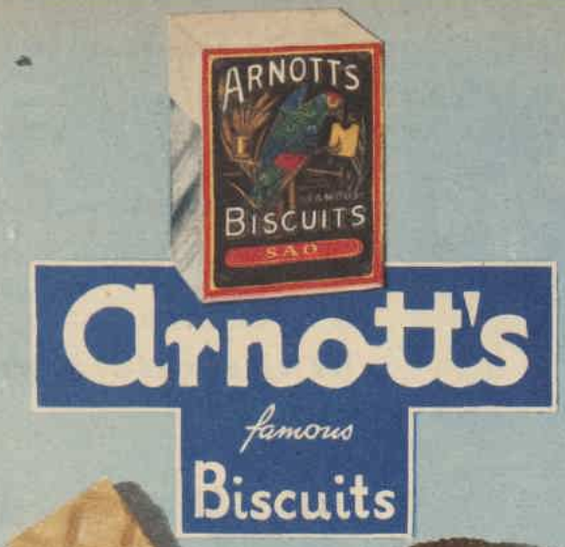
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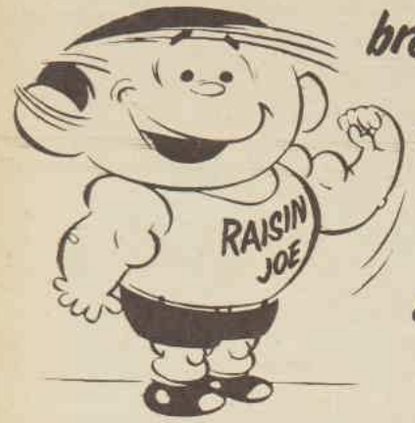


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MOTHER



"The dearest little pets in the world. Why don't you ever call us that now, Mum?"

BUTCH



"Aw, nobody'd offer £500 for me. You're just saying that to make me feel good."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

SOMEBODY has remarked that every new interest acquired helps build up a barrier against boredom in old age.

That being so, what with boxing last year and now jazz, my old age looks like being pretty lively.

Since last week-end, after attending the first of the Shaw-Colonna-Rich concerts at the Stadium, I am now a devotee of this form of entertainment.

If it were not for the fact that I am shortly going on holiday, I would probably be seen stomping my feet in some hall or other regularly through the rest of the winter.

The organisers of these shows went to some pains to point out that they were not jazz concerts in the narrow sense. Mr. Artie Shaw followed this up by maintaining that terms like jazz, swing, bop, and classical don't mean a thing.

Nevertheless, you need some kind of broad term to differentiate between the kind of show that includes Buddy Rich's drum solo "Quiet, Please," and those put on by Mr. Eugene Goossens.

The night I went, a section of the audience showed its hostility to the late start by clapping in rhythm and shouting. Possibly this was due to the influence of the Stadium as a setting.

I was wondering, a little nervously, whether a few potted palms (a la Town Hall) might have calmed down the crowd, but from the moment that Wally Norman's band struck up the hostility turned to equally noisy enthusiasm.

Perhaps you can't have it both ways.

* * *

SO the New South Wales Hospitals Commission has decided to ban hot-water bottles, on the ground of danger to patients.

The ban has raised a wail already, a wail that is justified unless there is some satisfactory substitute for keeping patients warm.

A hot-water bottle, for ease and warmth, ranks beside a mink coat, and comes a lot cheaper.

What most hospitals lack is comfort. They have cleanliness, efficiency, and order, but seldom comfort. The removal of hot-water bottles puts a finishing touch of bleakness.

* * *

THE American Air Force has signed a contract with a Chicago firm to supply food to several thousand men at an Oklahoma base.

The firm will see to potato-peeling, dish-washing, and all cooking.

It is interesting to note that at the same time there is an American citizen conducting a one-man campaign to stop servicemen from swearing. He recommends that they substitute expressions like "Gee whiz."

Perhaps servicemen, relieved of kitchen duties, will become so good-natured that they will cease feeling the need to swear.

In time unfavorable comments on Army food may be reduced to "Gee whiz, who called the caterer a cook?"

AN English review of a new edition of a book on American slang quotes an interesting verb which has come into the American language.

It is "to telesit," and means to baby-sit while watching television. The noun is "telesitter."

The reviewer—J. B. Priestley—spoke highly of the verb which is undoubtedly one of the more logical coined words. It means something specific and says it briefly.

If you wince, remember that baby-sitter is a word of fairly recent vintage. One people just talked of minding a baby. The new term has a slightly different shade of meaning, in that it became current when parents began to pay baby-sitters.

Before that, baby-minding was an unpaid job for grandmothers and aunts.

There is another slight difference in minding as opposed to sitting. Minding can entail running about while the baby is awake, preventing him from pulling off the radio knobs or climbing out the window.

Sitting suggests that the child is asleep. Telesitting infers a really cushy job.

* * *

THE other day I had a most illuminating conversation with some teenagers on the subject of film stars.

One of them asked me who was my favorite.

I replied rather apologetically that I didn't actually have a special favorite now, owing to the fact that my one-time pin-up, Mr. Clark Gable, was getting a little worn and overweight.

To my surprise, when they began to discuss their own favorites they mentioned several old enough to be their fathers or their grandfathers—among them Spencer Tracy, William Powell, and Ray Milland.

It just shows (as if we didn't know) how unfair is nature.

Here and there, of course, there are women film stars such as Marlene Dietrich who continue to hold their public. But how does one describe her nowadays?—as a glamorous grandmother.

Nobody ever thinks it necessary to tag the boys as glamorous grandfathers.

* * *

AT Princeton University, U.S.A., a mechanical brain is being fed with statistics in order to answer for a business man the question, "At which of my factories can I most efficiently make pea soup?"

"Which of my factories makes the best pea soup?"
Ah, such vexed questions as bestir the brain
Unanswered and unanswerable are most,
Like, "Will love last?" and "Is it going to rain?"
Or "What is truth?" and "Whither are we bound?"
No easy answer here, and spirits droop.
Happy the man who only wants to know
Which of his factories makes the best pea soup.

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Revlon's 'Everything's Rosy'

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He knows women and perfumes

Unlike the Australian male, who usually purchases perfume for the pretty shape of its bottle, the Frenchman, when shopping for perfume for his wife or girl-friend, takes a snapshot of her with him to the shop.

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter



REUNION in Sydney for two old friends. Georges Barry (left) first met Pierre, manager of a well-known Sydney restaurant, on an earlier business trip to New Zealand. The two Frenchmen meet whenever M. Barry visits Sydney.

I WAS told this, naturally enough, by a Frenchman, M. Georges Barry, general manager of one of the oldest perfume houses in France, who made a business tour of Australian and New Zealand capitals recently.

He told me that it was a fairly common sight in Parisian perfume shops to see the male purchaser (French) and the salesgirl in deep discussion over a photograph presented by the man.

From the photograph the salesgirl can discover the personality of the woman for whom the gift is intended and suggest a suitable perfume.

American tourists in Paris follow the same procedure.

"Australian people," said M. Barry, "women as well as men, have not been educated to the use of perfumes.

"Possibly the cause of this is the outdoor life many Australian women lead. Good perfume is expensive, so they don't want to waste it on golf and horse-riding.

"It's a shame, I think. Your women are very attractive and well dressed, their good looks deserve a good perfume, one that suits each of them individually, but so few of them bother about this.

"Some of them," he added severely, "wear no perfume at all!

"A lady I met in New Zealand a couple of years ago laughed when I talked about perfume.

" 'Why should I wear perfume?' she asked me, as though it was very funny, 'I am not dirty, I bath every day.' "

M. Barry shrugged eloquent shoulders. "I ask you," he said, "what can you say to a woman like that?

"Not wear perfume? When a woman is attractive, nicely dressed, she appeals to your eye. That's right? Well, then, why should she not also appeal to your nose?"

This seemed reasonable, so I asked M. Barry for a few hints on choosing perfume.

"You must take time," he advised. "Do not rush over it. It's an imporant matter.

"You should consult an experienced perfumer, who will be able to tell almost immediately from your coloring, age, and personality just what is right for you.

"You should test a few perfumes, but not too many at a time; that way your nose becomes confused.

"If you are still unsure, come back another day, but do not buy until you are perfectly satisfied.

"When you have chosen your perfume you should use toilet soap, talcum powder, and cosmetics with the same fragrance so that everything harmonises. That is for glamor."

M. Barry's firm has two salons in Paris, one on the Champs Elysees and one in the Place Vendome, both furnished in Louis Quatorze style.

Each has a large, beautifully appointed waiting and consulting room, where new customers are interviewed by the manageress, who, M. Barry says, can sum them up at a glance.

"She will notice their hair coloring and complexion first," he added. "If a woman is dark haired and dark skinned she will be able to wear a heavier, more exotic perfume than one who is fair.

"You have dark hair," he said to me, "but your skin is rather fair. For you I would suggest a lighter perfume."

I thanked him for the advice and asked him to explain more.

"Well, speaking generally, the darker a woman is in her coloring, the heavier the perfume she will use," he said. "For blondes something fairly light, in most cases.

"But, then, you must consider the lady's age. For 16 and up through the 20's, always something subtle and light, not too sharp and not too sweet, depending on the person.

"After 35 a woman can afford to use a heavier perfume."

During the course of 34 years spent in various parts of the world looking after his firm's interests, M. Barry has been able to draw a few comparisons between the perfume tastes of women in many countries.

"American women seem to me rather sophisticated, and they like spicy, sophisticated perfumes. Italian women prefer something a little more subtle—strong, but not quite so exotic as American tastes.

"For the English, a sweet perfume, 'Heure Bleu,' in Scandinavia 'Apres l'Ondee,' which is just like its name—'after the rain shower'—fresh and light."

M. Barry's chief aversion is women, any nationality, who wear too much perfume.

"You must not wear too much perfume," he said, with feeling. "A woman should be discreet with her perfume; to wear too much is terrible.

"A lady sitting on my left at dinner one night had so much perfume on that everything I ate and drank tasted of that perfume.

"I could not enjoy the meal at all."

Our Fashion Parades

• See our next issue for the announcement of our exciting plans for fashion parades in early spring.

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INCREASED DUTIES. Princess Margaret (above) gives an award at a hospital at Leeds, where she presented prizes to student nurses. At right: The Princess arrives at Covent Garden for the Gala Performance for the King and Queen of Sweden.

Margaret may visit here next year

Princess Margaret may be the next member of the Royal Family to visit Australia.

She is to undertake a heavy programme of visits to Commonwealth and other countries during the next 12 months and has specially asked if Australia can be included.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

ALTHOUGH the Princess still lives at Clarence House with the Queen Mother, she is to have her household increased. A personal secretary and an extra lady-in-waiting will handle all the organisation details for these visits.

Princess Margaret is delighted. She had recently complained to friends that time was hanging rather heavily on her hands.

Plans for the Princess' overseas tours were put into effect on her return from Germany.

The Queen was the first to congratulate her sister when she flew back to England in a Viking of the Queen's Flight.

As Princess Margaret's official programme is expanded and she shoulders her new responsibilities, the "Princess Margaret set" dwindles to a few intimate friends.

One of them, Lord Porchester, arrived incognito at Bonn during the Princess' visit to Germany, asked a mutual friend where she was, and phoned her at Costedt, where she was the guest of the Commander-in-Chief Northern Army Group.

But "Porchie" was not invited to the gala ball which was held at Bad Eilsen on her last night in Germany and which was a strictly Services affair.

Margaret did not meet any members of her "set" until the evening she returned to London, when Billy Wallace drove in his sports roadster to Clarence House for a tete-a-tete dinner.

Many times during the tour the Princess must have been reminded of former friends, for the German newspapers splashed stories of her romances across the front pages.

Her friendship with Peter Townsend was outlined at length until her last night in Germany.

On that night Peter Townsend was just over the frontier in Belgium at the Spa International Horse Show.

The Germans regarded the Princess as their own visitor from the moment she arrived in Germany on what was officially a four-day tour of British units.

They cheered wildly the first day when she lunched in Bonn with the West German President, Theodor Heuss, and the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer.

The Princess, in a pleated taffeta frock patterned in lilac and a tiny hat of pink-and-white lilac flowers, looked prettier than in the German Press pictures captioned: "Die Schoene Prinzessin" ("The Beautiful Princess").

Vivid cyclamen make-up and heavily shadowed eyelids gave her a look of sophistication few had expected.

In the afternoon of this first day, the Princess saw the Third Hussars. She is the colonel-in-chief, and after inspecting the guard and watching the parade she visited the sergeants' mess and had tea with the officers and their wives.

The next day she spent with the Royal Air Force stations.

The third day was, to quote the Princess, "quite a tank day." Its climax was a ball in the Fuerstenhof (Court of Princess), now the officers' mess of the Second Tactical Air Force.

Margaret danced until 3.20 a.m. and was up early that morning for a 200-mile drive to Buckeburg airfield for the flight to the Rhine centre to meet the wives of men serving abroad.

Afterwards she travelled by Prince Charles (formerly Goering's launch, now the flagship of the Royal Navy's Rhine Squadron) to Rheinhafen in Krefeld, where she lunched in the wardroom before travelling by car instead of helicopter to Breuggen for the flight home.



IN NORTHERN Germany the Princess hands over the new standard of the 20th Fighter Squadron to mark the squadron's 25 years of service.

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"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"

P 67 FP



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SETTING OUT on the Chalet's new ski-tow at Mount Kosciusko are Dr. Tom Armstrong, of Vaucluse, and Shirley Allen, of Eastlakes. Dr. Armstrong and Shirley are members of the Kosciusko Alpine Club.



ON THEIR WAY to the ski-tow from the Telemark Hut at Mount Kosciusko are Mr. and Mrs. Carl Halvorsen, of Wahroonga, and their daughter Verity. Mr. and Mrs. Halvorsen are members of the Telemark Club.



LEAVING THE CHALET at Mount Kosciusko and bound for Charlotte Pass are (from left) Commander J. P. Stevenson, Ruth Black, Henry Spiegel, Barbara Carol, John Dlugolucki, and June Bishop.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

TWO-YEAR-OLD Carolyn Kerr Grant is a very seasoned traveller — she's been to England, the Continent, and Australia — and this Friday, July 30, Carolyn and her mother, Mrs. Donald Kerr Grant, will leave Sydney by air for America.

For the past six months, Mrs. Kerr Grant (who was formerly Elayne Kryger) and her daughter have been visiting her father, Mr. G. K. Kryger, of Darling Point.

In America, they will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Neil Laidlaw in San Francisco before going on to join Dr. Kerr Grant in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is a specialist in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital.

• • •

WHITE Swiss organdie gown will be worn by Joan McKay, of Forrest, Canberra, when she marries Colin Kiernan at St. Christopher's, Canberra, on August 7. Colin, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Kiernan, and his bride will leave for abroad on August 11 in the Surriento. They will visit Paris before going on to London, and Colin will begin his studies for a degree in history at Cambridge University on October 1.

• • •

NOSTALGIC memories of her wedding day came back to every young matron who went to see her photograph shown in Monte Luke's "More Beautiful Brides" exhibition at David Jones'. Mrs. James Lomax came down from Singleton especially for the exhibition, and Mrs. David Playfair, Mrs. Geoffrey Clark, and Mrs. Sam O'Donnell were among the guests.

• • •

A NEW home in Killara—just being built—will be waiting for Merren Waters and Franco Bianchi after their wedding on September 8. Merren and Franco have chosen St. Martin's, Killara, for the ceremony, which will be followed by a reception at the Avondale Golf Club. Bridesmaids will be Margaret Bender, Rosemary Hayman, and Val Luke, and Helen Waters will be flower-girl.

• • •

WELCOME-HOME parties are in full swing for Robin McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill, who has just arrived home after nine months abroad. Making London her headquarters, Robin travelled extensively on the Continent—she says that most of all she enjoyed her visits to Italy, Holland, and Germany.

• • •

THE thought of her first trip outside Australia is making life exciting these days for Helen Meehan, of Castle Hill. Helen will board the Changsha early in August for an eight weeks' round trip to Japan. "I'm going to leave the ship when we reach Japan and travel inland before embarking again at the last port of call," Helen told me.

Anne



AT ALL SAINTS', WOOLLAHRA. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson leave for the reception after their wedding. Mrs. Anderson was formerly Frances Horton Browne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young.



WED IN JAPAN. Captain Philip Stevens and his bride, formerly June Anne Odewahn, of Northmead, leave St. Peter's Garrison Church, Kure, Japan. Philip is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. E. Stevens, of Turramurra.



SNOWMOBILE, driven by Johnny Abbotsmith (left), from the Chalet, Mount Kosciusko, arrives at the Telemark Hut with Mr. and Mrs. Stan Lands on board. The pictures from Kosciusko on this page were taken by Douglass Baglin.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Peter Reid, of "Cowaribin," Forbes, and his bride, formerly Armide Hill, of "Airlie," Bathurst, leave St. Mark's.



LAW BALL. Jill Taylor (left), Cam Dezarnaulds, and Beverley Taylor were among guests at the Law Ball, held at the Trocadero. Beverley wore steel-grey organza and Jill chose pale pink net.

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KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

Some weeks ago a teenager wrote to this page expressing her loneliness and wishing for "something nice to look forward to at the week-end."

SHE is Patricia, aged 15, of New South Wales, and her letter has been answered by two young people—a girl and a boy.

The girl is from Sandgate, Queensland, and the boy from Warrnambool, Victoria.

They both ask for Patricia's address or some way of getting in touch with her in order to start a pen-friendship.

The boy suggested that he write "an introductory letter" for forwarding, but it would be more direct if Patricia got in touch with me.

So, Patricia, if you're interested in writing to these two prospective pen-friends, would you please send in your address so I can forward it to them.

* * *

"This is my problem. Each morning for the past few months I have caught the 8.30 train, and on the station I usually see the man who gets in my compartment each morning. You see, I'm sure it's not just infatuation because he is good-looking, but I am very attracted to him. When I get on the train he always looks up at me every few minutes and smiles at me.

"I'm quite sure he would like to speak to me, but, seeing we won't ever get to know each other, there is nothing else he can do.

"He lives near me and one evening when I was walking home he was in front of me with a woman who had a ring on her finger and they walked into the same house together. I walked on and he waited outside his house, but not with the lady, and watched where I was going, and when I turned into my street he went inside his house. The most embarrassing part is I think that it was his wife.

"I sometimes see him in the evening walking home, but I always walk behind him. I'm quite sure he wants to get to speak to me, but I don't want to lose my self-respect or make a fool of myself, so what am I to do?

"I'm quite sure he is no wolf, because he is very distinguished-looking. He sometimes smiles to himself, and I can't quite help doing the same.

"All that is worrying me at the moment is that I think he is married—although I think him so very nice. Could you please tell me what I am to do without making a fool out of myself? I am 19, and he is about 24-25."

D.B., Essendon, Victoria.

CAN you establish whether he is married? Since you live so close, you should be able to find someone in the district who can tell you this.

If he is, there's only one course of action. Take yourself aside, give yourself a good pep talk, then, no matter how great the temptation not to, TAKE ANOTHER TRAIN.



"I guess it's pretty late, Alice—see you tomorrow."

If your schedule and the train timetable make this near impossible, it will have to be another train mentally.

I, too, have a horrible suspicion that he is married. But if by a miracle he is a bachelor, you should try to find someone who knows something about him, then gravitate towards someone who knows him, and so to an introduction.

The days are gone when you can drop your handkerchief—but so are the days when you can sit back and wait for a man to "speak."

However, it's still the current idea that if a girl moves in on a man she sees on a train she risks making a fool of herself or giving the wrong impression.

* * *

"I am nearly 16 and am frequently allowed out to pictures and parties with boys. Recently I met a very nice boy at several school functions, and at the last one, a school dance, he asked me to go to an annual ball with him. It is a club presentation dance. My parents are undecided as to whether it is suitable for me to go, as they do not know the boy (a brother of one of my schoolmates) and whether I am old enough."

Wanda, Melbourne.

BY all means go to the dance. But first ask your parents if you may bring the boy home so they can meet him.

It's not the right time to ask him to a meal. Under the circumstances he will know why he's being asked and it might turn the meeting into a formidable occasion.

Ask him along with a few other friends, say, for a record-playing session one Saturday or something like that, when your parents can meet him.

Meeting him and making sure of the company you're keeping will set their uneasiness at rest.

* * *

ANSWERING two inquiries regarding a career in illustrating or advertising:

J.V.: You should write to the Vocational Guidance Section of the Department of Education, Sydney. Tell them your age, schooling, etc., and what you would like to do.

Mrs. J. T.: The East Sydney Technical College is your daughter's starting point. Before enrolling for an introductory art course (day or night) she would have to go through an aptitude test. These tests are held at 6.30 p.m. on the first Monday of every month. However, I would suggest that first you contact the Art Department at the College. You will find them most helpful.

DISC DIGEST

TCHAIKOVSKY, Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky! These three names represent, musically, the foundations of present-day ballet. Seeing that the Borovansky Ballet is again delighting balletomanes, what could be more timely than new releases of ballets on LP by these three composers.

* * *

EVEN were it not a ballet, the "Nutcracker Suite" would be one of the most popular works in the repertoire, and here's Herbert von Karajan with the famous Philharmonia Orchestra bringing a recording redolent of the magic of the footlights. It's 33-CX-1033. The backing is something that every music-lover must want—Handel's happy "Water Music Suite."

HOW about a "Petrouchka" for your collection? 33-C-1015 is not the full ballet score, but scenes extracted from it by the composer, who also conducts the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. (The full ballet is on LXT2502, an early landmark in microgroove recording.) The new discing is coupled with Stravinsky's "Scenes de Ballet," a work from his neo-classic period. The disc should interest Stravinsky collectors even more than ballet-goers.

* * *

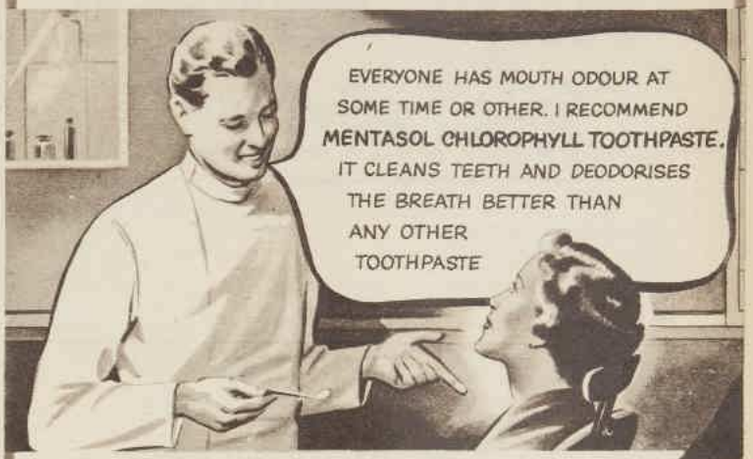
THERE'S something special for Rimsky-Korsakov followers, too. His Arabian Nights fantasy, "Scheherazade," finds a new and stimulating interpreter in Issay Dobrowen, who extracts every ounce of exoticism from the voluptuous music on 33-SX-1007. The actual recording of the Philharmonia Orchestra is a technical triumph.

* * *

THE same conductor and orchestra are together again for a Rimsky-Korsakov double: "Le Coq d'Or" ("The Golden Cockerel") and "Tsar Saltan." As with the Stravinsky above, this combines a popular with a not-so-well-known work, and R-K fans should note the number, 33-SX-1010. "Golden" is the word for "Le Coq," because it literally shimmers with rare beauty.

BERNARD FLETCHER.

WHEN A DENTIST FINDS MOUTH ODOUR...



This leading Adelaide dentist has proved it . . . follow his advice.
(Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held in our files.)

DENTISTS THINK MENTASOL BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said, "Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used."

We're so sure you'll agree, that we make this unconditional guarantee. Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice — white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth — or your money back.

Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today — proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes.

MENTASOL DESTROYS ALL MOUTH ODOURS



The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

M.11.WW143g

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Jif Strips Grease instantly!

This photograph shows what happens when a greasy dinner plate is dipped in hot water and Jif. For the same shining results with your own dishes, try Jif tonight!



Made with special shaker top for economy



3,000 SPARKLING DISHES FROM ONE BOTTLE!

Only three or four shakes of Jif, the magical new liquid detergent, are all you need to wash-up after the biggest family dinner because Jif is so concentrated. In hot water, or cold, Jif gives plenty of grease-killing lather in a second or two. Even the greasiest dishes come out so starry-bright they don't need to be dried. Ask for Jif . . . one bottle washes over 3,000 dishes!

Concentrated
LIQUID DETERGENT

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

J.J.WW1-Gg

Worth Reporting

WE found Ella Fitzgerald, world-famous singer and composer, an unusual personality. Dazzling on the stage, she is as shy and nervous as a girl on her first date when you meet her.

Her striking appearance seems at odds with the personality that made Press photographers regard her as a shrinking violet.

Ella changes when she talks about music. She feels a song in all her actions, she says, from crossing a busy street to taking a bath.

"I get a lot of ideas just going round at home doing housework," she said.

Her latest song, "Rough Riding," is an interpretation of what the train wheels said during a rugged journey on tour recently in the United States.

"A Tisket, a Tasket," the song which was so popular some years ago, is one of Ella's favorites. It was inspired, she said, when she watched some children playing.

"I just love rhythm," Ella said.

"My main idea in putting a song over is to give the public a word picture of emotional moments in every man's life."

Ella is accompanied on her brief Australian engagement by her cousin and best friend, Georgina Henry.

They have been together since "the very beginning," when Ella, a young colored girl, left her home in Virginia for New York.

After music, Ella's greatest loves are her home on Long Island, and travel.

"I really do like getting round," she says. "Travel covers three things—my job, seeing the world, and finding out how people in other countries live."

* * *

WE'VE seen some eye-catching advertisements in our time, but none so topical as the following that appeared recently in a Sydney suburban newspaper.

Followed by a box and telephone number, it was headed "Benefit for Capitalists" and went on: "The 'Slaves' of Capitalism may have their Cars Cleaned by the Common Bourgoise at Non-Party Rates."

Where life is one long holiday

ACROSS the brilliant green harbor from Darwin a friend of ours recently came across Territorian Bill Harney, or "Bilarney," as the aborigines call him.

Harney has spent 50 years in the Northern Territory as cattleman, pearler, trepang-fisher, patrol officer, and beachcomber. But he has become known all over Australia after speaking in the Queen's Christmas broadcast.

At the time, Harney was lazing under a huge banyan tree outside his beachcomber's shack at Two Feller Creek.

He had just returned from a holiday cruise among coastal islands, feasting on barrimundi, wild geese, dugong steaks, and turtle eggs.

"What on earth do you want a holiday for?" asked our friend.

Bill's sunburnt face creased in a grin. "Well, why not?" he said. "Somebody's got to do the living while all you people down south are wasting your lives working."

Home life in darkest Africa

WHEN we asked the visiting Nigerian barristers Chief F. R. A. Williams and Chief M. E. Okorodudu, both married men, whether Nigerian women wore the pants in the family, they both denied it most emphatically.

"No, the women don't rule in the home. We won't admit to that," said Chief Williams with a laugh. "The man still keeps her in her place."

Both chiefs, however, admitted that there was a startling change taking place in the status and outlook of Nigerian women.

"These days there is forced monogamy, and the woman is getting more control and direct influence in the home," said Chief Okorodudu. "Even to talk to another woman may mean trouble in the home."

"The fate of political parties is swayed to a large extent by the women of Nigeria," said Chief Williams. "We have to woo them for their votes."

"There is a Women's Union which organises them and demands their rights," said Chief Okorodudu.

"Yes," smiled Chief Williams, "and they can overdo it, too."

BOOK NEWS

By HELEN GORDON

HERE is an eye-witness account of Japanese life before, during, and after World War II, written from the viewpoint of a Japanese housewife, Sumie Seo Mishima, in "The Broader Way: A Woman's Life in the New Japan," published by Victor Gollancz.

Mrs. Mishima tells of the uprooted existence of herself, her family, and her neighbors in the war and under the occupation in a disciplined yet often moving way.

She dwells only briefly on the wartime years, coming quickly to the bombing of Tokio, which left the Mishimas homeless refugees.

From the ruins the writer brings many human stories—old traditions dissolved, rich become poor, black marketeers, communist youth, organised prostitution, "free marriages," and easy divorces.

For Mrs. Mishima the war was her personal deliverance. She felt the breaking of the old fetters of feudal family customs, the liberation of women from their centuries-old subjection.

American-educated, she has no bitterness towards the Allied enemies. Her book is one of the clearest and most interesting, from a woman's angle, accounts of postwar Japan that we've yet encountered.

Our copy from the publishers.

I changed to *liquid* Silvo for my Silver



. . . because Silvo is so much quicker and safer for cherished silver. Regular care with liquid Silvo keeps silver as it should be . . . radiant and lovely to see.

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Beauty Expert's advice on an

INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally *cream* away the hair—and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.



Cream away ugly underarm hair in summer.



Show girls cream away ugly hair.

Large Economy (double size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/-
Slightly higher in some country districts

IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY

HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

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Fashions for a Romantic Spring

Spring 1954 is romantic and flowery. In terms of fashion it could almost be called a rose season.

ROSES in all sizes, shapes, and colors bloom on many of the new season's silks and cottons.

Other flowery prints are as beautiful as paintings, or extremely pretty, creating the effect of a summer afternoon in a flower-filled garden. After flower prints come polka dots, showers of them, in delicate and vivid colors, on cottons and silks.

Blue is a much-discussed Paris color, ranging from a tender shade the color of a spring sky to a deep, dark navy. The latter is worn straight, without even a touch of white.

The chic of cotton goes unquestioned. Cotton can have quite a tough texture or it can have a superbly diaphanous look.

Lawns and muslins come into their own, and the couturiers use them to make frocks that are large-sized imitations of the elaborate "best" frocks worn by babies. Some of these couturier frocks have as much careful, fine sewing as a christening robe.

Embroidery, delicate and spidery or rich and exotic, appears on many cottons. White all-over embroidery dramatises black cotton satin, and rich blue embroidery is used to band the hemline on white linen.

Keep your eye on sailor collars. They flutter in every dress collection and can be as big as a cape, or flat and minute.

The daytime silhouette is a relaxed one. The easy nonchalance of the middy line and a suit which borrows much from a slightly waisted blazer are both newly important. Hemlines are an average 15in. from the floor. Late-day dresses have rather full skirts and many are accompanied by a floating coat to match or contrast.

There are lots of small, delectable hats, full of inspiration, which are worn straight forward on the head. The new Paris hat has a bloused crown, and is described by an overseas fashion editor as "sitting like a fallen souffle on a sailor brim."

For evening wear the low waistline continues. Numbers of dresses are fitted closely to a point below the waistline and then break into some variety of fullness. Others are narrow, form-fitting, and tight as a sheath, with an air of formal elegance.

Evening fabrics were never lovelier. They vary from the delicate transparency of satin-striped organza to the rich lustre of satin.

The rose motif persists for accessories and spreads prettily from hats to shoes.

Such fantasies as rose-sprigged cotton prints, a hat painted with moss roses, roses pinned on an organdie fichu or worn on a lock of hair complete the spring fashion story—one of the most feminine and pretty ever to come out of Paris.

Betty Keep



DELICATELY EMBROIDERED summer cocktail dress from Christian Dior shows two fashion trends for this spring. They are a flower design and a big, flattering sailor collar.

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new "three flowers" face powder keeps skin petal-fresh for hours—won't cake or streak

If you want to look your best *all* the time, change to Three Flowers—the new type face powder so popular everywhere. See how quickly lines and roughness disappear. See how softly lovely your skin feels. It will keep your skin lovely from wake-up to bed-time, despite wind and weather, heat and humidity. *In seven fashion-perfect shades.*



three flowers FACE POWDER

in the large gay box 3/9

economical refill 2/6

Ask also for Three Flowers lipstick, rouge, vanishing cream, talcum, perfume, hand cream and brilliantine.

Creation of Richard Hudnut NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

TFG1.52



Made by Abel & Lawinson Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THE SLIM JACKET DRESS

● ***The slim dress with a matching jacket is one of the season's most versatile fashions. French, Italian, and English designers show many versions of it, mostly in printed silk or cotton. Jackets vary from the casual, loose-waisted middy line to closely fitted styles. Dresses, often sleeveless, do double duty for day wear with the jacket or alone for after-five parties.***



***TWO-PIECE FROCK** in black-and-white spotted silk (above) by Fontana of Rome. The jacket is closely fitted, with a dropped shoulder line and high, double collar.*



***ENSEMBLE** by Pierre Balmain in printed silk tweed (above). The seven-eighths length jacket is lined with the black silk that wraps the high waist of the dress.*





***ENGLISH** version of the sheath dress (above) is this London design in blue - and - white printed pique. The sleeveless bodice has a long, white pique bow at the square neckline.*

***PIQUE DRESS** topped by a loose matching jacket (left). The jacket, fastened with four buttons, has three-quarter sleeves and a "lasso" collar.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4812705

BILLOWY COTTONS

● *Skirts yards wide at the hemline, nipped-in waists, and pretty details distinguish these youthful cotton prints from overseas. The flaring cotton coat-dress, the two-piece dress with matched cotton accessories, the broad, contrasting waistband are all fashion news in these fresh, easy-to-launder frocks.*



A BEAUTIFULLY simple day dress in soft cotton (above) by Bea Martini, of Milan. Italian designers add extra inches to the length of full skirts to give a graceful line.



FORM-FITTING cotton coat-dress (left) is soft and feminine. Designed by Lucy Sport, of Milan, it is grey-and-blue cotton cloth with a black spot design. A white organza collar ties with a bow at the neckline.



FROM NEW YORK, a crisp new cotton (above) in fine blue-and-white stripes with pert white collar and cuffs and high "pussy-cat" bow.



A FULL-SKIRTED two-piecer by Jacques Fath (left) in spotted cotton poplin. The bolero covers a low-cut bodice for sun-bathing. Umbrella and bag match the dress.

SPRING-



TIME FOR FRESH *Lace* AT YOUR WINDOWS



Give your "teen-age" daughter a real thrill with new Lace in her room . . . bedspread, dressing-table and curtains all matching each other!

Bring freshness and personality to your home—at so little cost! The new designs in graceful Nottingham Lace and Scottish Lace are now to be seen at your favourite store.



When hanging your new lace curtains remember the *outside* of your home is just as important as the inside.

BRITISH *Lace* FURNISHINGS

ALL THE NOTTINGHAM LACES AND SCOTTISH LACES CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL
—your guarantee of quality.

BL. 17.42

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Don't let your hands say 'Housework'

SOFTASILK PREVENTS


Rough red hands


Dryness caused by harsh washing soaps.


Wind and weather chapping


Coarse Elbows


Hard skin on palms and fingers

YOUR hands need regular care with Softasilk to prevent them paying the penalty for housework. They need the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and the chapping caused by wind and weather. Use fragrant, creamy Softasilk after *every household task* and see how your hands stay soft as silk!

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE
KEEP IT HANDY!

HAND BEAUTY CREAM

MEDIUM LARGE GIANT ECONOMY

ENCHANTED NIGHTS



● The classical and the romantic mingle in this season's evening gowns. Paris offers both bouffant and sheath styles.



MAGGY ROUFF'S romantic evening dress (above) is frosty-white organza and chantilly lace. The wide flounces of the billowing skirt are banded in black velvet.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S slender white sheath (above) has its classical severity relieved by a floor-length chiffon stole. Delicate beading decorates the narrow skirt. At right: Hubert de Givenchy's gown has a gathered skirt with the fullness drawn towards the back. Blue is a key color in Paris this spring.

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If a heart



is your target...



try a little mischief

a daring perfume by

Saville

SOAP & TALCUM POWDER TO MATCH

First Favourite with housewives



for 60 years—

genuine

PHILIPS



PL13-54

DRESS FOR A PARTY

● **After-five dresses have never been prettier than they are this spring. They include everything from demure, covered-up frocks for late-afternoon parties to the "little" evening dresses. Skirts are full, waists tiny, and necklines low.**





WHITE-AND-YELLOW brocade cocktail dress (above) from Sophie of New York. It has tightly fitted bracelet sleeves, an unusual decollete neckline, and a belt in several shades of green velvet.

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S soft, informal dress of black-spotted white organza. A looped tie finishes the collar, elbow sleeves are full and puffed. Black suede belt and gloves are worn for contrast. The many-stranded necklace is a Dior favorite this season.





DINNER DRESS in printed silk (above) by Ricci of Milan. The sophisticated decollete neckline contrasts with the soft, full skirt. Gloves are silk.

JACQUES FATH'S short evening dress (left) of delicate pink lace. The wide neckline is draped with mousseline in the same shade of pink. The hat is a tiny, jewelled pink pill-box worn forward.

New





Wonderful



Guaranteed:—
Washable
Colourfast
Crease-resisting

DACOL

GUARANTEED fabrics

WITH THE

TRIPLE 333 THREE CREASE RESISTING FINISH

New DACOL fabrics, in a full range of colours, make smart, economical garments *for all the family.*

A product of
DAVIES, COOP & CO. LIMITED

Sole Selling Agents:
Driver, Hartley & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Melbourne and Sydney.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD STORES

DAC.1

Christy ROYAL TURKISH Towels
FAMOUS FOR SIX REIGNS
No 1 CHRISTY & SON MANCHESTER

TEST PILOT
By Neville Duke

This book is Duke's own personal record.

As a child, his greatest interest was in aeroplanes, and his very distinguished wartime career as a fighter pilot was a natural progression. Since, he has become Britain's outstanding jet-tester and record-breaking flyer of these new-type planes.

Price 15/6

From all Booksellers.

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Rosy Harders's

THE jersey suit makes news this season with its casual elegance and its use of bright colors



● Jacques Fath suit (above) has bones to the bustline, but the line is otherwise easy, with loose armholes and three-quarter sleeves.



● Hubert de Givenchy suit (right) is influenced by the popular middy-blouse trend. The unfitted bodice is buttoned to the straight, matching skirt, and the suit is worn with contrasting chiffon scarf and gloves.

Dorothea Johnston

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4812709

Paris Notes.



n uses pale
el for ape of
successful
season. It
collar and
er sleeves,
m the side
cord belt.

● Dior interprets the middy collar (right) in a suit that faithfully follows his cardigan silhouette.





● Dior sponsors the return of the cardigan suit (above). It is casual yet chic and has the supple ease of unemphasised waist and loose armholes. Glamor is added by the satin ribbon binding and the tiny jewelled turban.

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If it's Pure
Irish
Linen
it should
say so!

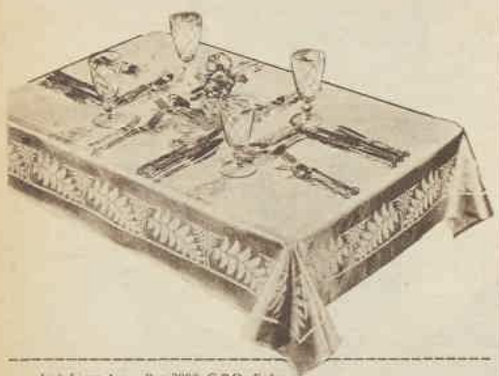


IRISH LINEN
IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS

Pure Irish Linen, the most coveted of all fabrics, is becoming readily available again. Tablecloths, sheets, pillowcases, table napkins, tea towels, guest towels and many other household items, all in pure Irish Linen, are on display at any of the better stores. See them . . . feel the famous smoothness of this strongest, most lovely of fabrics. But, before you decide, make sure you are buying *pure* Irish Linen. Most Irish Linen carries a distinctive label. Another check is to hold the article up to the light—pure Irish Linen will show the threads thicker in some places than others. Don't be confused by similar-sounding terms.

If it's Pure Irish Linen it should say so!

Strongest-most beautiful of fabrics !



Irish Linen Assn., Box 3988, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send by return post copy of your Free Booklet "Irish Linen in the Home."
Name
Address

Modess

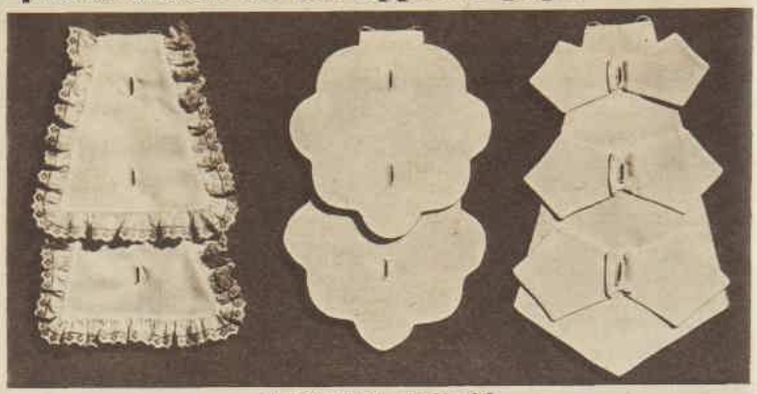
Makes you certain of the... 3C's

CONVENIENCE
COMFORT
CONFIDENCE

for hygienic protection ask always for Modess

DESIGNED FOR YOU TO MAKE

Here are directions for making the lingerie pieces shown on the opposite page.



The jabot

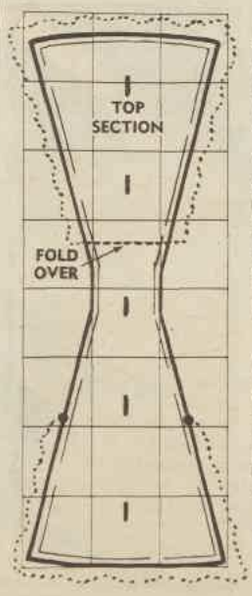
Materials: Half yard lawn or sheer linen, 2yds. ¼in. wide broderie anglaise or lace for edging.

To Make: Draw a graph 6in. x 16in. with 2in. squares and cut out pattern as shown in the diagram below. Place pattern on material and cut two pieces. Mark the dotted line crosswise above the centre of the pattern with tacking thread (this is the section that is folded over to make the top section of jabot) and mark the two spots shown on the graph with pencil.

Cut lace edging into two pieces, one 39in. and one 33in. long. Gather with running thread so that the longer piece fits around the top section of jabot and the shorter piece around the underneath section. Hem ends of edging. Tack edging to one piece of material, placing the gathered edge on top of the edge of material so that the lace points inwards all the way round. Tack the shorter length of edging in the same way to the under-section up to where the dots are marked, but turn the ends of edging into the seam and reverse the right side of the lace.

Now place the second piece of material on top so that the lace is covered up inside. Tack carefully, then machine all round, leaving a 3in. opening for turning on one side of the middle section. Turn jabot to right side, sew up opening. Tack evenly all round and press well.

Fold over along the line of tacking. Remove tacking and make two small loops at each edge either side of the fold so that the jabot can hook on to buttons under the collar of a blouse. Mark where buttonholes are to be made. Make the top buttonhole through all thicknesses, the next one through top section only, a corresponding one on the under-section, and the fourth will fall on the under-section only. This method of making the buttonholes simplifies ironing.



The plastron

Materials: One 14in. square of pique and one 14in. square of fine linen or organdie for lining.

To Make: Draw a 14in. square and rule off in 2in. squares. Mark and cut pattern pieces as shown in the graph below. Cut these in pique and lining material. Sew the two materials of the plastron together on the wrong sides, allowing ¼in. seam and leaving narrow top open so that it can be turned.

Trim edges evenly all round to about ¼in., then turn inside

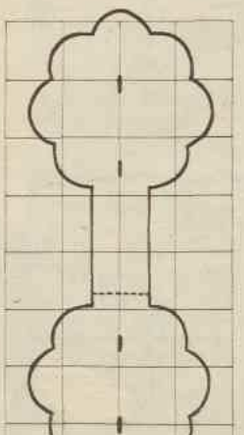


DIAGRAM of double bib of white pique. The dotted line shows where to fold the bib over. Directions in column 3.

out, tack and press. Turn in and handsew top. Stitch round the bow-shaped pieces no more than ¼in. in from edges and leave about 1in. of the middle section unstitched so that the pieces can be turned. Turn bows to right side, tack, press and sew up the open middle sections.

Pin the bow-shaped pieces evenly down the front of the plastron. Make sure the centres of the bows are placed where blouse buttons are. Join the bows on with tiny pleats near the centre as shown, and make buttonholes in the centre of the pleats. Sew two small

DIAGRAM (left) shows how to make the dainty lawn or linen jabot. Traced outer line represents lace or broderie edging.

JABOT (left), double bib, and plastron, which button on to shirt blouses with two small buttons sewn under the collar 1½ inches apart.

loops at either side of the narrow top to hook on two small buttons under the collar of a blouse.

Double bib

Materials: Half yard fine pique.

To Make: Draw a 16in. x 8in. graph and rule off in 2in. squares. Mark and cut pattern. To draw the scallops evenly, run a pencil around the edge of a small wine glass or a similar circular object of the required size, after roughly marking in the scallops.

Place two pieces of pique 17in. x 8in. together with right sides in, place pattern on top, and mark around edge with a fine pencil. Do not cut out but tack the two pieces of material together near the marking.

Then machine or handsew along the pencil line all the way around, except one side of the straight middle section, which should be left open for turning. Now cut the material, cutting evenly and only ¼in. out from the line of stitching. Turn work inside out and tack finely around scallops. Turn in, close opening, and press.

Fold over at the dotted line shown on pattern and make a hand-stitched welt around each scallop not quite ¼in. from edge. Sew two loops at neck edge, mark position of buttons, and work the top one through the two thicknesses of material, the other two singly.

Tie and 'kerchief

(See page 37)

For the tie, unpick an old one and you will have a pattern. Begin unpicking at the centre seam at the back of the tie; inside you will find a linen interlining. Now iron both pieces out flat and you have the pattern.

Place the tie pattern on the silk with centre of tie lying exactly on the bias of the material, then cut out. Make a very narrow hem by hand at the wide and narrow ends of tie. Then tack the raw edges of the long centre seam together on wrong side.

Cut a linen interlining the exact size and shape of the tie, less the seam allowance. Mark a pencil line down the centre of the interlining and tack and stitch the seam of the tie on to this centre line. Turn tie. Smooth and work the interlining inside the silk until quite smooth, then press firmly on the wrong side.

For the frill that trims the end of tie, cut a strip of silk 1in. wide and 17in. long from the selvedge edge so that a hem will not be required. Make a small rolled hem at either end of the strip and run a drawstring along the raw edge ¼in. from the edge, gather in to the measurement of the tie end, and stitch firmly by hand to the tie. Cut to ¼in. at back and finely oversew on to the narrow hem of the tie end.

Knot tie so that it falls to correct length. Mark with pins the position of the buttons on your blouse, then make buttonholes in the tie.

The handkerchief is a finely hemmed 20in. square of matching silk.

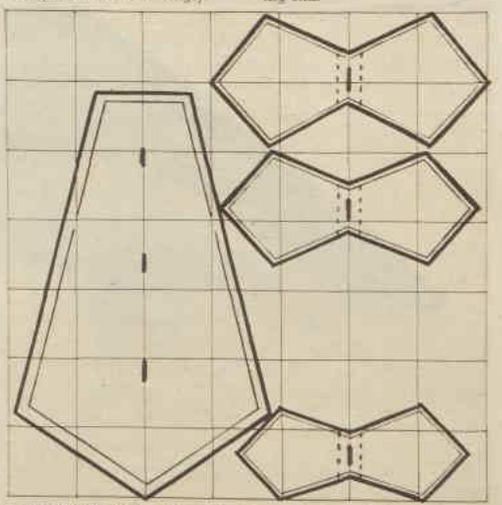


DIAGRAM for pattern of pique plastron. It is made from four separate pieces. Follow the directions on this page.

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A WARDROBE from one BLOUSE

● Four separate pieces button on to one basic blouse. Directions for making are on opposite page.

By Rosa







IF YOU wear a tie, it must be completely unmasculine. The tie (above) I have made for you is sugar-pink and white spotted foulard, with two hand-made buttonholes and a pretty self-frill trimming on its end.

DOUBLE BIB button-on (left) worn on the same blouse. It is fine pique lined with organdie, has neat hand-made buttonholes and a hand-sewn welted edge. Separate pieces like this launder easily.



A PRETTY button-on jabot (below) in fine, starched lawn. One flap overlaps the other and both are bordered with fine lawn broderie anglaise edging. A perfect blouse extra for the career girl. Unbutton it in office hours, add it to look fresh and frothy.



WHITE PIQUE plastron (above) is another button-on accessory, crisp and neat beneath a suit. The pique is lined with the sheer linen of the blouse. It has three carefully made graded pieces joined on with a pleat and a buttonhole.

THE SIMPLE white sheer linen blouse (left) worn casually with black velvet trousers, with fashion's new love, the feminine tie. A number of French designers have featured ties in their spring collections. I suggest you make your own and match it with a hand-hemmed handkerchief.

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Every Line says "THOROUGHBRED" Every Detail says "LUXURY"



You just can't buy all these luxury refinements in any other car near A40's price...

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him just because he's made something of himself?"

"Yes—but—"

"I tell, Wayland," cried Perperek, then stared at Sepman. "Why you so foolish? Three times I say — is wonderful he do so good in England. Three times he has chance to say, 'Yes, yes, I do wonderful, thank you very moch.' But no, no. He say he don't unnerstan'. He say I not know what am talking about. Is very proud, very stiff, in false personality. Snail stay in shell. So I crack shell. Why you think? Because he change nation — because he is once young smoggler? Pooh-pooh — pooh! I change nation — I smoggle — is all nothing. But

Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 5

proudness, falseness, big stiff lie —all that is something. So I crack it. I attack him, you say? Yes — a little. But most he attack himself. You see?

"Near enough," Sepman replied sourly. "Even if you did tell me not to be foolish. I'll admit I didn't care for him much before, but when I saw him standing there looking so infernally miserable, I felt sorry for him."

"Is good that." Perperek beamed upon him now.

"I suppose he's not going to be fit for much the rest of the evening," said Mervil, without any signs of regret. "I always suspected a soft, timid streak in him—and his servility worried me." He gave the company a bleak little smile. "Perhaps I ought to feel grateful for this—er—psychological experiment."

"We are interested in such things." This was from Marot; a dry whisper from the old stone tower.

"So I gather." Mervil answered Marot's brooding stare with a quick glance, took in Wayland and Perperek, then squarely faced Ravenstreet, who knew at once that behind his icy manner Mervil was very angry indeed. "And now, Ravenstreet, I want an explanation from you. Why did you insist upon this meeting here? It seemed to me from the first unreasonable — probably out of character as far as you were concerned——"

"Now wait a minute," cried Sepman. "I was all for it myself—and quite right too. You were keeping me waiting——"

"Sepman, you talk and behave like a child. Enterprises of this kind can't be set up in a few weeks. And don't interrupt." Mervil added sharply

SEPMAN shouted angrily, "Look — I'm sick of this. We're all children except you. You've been giving us this half the night. Nobody except you and a few rich pals has grown up at all. Now, cut it out. I've got something you want just as you've got something I want—don't forget it. No, and don't forget this — you can't find what I've got anywhere else — but there are other people who can give me what I want from you."

Mervil regarded him with cold distaste.

"Don't be too sure about that, Sepman. Other people can go a long way but not as far as I can. I must also remind you that I can hinder you just as easily as I can help you—indeed, it would be much easier and it would cost me nothing. A Press campaign—a few questions in the House—"

Sepman was on his feet, an ugly little figure of impotent fury. "You'd do that, after all you've said to me? After all the years of work I've given it! You couldn't do it. I'd show you up—I'd—I'd——"

"Sit down and keep quiet, man. You made a threat, so I met it with another. Now you know where we are."

He turned to Ravenstreet as Sepman sat down again. "But I don't know where you are. Why did you want us to meet here, in such a hurry? What was the object of it? Where do these three come in?"

As Ravenstreet hesitated, he caught a little affirmative nod from Marot. He took the chance. "It was their suggestion that I asked you here, but not of course for any business reasons. You can take my word for it that these three gentlemen——"

"Aren't competitors," Mervil interjected, impatiently. "Of course I can see that. Don't hedge, and waste time, Ravenstreet. What did they want?"

Ravenstreet allowed himself a faint smile. "They wanted to have a look at you."

"Is true—yes." Perperek sounded innocently enthusiastic. "Big important man. Is good time for little nobody men to have a look——"

"Don't play the clown for my benefit, my dear sir," Mervil told him. "It's a waste of effort and an insult to my intelligence. Whatever else you may be, you're obviously an extremely shrewd man——"

Marot took charge now. The old ruin became a fortress, bristling with power. "We wanted to look at you. We have looked at you."

"So I've noticed for the past two hours. Fortunately, I am used to being stared at, otherwise I might have asked you to mend your manners. And what has all this looking and staring shown you?"

"Only another child. And not a pleasant child."

Much to Ravenstreet's astonishment, Mervil did nothing but make a small protesting sound, which appeared to choke in his throat.

All three Magicians were regarding him fixedly. Mervil remained motionless; even his eyes were still; he might have been blind. Sepman, leaning forward, gaping, muttered something unintelligible. Mervil closed his eyes and swayed a little. Time did not seem to pass; this moment grew and grew, swelling intolerably; then it burst.

Mervil opened his eyes, and now they were furious, snapping, the eyes of an angry child. His face flushed; he was clenching his fists; he was stamping and shouting.

"You wait, that's all. You just wait, you rotten stinking fools. I hate you—I hate you—I hate you. I hate everybody except Nanny—and you sent her away. Well, I'll send you away, all of you. Yes, I will—and you can't stop me. Filthy idiot pigs! I'll run away and get bigger and bigger and then when I come back I'll beat everybody—I'll stamp on your silly faces. Yes, I will—I will—I will—I will."

He ended his screams by stuffing his hand into his mouth and biting it until the blood ran. Then he collapsed.

Marot waved Ravenstreet away, and it was he and Wayland who attended to Mervil, kneeling over him, bringing him round, explaining when he became conscious again that he appeared to have had a blackout, and finally helping him up to his room.

"Is better they do it," Perperek told Ravenstreet. "They know this thing."

"So that's the great Lord Mervil," said Sepman, gloomy rather than malicious. "With the lid off. It's about what you might expect. Whose turn is it next? Mine?"

For once Perperek had no

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As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Take advantage of kindly stars on August 5 to turn romance into an engagement or, if your pursuit is of the elusive £.s.d., a proposition into a good business deal. August 9, excellent.

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20): A happy surprise, a meeting with an old friend, may lend warmth to August 4, or you may recover lost property. August 8 inclines towards good times at home.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You may turn your surroundings topsy-turvy on August 3, go on a wild hunt for an article you greatly desire on August 5, and receive applause on August 8.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Should August 4 present you with a brainwave, sending you gaily after a new and fascinating objective, you'll never let August 6 obstacles stop you, for once a Cancerian gets the bit in his teeth nothing stops him.

LEO (July 23-August 22): While August 5 may bring a crisis in your private life, you will benefit by having things out in the open. August 9 favours decisions.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Put your energies into your job on August 3, forgetting your grievances. August 4 opens up new vistas, which take definite shape on August 6.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): Don't permit quarrels with either your best beloved or with friends, club members to mar August 5. August 8 is fine for outing.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If on a new job, August 5 should provide interesting developments. You are likely to feel on August 7 that someone is working against you. Consider your intuitions carefully before you take any action. Hunches are often wrong.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Be prepared for delays on August 4 in connection with an enterprise dear to your heart. Social plans may miscarry, but August 7 is ample reward.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): A small mystery may be explained on August 4, or someone lets the cat out of the bag. On August 5 you may find a lost article.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If the majority is against you on August 5, or if you suffer temporary unpopularity, don't worry. August 7 sounds the all clear.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Nerves may be ragged on August 3, plans may be cancelled on August 5, yet, if you keep going, August 9 will fulfil more than one wish.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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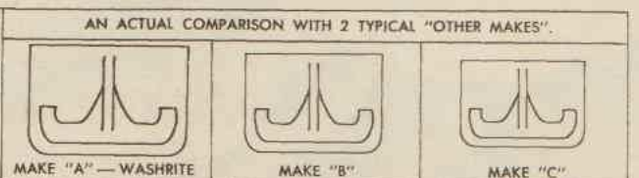


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Homemaker

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Continuing The Magicians

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smile; it was a blank moon face he turned to Sepman.

"For us is no more turns. If things happen, they happen. We don't make happen."

"Some of the psychiatrists and psycho-analysts work on those lines," Sepman continued. "One of 'em told me he'd seen patients of his—grown men—behaving like kids of two, screaming, yelling, tearing the place down. But that must be after weeks or months of breaking 'em down and then they're neurotic to start with. How did you people work it—hypnotism or something?"

"Or something," Perperek repeated offhandedly. He was making no attempt to return to his jovial performance. "Few men are whole men—all one piece. Most are many—all different little pieces. Some are two — one outside, one inside very different. Is possible make man show inside, forget outside. Like this Lord Mervil. I go see what happens."

As soon as they were alone, Sepman gave Ravenstreet a sour little smile. "You collected a queer bunch, didn't you? Do it on purpose?"

"No. I told you what happened."

"Was it just Mervil they wanted to look at? Or all of us? And what's the idea? Who are these chaps, anyhow?"

"Have a whisky and soda?"

"Thanks. I could do with a drink. But does that mean you're not going to tell me anything?" He waited then until Ravenstreet came up with the drink. "Thanks. Cheers!"

He swallowed half of it, and it was a big strong one. Then he stared mournfully over his glass at Ravenstreet. "Don't tell me if you don't want to."

Ravenstreet hesitated. At this moment there was something appealing about this little man, harassed, forlorn, ugly. Ravenstreet decided to tell him the truth, to accept or reject as he pleased.

"You want to know who these three are, and what they're doing here. I'll tell you what they told me. To begin with, Wayland is a retired civil engineer. Marot an optician in Bordeaux. Perperek some sort of merchant operating between Italy and Greece. But they call themselves magicians—it's half a joke, I think—and apparently they meet every few years to discuss how they can save the human race. Those are the facts, Sepman."

"I believe you. I thought they were that type when I first met them—harmless old cranks—but then afterwards I began to wonder. But of course the Karney business was just lucky—I mean that fat chap recognising him. As for Mervil, he may have been in a queer state when he arrived—seemed jumpy to me. But what was the point of their wanting to see him?"

"Perhaps they wanted to save the human race from him."

SEPMAN continued gloomily, "They almost can, for me. I can't make up my mind about Mervil. I suppose he'd put the stuff across better than anybody else, and if I took it away from him now, he might try to do me down. But I don't like him and he doesn't like me." He finished his drink.

"Have you noticed that? Hardly anybody likes anybody else any more. Beastly thing—but there it is."

He went on moodily, "Well, it didn't used to be that way, I'll swear. I can remember liking plenty of chaps and girls. I was glad to see them, they were glad to see me. But now, who cares? Mind if I have another drink? No — I'll help myself."

It was while he was at the decanter, with his back to the door, that his wife and Prisk entered, rosy and merry and impudent.

"Hello, hello, hello!" cried Prisk. "Where is everybody?"

Sepman wheeled round, said nothing, but still carrying the decanter marched across the room, shouldered his way between the newcomers, and closed the door behind them by leaning against it.

"Ernest," said Nancy reproachfully, "I believe you're drunk."

He made no reply but looked from her to Prisk, who turned to Ravenstreet. "Conference over or not started, old man?"

"Not started. Both Karney and Mervil left us, for various good reasons——"

"I'd better see what's eating his lordship," Prisk began.

"Whatever's eating him," said Sepman, still at the door, "it can go on eating him a bit longer. I want to talk to you two."

"Look, chummie, he pays me and I have a job to do——"

"I haven't noticed you doing it this past hour——"

"Ernest, stop it. Besides, I want to go to bed." Nancy was hovering somewhere between fear and anger.

"You'll go to bed when I tell you to go to bed. We're having this out now."

Prisk forced a grin. "Mind if I borrow that decanter first, Sepman, old boy? I'm a drinking type, let's face it."

"Let's face a lot more while we're at it. And keep back or you'll have this decanter where you don't want it." He looked at Nancy. "Now then—what about it?"

She made a fatal decision, plumping then for anger.

"All right, all right—let's have it out then. You disgraced me at dinner—made a fool of yourself—and I was upset and couldn't stay. But you couldn't come after me—oh no, not you—so it had to be Major Prisk—and we drove round a bit in his car till I felt better. So what? Instead of shouting you ought to be apologising."

Sepman kept silent for a moment or two. He seemed to dwindle, age and wither, turn cold, suggest a little stone figure; with all his long anger and frustration, transformed into weariness, a final and infinite disillusion.

"I know what's been going on," he said. "and it's not the first time. Don't bother denying it. Don't put on an act. Too late. I guessed it last night. I'm certain now. When I use my eyes properly, your look gives you away. And I remembering how many times I've seen it before. I could mention some. Laughing at me. Poor little fool! Worrying half the night to make some big money, while that hot little piece of his runs round with any man that fancies her."

She made her second and final mistake. "You shut up," she screamed, a scarlet flush. "If you hadn't a filthy horrible little mind, you couldn't think like that. And what good have you been to me? I did my best at first—but it was hopeless. I had to have something—somebody. I tried to talk to you at first—but you wouldn't listen, you were so full of yourself and your wonderful plans and discoveries. And there was, with my life ticking away existing in that miserable hut. So I had to make my own friends and have my own fun."

"Yes," she continued wildly, reckless now because she knew she was hurrying down the wrong track, "and some of them did laugh at you. As sometimes I had to laugh too. You were always so pleased with yourself, so patronising, what you were going to do for me—when you hadn't even the sense to see I hated you to touch me——"

"That's enough, Sepman," cried Prisk, lumbering forward as he saw the other man about to move.

The heavy decanter caught him full in the face and fell unbroken on to the carpet. Prisk reeled, screamed sickeningly like a hurt child, clutched at something that could not support him, then fell, blinded with blood. As Ravenstreet rushed across, he heard the hard slap of Sepman's hand on Nancy's cheek and her loud wailing over her world in ruins as Sepman apparently hustled her out of the room. But it had no time for them: Prisk seemed to be seriously injured.

Wayland and Perperek had tried in, and he asked them

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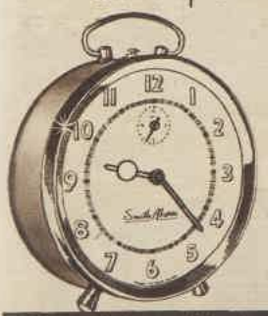
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Continuing The Magicians

from page 40

do what they could for Prisk while he telephoned for a doctor. It was at least ten minutes before he found one in, and by that time Marot and Mervil were down too and Wayland and Perperek between them had washed the deep cuts on Prisk's face and were doing a rough-and-ready job of bandaging.

"A doctor's on his way," Ravenstreet explained. "Nothing more we can do, I suppose?"

"There's not much more you can do," said Mervil. His tone was cold, his look venomous. "But there's a great deal more I can do. And I'll do it, Ravenstreet."

"Just now I'm not interested, Mervil."

"What about the Sepmans?" asked Wayland.

"I haven't had time to bother about them," Ravenstreet told him. "He dragged her off——"

It was Perperek who interrupted him. "I think time to bother. Is more serious now—Sepmans. I think——"

He stopped because they heard a car starting up. It was Sepman's old rattling two-seater.

"Sounds as if they're going," said Ravenstreet.

"We go after," cried Perperek. "Come—quick, I go too."

But before they entered the garage, they saw the rear light of Sepman's car, an angry wavering eye, far down the drive, and heard his horn harshly challenging the night.

Community effort

ONE way to assimilate migrants is to bring Old and New Australians together.

The ancient town of Southwick, in the south of England, could be taken as an object lesson in how to establish a community centre.

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In its August 3 issue A.M. publishes an article and pictures showing how the Southwick Community Centre has vitalised the town.

"The trouble is," said Ravenstreet, as he drove as fast as he dared through the village, "that although this car has twice the speed of his and I'm probably a much better driver than he is, we've lost him now and don't know which road he's taking. Even assuming he's making for home."

"He make for home, I think," said Perperek. "Is somewhere to go. But if he was as you say, perhaps he never get home."

"He didn't seem quite suicidal. Too angry. But probably he isn't caring what he's doing." Ravenstreet slowed up for a moment and then turned into the main road, increasing his speed.

"Is bad all this," said Perperek. "In old times when man is angry—not caring, as you say—he walk and walk or perhaps ride horse. He is tired or horse is tired—then is better, has time to think. But now he is angry in car—very fast—faster, faster—car is not tired. No chance to think. So something happen."

"This might be them." But it was a belated van; and Ravenstreet passed it, going well over sixty during the next few miles. Then he slowed down and finally stopped at the cross roads that offered an alternative route to Stafford.

On the left was a police telephone-box, and drawn up alongside it was a police car.

"I'm following a small two-seater, heading for Stafford and South Cheshire," Ravenstreet explained. "I wonder if you saw it go past."

"Why might you be following it, sir?" the older of the two policemen asked. Ravenstreet, who had got out, saw that he was a sergeant.

"The owner of it was staying with me. There was a row. He left in a temper."

"Sure he wasn't drunk, sir?"

Ravenstreet remembered in time that it is the drunken motorist and not the one blind with anger who is a criminal.

"I wouldn't say he was, Sergeant. He'd had a few drinks, but was certainly far from being incapable. But he was extremely angry. Why do you ask? Did you see him?"

"Now, now, sir, just a minute! Have you the licence number of this vehicle?"

"No, I haven't——"

"But you could give me a description?"

"Not a very good one. It was dark green—not one of the usual makes — might be French——"

"And the name and address of the owner, if you please, sir." By this time, the sergeant was in official slow motion, every syllable shod with lead.

It would have been folly to refuse, so Ravenstreet rattled off the name and address as fast as he could, then went on: "I've been here too long already. Now if you saw him, tell me which way he went. This is urgent."

"What's urgent about it?"

"That's my business."

"I wouldn't take that tone, sir. After all, it might turn out to be our business too. And I don't think you need to hurry now. I'd just been telephoning ahead about him when you came up. Passed us driving like a lunatic — I thought he was mad drunk—car nearly out of control—full speed and all over the road. I don't think he'll get much farther if he keeps to the main road. They'll stop him. However, he went that way. Just a minute, sir. I think I'd better have your name and address too."

When they were on their way again and he had explained to Perperek why they had been delayed so long, he said rather wearily: "I feel that happened in the maddening way it did just because I was after poor little Sepman. It was all in his particular atmosphere, if you see what I mean."

Perperek agreed, enlarging obscurely on the theme that we attract to ourselves certain types of persons and events. Ravenstreet neither understood nor even caught half of what he said, preferring to give most of his attention to the road.

Just before they reached the next main crossroads they had to stop: the lorries ahead had been halted; there was no sense trying to pass them.

"I'm beginning to feel there's something futile about this rescue party," Ravenstreet said disconsolately. "By this time either Sepman's beginning to behave sensibly or he's beyond our control, probably under arrest for trying to hit a policeman."

"Or is much worse," said Perperek gravely. "Now I think much worse. When I see

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MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION

Film Fan-Fare — CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

IF plans work out, America's top dance-team, Marge and Gower Champion, will collaborate with well-known dancing teacher Arthur Murray to set up a string of youth clubs across America.

It's a project that is close to the hearts of both the Champions, for, as lanky, boyish-looking Gower explains it . . . "Dancing gives the kids an interest. It keeps them off the streets, and enables them to have fun under adult supervision."

The success of the "Polka Dot Club," which they already sponsor in Boulder City, is the spark behind their interest in the new venture.

"We would like to repeat this club throughout America," says family spokesman Gower. "But it's too big a financial project for us to underwrite, and we won't lend our name to any undertaking we cannot personally supervise.

"That's what we are talking to Arthur Murray about. We hope to reach a workable arrangement soon."

Dancing, of course, is a major interest of the "Polka Dot's" 150 members. Last year Marge and Gower paid for dance instruction for the youngsters through the local Arthur Murray dance school.

Under this arrangement, weekly lessons are given in the clubhouse. There is keen competition among the young people to win the trophy which the Champions donate for the couple who show the best dance progress in a given period.

YOUTHFUL Marge and Gower Champion (Marge is 28, and Gower 32) can sing and act adequately, but they are dancers first, last, and always.

An ability to create elaborate dance routines is as much a part of their appeal as the intricate steps they perform with exuberant skill.

"We try to tell a story in all our dances, rather than devise a series of fancy steps," Gower says. "Marge and I are constantly searching for a 'gimmick' on which to hang our dances."

This style has carried them happily through film musicals, night-club engagements, and stage appearances throughout the country. They are also familiar figures to millions of American television watchers.

In Hollywood Marge and Gower Champion appeared successfully in Metro's "Show Boat," "Lovely to Look At," "Everything I Have Is Yours," and "Give a Girl a Break."

Their next movie is a technicolor CinemaScope musical for Columbia titled "Three For the Show," with Betty Grable and newcomer Jack Lemmon. The harlequin trappings the Champions model on this page are worn in the picture.

"THREE For the Show" is a gay, lightweight musical in which the stars share songs by George Gershwin and Cole Porter and take part in lavish dance sequences.

Later on they will go into the musical version of "My Sister Eileen." Judy Holliday will play the lead.

Then comes a concert tour for Paul Gregory in "Something to Rave About."

Looking ahead, the Champions estimate that professional commitments will engage them until about March, 1955. After that brown-eyed, brown-haired Marge hopes to retire and raise a family.

When that time comes, Gower Champion proposes to concentrate on the choreography side of dancing.



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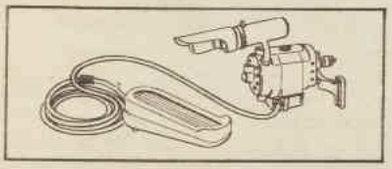
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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *So Big*

ONCE again Jane Wyman assumes the mantle of noble womanhood as Selina, the spiritual wife and mother of "So Big," Warners' new version of Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel.

There is probably no actress on the contemporary screen more thoroughly conversant with the demands of such a role as is Miss Wyman.

Following her established techniques in this old-fashioned tear-jerker, she touches poignancy and reality in a way that often brings a lump to the throat.

At other times cloying sentiment and fanciful talk give the story a theatrical effect.

Selina's story takes Miss Wyman from youth to age, and from poverty to success in a primitive farming community in New Holland.

The role of Selina's impoverished Dutch farmer-husband is played strongly by Sterling Hayden. Tommy Rettig is their young son, Dirk, nicknamed "So Big" by his mother.

Handsome Steve Forrest is grown-up Dirk. Neither he nor the young ladies of the drama—Nancy Olson's artist and Martha Hyer's spoiled socialite—is altogether believable.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ *River of No Return*

MARILYN MONROE, Robert Mitchum, and Rory Calhoun go west to find unruly romance in the great outdoors of Fox's "River of No Return."

Marilyn plays a Western heroine in two styles. She is glamorous in the befeathered and spangled costumes of the bar-room singer who has a yen for Rory Calhoun, a tin-horn gambler with a strong attack of gold fever.

And bedraggled in the skin-tight jeans and skimpy shirt of the robust girl who helps Mr. Mitchum fight off hostile Indians during a hair-raising trip down the rapids.

Always an eyeful, Marilyn also manages to croon three or four songs acceptably enough.

The natural grandeur of rugged Canadian mountains and waterways provides the thrills that are necessary to reinforce this routine human triangle.

20th Century-Fox carry their technicolor CinemaScope cameras into these picturesque regions effectively enough to hold attention when the drama runs thin.

In Sydney—Regent.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring David Niven, William Holden, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "So Big," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Sterling Hayden, Nancy Olson, Steve Forrest (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Gun Fury," technicolor Western, starring Rock Hudson, Donna Reed. Plus "Slaves of Babylon," technicolor drama, starring Richard Conte, Linda Christian.

LYRIC.—★ "Lone Star," Western, starring Clark Gable, Ava Gardner. Plus ★★ "Rich, Young, and Pretty," technicolor musical, starring Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Danielle Darrieux, Fernando Lamas. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—★★ "Hondo," color Western drama, starring John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, Michael Pate. Plus ★ "The Fake," drama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock On Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "River of No Return," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum, Rory Calhoun. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Le Plaisir," French-language omnibus film, starring Claude Dauphin, Jean Gabin, Simone Simon. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Glenn Miller Story," technicolor musical biography, starring James Stewart, June Allyson. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor romantic musical, starring Edmund Purdom, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Walls of Malapaga," French-language drama, starring Isa Miranda, Jean Gabin. Plus ★ "School for Wives," comedy, starring Herbert Lom, Hugh McDermott, Brenda Bruce.

VICTORY.—★ "The Stranger Wore a Gun," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor. Plus ★ "Siren of Bagdad," technicolor adventure, starring Paul Henreid, Patricia Medina.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—"The French Line," technicolor musical, starring Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland. Plus "Killers from Space," science-fiction thriller, starring Peter Graves, Barbara Bestar.

PALACE.—"A Lion is in the Streets," technicolor drama, starring James Cagney, Barbara Hale. Plus ★★ "Her Kind of Man," drama, starring Zachary Scott, Janis Paige. (Re-release.)



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1. *INCENSED when he learns that his cargo is aboard a disreputable "puffer," the "Maggie," American Marshall (Paul Douglas), centre, tries to have it transferred to something safer.*



2. *SAILING away with the cargo intact, the skipper (Alex Mackenzie) and crew are overtaken by Marshall, who puts his own man aboard to return cargo to port.*

Highland comedy

THE tiny Scottish island of Crinan is the background for Ealing's comedy "The Maggie," which tells the story of a disreputable little "puffer" boat which gets a load of valuable cargo by mistake.

American star Paul Douglas plays the role of a high-pressure business executive who pursues the "Maggie" up and down the islands of the Western Highlands trying unsuccessfully to rescue his cargo from the tiny vessel.



3. *CAUGHT poaching with Wee Boy (Tommy Kearins), Marshall's man, Pusey, (Hubert Gregg) goes to gaol.*



4. *ANGRY Marshall manages to locate the "Maggie" once again, and to prevent the "puffer" from slipping away takes up residence on board.*



5. *DELIGHTED crewmen manage to ruin all Marshall's plans to transfer cargo to another vessel. The fee for freighting the cargo is their only hope of saving the "Maggie" from the breakers.*



6. *DESPERATE when the only wharf from which a boat can load his cargo is "accidentally" damaged by the "Maggie," Marshall has to finish the trip aboard her.*



7. *PARTY on one of the islands starts off poorly for Marshall, but he finally enjoys himself. Later, the "Maggie" runs into foul weather, and cargo has to be dumped.*



8. *CHANGED by his experiences aboard the "Maggie," Marshall hands the skipper a cheque to save the little "puffer," even though he has lost his cargo. Wee Boy is amazed.*

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This Onion Soup *is sure to be popular with your family* —

Ingredients:
5 medium onions
3 dessertspoons butter or good dripping (1½ ozs.)
1 level teaspoon salt
2 pints water
1 tablespoon Bonox

Method: Cook sliced onions slowly in butter or dripping until soft. Add water, salt and simmer at least 30 minutes. Dissolve the Bonox in the soup before serving, and bring to the boil. Serves 6.

Here's another tasty home-made soup surprise . . . BONOX PUMPKIN SOUP.

Ingredients:
½ oz. butter or dripping
1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Bonox
¾ lb. diced pumpkin
1 pt. boiling water
½ pt. hot milk

Method: Fry the chopped onion in the butter or dripping, and when brown add one pint of boiling water. Drop in the diced pumpkin and season lightly. Simmer gently for ½ an hour. Now rub the soup through a coarse sieve. Add ½ pt. of hot milk and a tablespoon of Bonox. Just before serving sprinkle chopped parsley on the top. Serves 6.

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Continuing The Magicians

from page 41

him before dinner I say to myself 'Is bad.' And wife too I say 'Is bad too.' Is not like other two. We make nothing happen for him. Is not necessary to make happen. Is there already—something bad—all fixed."

Ravenstreet waited a few moments before replying; they were now approaching the crossroads.

"Oddly enough I felt something like that about him last night, when he was trying to tell me what he'd do when he was rich. I suddenly felt—and I don't pretend to be good at this sort of thing—he'd never escape, that he hadn't a hope. But I can't tell you why, of course. I might have interfered tonight, when he started that scene with his wife. Normally I would have done, but somehow I felt they just had to play it out. Your influence perhaps, Perperek."

"We catch you at right time, I think. Last year, no—next year, perhaps no—too much business, too much common sense, no time for foolish old men."

Ravenstreet crossed and kept going to the north-west, maintaining a steady forty now.

"You're quite right. Everything was nicely flattened out so that I couldn't pretend I was too busy and too sensible to bother about you. A year ago I certainly wouldn't have listened for ten minutes. I'm not sure about next year. In fact I'm not sure about anything. Again, perhaps thanks to you three. Hello, what's this?"

There was an open space to the right of the road, and in this space eight or nine cars and lorries were parked, all turned away from the road, their combined headlights, full on, brilliantly illuminating the patch of ground ahead of them.

Ravenstreet pulled up behind one of the parked cars, and walked forward with Perperek. The lighted ground finished abruptly, with a jagged edge that showed tufts of grass, bright and metallically green against the sudden darkness. Here was the rim of some deep old quarry. There was a police inspector shouting instructions into the void.

"What's happened?" Ravenstreet asked a lorry driver, who was leaning against one of his giant front wheels and having a smoke.

"Two more 'ave 'ad it, mate, that's what's 'appened." The driver was a small beaky fellow, like an embittered gnome. He jerked his head nonchalantly towards the edge of the quarry. "Two-seater goes off the road an' straight over the edge to Kingdom Come. Man an' a woman inside. They're bringin' what's left of 'em up now—an' we're all throwin' a bit o' light on the subject."

"Is Sepman, I think," Perperek whispered, as they moved away.

"That's my guess too," said Ravenstreet.

The period that followed, scooped out of the dead middle of the night, always seemed to Ravenstreet, both then and there and afterwards in recollection, to be sheer, horrifying nightmare. There was first, underlying everything, the sick realisation that this indeed was what had happened to the Sepmans.

Then, built uneasily on this ghastly foundation, was an immense, bewildering, pagoda-like structure of slow-motion official procedure, of questions and answers, names and addresses and dates, of notebooks and forms and licked pencils and broken-nibbed pens, of irritable and suspicious fuss in the open above the quarry, of elephantine questioning in the front room of a policeman's cottage, of dubious queries and impatient answers and yawns and then the stale atmosphere of the police station of the town some miles away, where the inspector finally insisted upon conveying them.

It was only down below, where the dark, sick horror still crawled, that Ernest Sepman and Nancy Sepman had any reality, for on this surface of dreary fantasy, where their names were scratched interminably on hairy paper, there were already unlikely spectres or perhaps characters in some insane plot.

Finally, however, this aeon of idiot darkness wore itself out, and they were free to go. They moved off at no great speed, for Ravenstreet felt deathly tired.

"How you do it, I don't know," he told Perperek. "Part of the magic, I suppose. But I ache with tiredness, right down inside. Not just because I've been kept up late. I'm used to being kept up late—my business has kept me up round the clock many a time. But this is different. It's been altogether too long and too thick a day. That probably sounds foolish."

Perperek considered him solemnly. "Is perhaps good you talk. I like to hear — any things. If you are feeling hurts — is better. Never matter what foolish talk. Not to feel hurts is bad thing — dead inside then — moch troble after for peoples dead inside."

"I'm not dead inside. Raw and bleeding, I'd say. There are a lot of men I liked much better than I could ever like Sepman and yet even when they died shocking deaths somehow I didn't feel it as much. To be honest, I didn't like Sepman. A little of him was quite enough. But I began to feel sorry for him hours before he crashed down into that quarry. Now I feel worse about him. The poor ugly little man thought he had a chance—but he never had, never would have had, not a hope, I suspect."

He went on jerkily, "I know—I know—he was a skilled chemist — probably not too badly paid—with a better job than most men have ever seen—pretty wife, nice bungalow, all the rest of it. But he'd just enough fire in him to turn it all into ashes. Just enough and no more. He ought to have had more or been taught to expect less. As it was, he felt perpetually cheated and frustrated.

"I believe there are millions of 'em now—not throw-outs and misfits, on their way to prisons and asylums—but responsible citizens, educated types, skilled technicians, who feel just about what he felt."

Perperek nodded. "I know. We have little talk — not much. He know better, of course. Clever science man. Know just enough to build walls round himself — not enough to make door and windows. These peoples now, I think, have terrible way of life — perhaps worst ever, all a waste — confusion and anger and sadness. Perhaps soon, after moch of this, even insect life seem better. Is then safe from hurt feelings for ever. That is what we fear—why we come to talk —to do some little things. But you have seen, my friend Ravenstreet, have helped us too."

"I wouldn't like to think I helped the Sepmans into that quarry——"

"No, no—is wrong thinking. I tell again, we do nothing to them. They destroy themselves ——"

"But only after I asked them

To page 48

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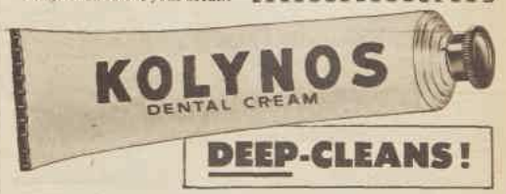
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to pay me a visit—with Prisk there——"

"Today, tomorrow, next week, next month—it must happen soon, they destroy themselves—is no real will for life, only for death. You think I am not sorry for them—I am old man made of metal. Is not so. All the time I do this work is because I am sorry. But in different way from you. You think all over with poor little Sepman and foolish pretty little Mrs. Sepman—no chance, never again. I know is not so—many chances—not tick-tock but time alive. So for me is less important. We speak more about these things?"

"Not now, Perperek, if you don't mind." Ravenstreet spoke draggingly. "Driving this car at this speed along these empty roads may look easy—and in a way it is easy, too easy, for you begin to imagine the car will find its own way—but I've got only about enough energy and interest left to see us home, so I'd better concentrate on that."

The sun was still invisible when they turned into the drive, but there were broad washes of primrose and pale cinnamon in the east, the garden and the house were hazily emerging from the last ebb of night. No lights were to be seen in bedroom windows. Ravenstreet hoped every man there was miles deep in sleep; he wanted no questions.

Too weary to garage the car, he left it at the front door, tasted the chill sweetness of the air for a moment, then dragged himself indoors. And there in the hall were Wayland and Marot, already listening to Perperek.

"I hope you don't mind," said Wayland, looking untidier than usual but in no way worn, "we sat in your small study, after making ourselves plenty of coffee. The doctor cleaned and bandaged Prisk's face and gave him a sedative. I think Mervil and Karney probably gave themselves sedatives. They've all been asleep some time. You look both exhausted and unhappy, Ravenstreet."

"I suppose I am. Whatever you fellows have got hold of, you're certainly tougher than I am. I was glad Perperek was with me. I'm turning in now."

Wayland considered him gravely. "I hope you can sleep. But you may feel too shaken-up or sad—or both. Is there anything we can do for you, my dear Ravenstreet?"

"I think not, thanks."

As he turned to go, Ravenstreet saw the three Magicians making for the small study again, apparently ready for more talk, still another session of their conference, even at this hour. An indomitable trio, whatever else they might be. He undressed slowly, eating a couple of biscuits without really tasting them.

He stretched himself out between the unexpectedly cold sheets, shivering a little, but in no time, to his amazement, a feeling of delicious warmth and relaxation stole over him and he fell fast asleep.

.

Ravenstreet woke from a deep, refreshing sleep and saw that Wiverson was at his bedside, looking at him apologetically.

"I didn't like to wake you earlier, sir, but as there've been several urgent calls from Mr. Garson at the works—and as it's now half-past eleven——"

"That's all right, Wiverson. Time I was up. Tell Mrs. Wiverson I'll just have some coffee. Oh—and what about Lord Mervil—and the others?"

"Went about two hours ago, sir. His lordship left a message. Shall I bring it, sir?"

"No, I'll have it with my coffee. You go down to the kitchen. I'll ring Mr. Garson from here."

He told Garson he had been

Continuing The Magicians

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kept out of his bed most of the night by a car accident, then asked him what he wanted, reminding him not altogether humorously that he was no longer at all times at the service of New Central Electric. Garson groaned, again perhaps not altogether humorously.

"I know, I know — you needn't remind me," Garson continued. "But it's those E.G. 12 jobs for Brazil—your pigeon, originally, old man—and we've struck a nasty snag. We all think you must have foreseen it—but we can't find any reference to it in your E.G.12 notes you left us. Come over for lunch and tell us all about it. Otherwise, we're stuck — and Selby's screaming for a delivery date. I've a thing or two to tell you about him too."

"I'm not interested," Ravenstreet told him. "But I'll be with you as close to one o'clock as I can make it, to help you with the E.G.12s."

He found Mervil's note with his coffee in the little study. It was short and probably murderous.

Mervil said that of course all plans for manufacturing and marketing "Sepman Eighteen" would have to be abandoned, though something on similar lines might be attempted, not however in association with Sir Charles Ravenstreet, who was advised to keep away from any enterprise with which Mervil was connected.

Ravenstreet read it twice, then tore it up. Probably by tonight Mervil would be instructing one of his editors to start a Ravenstreet smear campaign. As he was considering this, wondering how much he would care, Wayland joined him.

"You had a good sleep after your bad experience," said Wayland smiling. "Was it refreshing?"

RAVENSTREET smiled back. "It was. Quite unexpected, too. And I'm sure I have to thank you for it, considering the state I was in when I went to bed. There are some things I'd like you to explain, but not now—there isn't time—I have to go to the works. I've had a farewell note from Mervil. Fortunately I'm not a public man and I've no job to lose, otherwise he might do me a lot of mischief. He's very angry, of course."

"He is, and so, I think, are his masters, who were beginning to forget that they could be defeated. But I won't waste your valuable time with these fanciful notions of ours." The irony was there, but so was the oddly attractive smile.

"Mervil and Karney went off together—to the north. Prisk went to London, but wasn't allowed to drive himself as he was still wearing his bandages. This drug will not be manufactured and sold now."

"No, Mervil makes that clear. But he won't let the whole thing go. The idea's too attractive. He'll probably try something else along the same lines, as close to Sepman's formula as he can get. I'm afraid you haven't won yet, Wayland. I wish you had. I'm against Mervil and all he stands for—but you know that. Now I may be away all day—it may be late tonight before I can get back—is there anything I can do for you there?"

"No, thank you, Ravenstreet. We are, as I hope you know, very happy here, though we may not be here much longer. Is there anything we can do for you? We feel considerably indebted to you, my friend."

Ravenstreet finished his coffee before replying.

"As between Mervil and you Magicians," he began slowly, "I've made my choice. Even if you're wrong, you're wrong in the right way. You make things come alive, take on significance, point somewhere, instead of killing and burying them. Even if it shouldn't be true—and I don't say it isn't, I still don't know—that a man is really all his time and that he may have the chance, if he really wants it, to change both himself and all that has happened to him, it's better to think so, to take the long, hopeful, creative view, than to believe you're being hurried helplessly into the grave, the victim of a meaningless, savage joke. A fool would think yours an easy, wishful sort of creed, but I can see now it isn't—very stern and demanding in many ways. To escape no consequences—and, I take it, that's what you believe—that's an idea that calls for more patience, courage and faith than most people have to spare now. But there's size to it, hope in it."

He laughed, feeling rather foolish and inadequate, and continued hurriedly:

"I must push off to the works. Please don't wait dinner. I'll ring Wiverson if I'm going to be very late."

That was one thing about the works, he didn't feel foolish and inadequate there. It was a pleasant change to be back in his own territory again as the old master.

After lunch, during which he heard a lot of complaints about Selby from Garson, who did little but raise his eyebrows and shrug his shoulders at the right, he settled down with Garson and some of the young men to find the snag in the E.G.12 production.

After a good deal of work, an afternoon argument round Garson's table, and some hurrying round from there to the drawing office and then to the far corner of the big shed, he spotted the trouble: there had been a wrong delivery of a small part not made by New Central Electric, and he wiped off some worried looks—too many worried looks for the good of the place—by claiming that the fault had been his.

The prototype job had the right part, of course, but setting it run again left him dissatisfied with two or three features of it, there was some overbearing, so he decided to stay on to see what could be done, and

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Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 48

asked Garson to be ready to pay old Tom Hurdlow, the foreman, and his boys some overtime that would be well earned.

Garson, who had been badly rattled by this E.G. 12 problem, eagerly accepted this offer to clean it up, then left them to it, making a hurried escape that would have been unthinkable to Ravenstreet when he was running the place. However, that left him with old Tom Hurdlow.

Old Tom was his veteran ally, perhaps the only man he still respected at the New Central Electric. And Tom's obvious relief at taking orders again from Ravenstreet was very pleasant to observe.

"Like old times, this is," he said, with a lopsided grin. He was sixty—perhaps a few years over sixty, absolutely honest, slowish but dependable, an old battling trade union type, bristling with grumbles and grievances, but ready if necessary to work on the job until he dropped.

Ravenstreet knew him through and through; Garson and the executives only thought they did.

"They'll be a good half-hour, Tom, putting her together," said Ravenstreet later, after giving some instructions. "We might as well go out and cool off—and have a smoke."

Not far from the end of the big shed where they were working was an attempt at a garden, with a seat or two. There they sat while the day went down, leaving an evening sky that was spacious but subdued, touched with melancholy.

"Yes, it's like old times," said Tom, pulling away at the rank little pipe he always seemed to smoke. "But for how long? Five minutes, you might say, Mr. Ravenstreet. I'm sorry—I can't get used to this Sir Charles business — d'you mind? No, I thought you wouldn't. Tomorrow it won't be like old times at all.

"Very different. An' to tell you the truth, Mr. Ravenstreet, I've had enough. Not my kind o' people—not my kind o' job any more. Soon as I heard you weren't Managing Director any longer—I says 'That finishes me.' So it's only a question o' time now. But if it's not a rude question, Mr. Ravenstreet—what are you up to, these days?"

Ravenstreet laughed. "I'm entertaining some Magicians, Tom."

"Magicians?" Tom sounded shocked.

"Well, never mind about them. I'm mostly just sitting about, trying to think. But perhaps I've left it too late, Tom. I can take things apart to some extent—I've had to do that here—but I can't put 'em together again in a new and satisfying way. Which, I take it, is what is needed."

"I wish you'd have a good try for me." Tom spoke slowly, and was deeply in earnest. "I can't see no farther. I've always tried to think for meself—but now—I'm baffled—fairly baffled. Either we've got to a dead end—or I'm going soft in the head."

"Why do you say that, Tom?"

"What else can I say? What do we do? Where do we go? What's the next move? Seems to me we're on a roundabout and can't get off—and in the middle, front o' the organ where them moving dolls pretend to play, are the politicians and suchlike, all parties, arguing an' arguing, talking an' talking, an' never saying anything. Mr. Ravenstreet, there's something I can't put my finger on—a kind o' leak somewhere in people, drainin' 'em away. You can't say there's anything downright wrong with most of 'em, but they're not right neither. I'm not so particular, but I don't want to work with 'em nor sit about at night with 'em neither."

OLD Tom sighed, then went on, "I'm a family man, as you know, Mr. Ravenstreet. But take my youngest daughter — she's got herself tangled up with a chap that's just one o' these spivs. An' does she care? Not a bit. Any sense she had she's losing fast. An' my other girl — an' the lad who's working here — they're not much better. They're all so silly, Mr. Ravenstreet. Something won't let 'em grow up any more. What they want is greyhounds on ice on TV—and that's about all, if you throw in some gin an' brown ale. They can neither work right nor play right. They won't have a good go at anything. They look smarter than their mother an' me did, but when you've said that, you've finished. All they do is to pass the time.

"They don't believe in anything an' they don't get any fun out o' not believing, the way we used to do sometimes. An' if you tackle 'em about it, get 'em serious for two minutes, they begin to tell you about atom bombs—what's the use of anything if there's atom bombs waiting for us all? An' what's to be done, I don't know. I'm beat. An' I've always taken a lot of notice when you've talked to me, Mr. Ravenstreet—so if you've any ideas, I'd be obliged if you'd tell me."

"I have a feeling, Tom," Ravenstreet began slowly, "that we've gone as far in one particular direction—along the lines laid down by politicians, economists, officials, boards, and committees—as we possibly can. We need a creative idea, one that'll wake people up and give 'em enthusiasm and energy; and if and when such an idea arrives, it'll comes from another direction. I think it'll be a kind of religious idea, Tom.

"Yes, I know," he continued hurriedly, "you don't like the sound of that. But this idea, if it ever does come, will be quite different from anything you have in mind now. People pass the time, as you say, because they feel their lives are no longer important. If they enjoy trivial amusements, it's because they're trying to make the best of a bad job. It's all a vicious circle of exhaustion and boredom and triviality, and nothing that's been tried already and has failed is going to lift people out of that circle."

He paused a moment.

"This means, then," he went on, "an idea from a new direction, a new way of thinking and feeling about life in general, about ourselves and our work and play. It'll bring back to men a sense of their full humanity, give 'em real values again." He knocked out his pipe and stood up.

"Tom, when I can see things clearer, we'll have another talk. Come over to Broxley some Sunday. What about that other boy of yours—the one who came to us after the war and then didn't like working here?"

"Dick? I was going to have a word with you about him, Mr. Ravenstreet." They moved slowly through the dusk, towards the lighted end of the big shed.

"He's got a chance of a shop in town here—electrical business, fittings and so forth—an' he's trying to persuade me to go in with him, so I could look after the shop while he's doing the outside jobs—an' also 'cos he wants a bit o' capital. Well, it'd take nearly all I've managed to save—an' it's a risk. He's talked his mother into it—but not me yet. I wanted to ask you what you thought, Mr. Ravenstreet."

"How much does your son want?"

"Seven hundred an' fifty, if I can manage it. An' he admits that's cutting it very fine—an' no matter what the wife says we'd have to live on savings till the profits came in."

Ravenstreet halted him. They were now close to the shed.

"Tom, I've taken a fair whack out of this business, and I wouldn't have earned some of it if it hadn't been for you. If it's a reasonably sound proposition, I'll put a thousand into it in your name——"

"Mr. Ravenstreet, I wasn't askin' for money, y'know——"

"Never mind about that. I'd like to do it. Now let's see how the job's going."

They finished shortly afterwards, and then Ravenstreet, at Tom's urgent request, went home with him and ate some cold meat and salad and drank bottled ale, while he heard young Dick Hurdlow's account of the shop proposition. He agreed to accompany Dick and his father to the Constitutional Club, where they found a fat little solicitor called Talban, who ordered more bottled ale, became more of a fat little solicitor than ever, and gave Ravenstreet further details of the shop proposition.

Young Dick Hurdlow was delighted by all this swift progress; old Tom, hugely solemn, craggy-browed, the Roman veteran turned capitalist, was tremendous; little Mr. Talban happily sweated away and gave a fine character performance as an infinitely cunning but friendly legal man; and Ravenstreet, rather sleepy after so much bottled ale, found he was having as pleasant an evening as he had known for some time.

Something, if only a small electrical business, was being created: the glimpse of family life was reassuring; and people were people again. Indeed, as he drove home slowly and sleepily, he almost envied old Tom Hurdlow and felt rather sorry for himself, a man alone.

It was very late when he arrived home; if the Magicians were still awake, then they were talking quietly in one of their rooms. He went straight up to his own room and was soon asleep.

To be concluded

ALL characters in the serials and Short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

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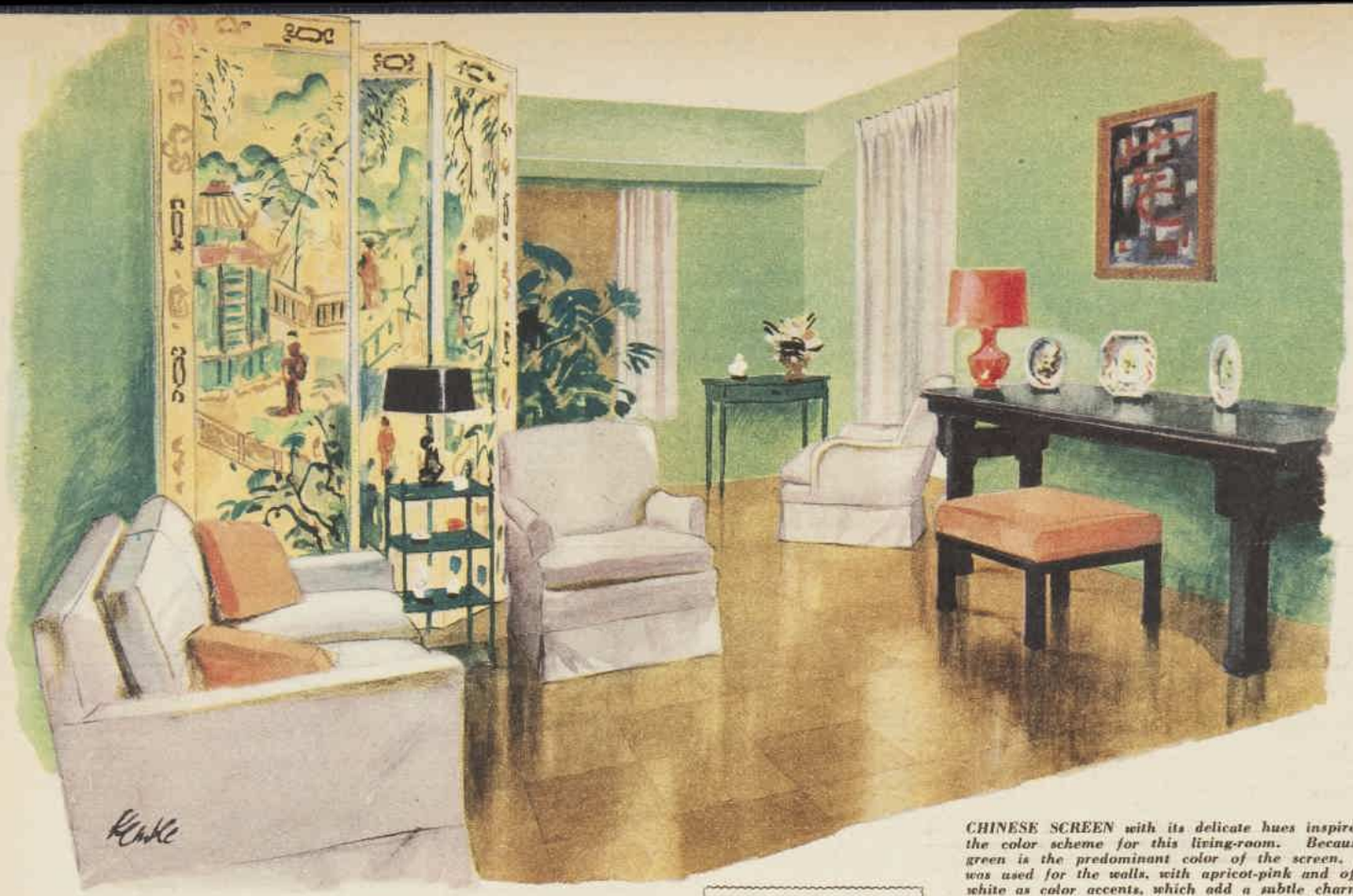
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CHINESE SCREEN with its delicate hues inspired the color scheme for this living-room. Because green is the predominant color of the screen, it was used for the walls, with apricot-pink and off-white as color accents, which add a subtle charm.

Color scheming

By JOAN MARTIN

It would be difficult to find a color scheme in which green could not be used successfully. In the fifth article of our series on home color schemes, we show how attractive green looks as the main shade in living-room, bathroom, and hall.

GREEN is a color that wears well, especially in rooms that get plenty of sunlight, where most other colors would fade badly.

As we have suggested before, the world of nature and the world of art are filled with answers to your color-scheme problems. The combinations of color found in art are possibly the most easily adapted to your needs.

For example, if you base your color scheme on a painting, a fabric pattern, or a wallpaper design, you have the advantage of seeing how the colors actually look together.

This also applies to a valuable ornament or a work of art.

The illustration above shows a color scheme based on the beautiful, delicate coloring of a rare Chinese screen.

The principal or dominating color is green—a superb tone for walls, as it lends itself to so many color combinations and provides a perfect background for floral decoration.

So here we use the same shade of green for the wall color, and to give a feeling of cool spaciousness pick up the off-white in the chair-covers and curtains.

The apricot-pink makes a most attractive accent color, especially as it has not been overdone.

To have used this color in large doses would have "prettied" the room and detracted from the classic simplicity of line which the Chinese furniture suggests.

Ornaments, too, are few, and in keeping with the room.

A contemporary painting hangs on the wall as a reminder that the old and the new can live happily side by side.

Green can be exciting when used strongly, especially for rooms or halls that are not in constant use, and therefore can afford to be a little theatrical.

Here is a hall that in its very lack of furniture or ornamentation requires color to lift it out of the ordinary. The dark green, white, and red allied to the charcoal-black of the linoleum flooring achieves this.

Notice, too, that the green-and-white striped wallpaper gives depth and importance to what would otherwise be a very unattractive staircase.

The red swag helps this effect, and is a most inexpensive form of decoration that can be attempted easily by the amateur home decorator.

The color scheme for the bathroom is not an unusual one—lime-green and pink—but is used a little differently, perhaps.

In this economic bathroom there is boarding, not tiles, on the walls. The floor, too, is practical, and not expensive as linoleum tiles take the place of the more costly ceramic, giving both color and smartness.



BLACK LINOLEUM FLOORING, green-and-white striped wallpaper, and a red swag allied to walls in a strong shade of dark forest-green make a hall that is out of the ordinary.

This week: Green



WALLPAPER, used so much in kitchens and bathrooms in America, covers one wall of this bathroom, which features a lime-green and pink color scheme. The wallpaper picks up the lime-green theme and gives interest to a room that must be utilitarian.

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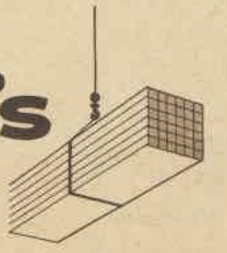
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BEFORE crocheting around calico or linen, sew around the edge on the machine without any cotton in the needle. The holes made by the needle make crocheting easier and the stitches will be evenly spaced.

* * *

ALWAYS hang a fur coat on a soft-padded hanger. Before and after wearing hold by the hem and shake gently to dislodge dust and fluffs of fur. Should a fur get wet, shake lightly, and hang in a draught to dry; never put it near heat.

* * *

WHEN flowers are scarce, fill a shell or small flat dish with light soil and arrange some "wandering jew" in it. This is an effective table centre that will carry you right through the winter months. Moisten the soil about every third day.

DELICATE or bright colors will not fade or run if epsom salts are added to the washing and rinsing water. Use a teaspoon of salts to each gallon of water.

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KEEP a cake of sweet-smelling soap in your wool box. It prevents moths attacking the wool and gives it a nice aroma.

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WHEN using a needlepoint holder for arranging flowers, cut the stalks of the flowers on the slant. You'll find they will go into the holder more easily.

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By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A BABY spends the greatest part of its first few months of life in a bassinet and for healthy development it is important that it should be the correct type.

The bassinet should be roomy so that a baby has freedom and will not outgrow it too quickly. If limbs are cramped, bad posture will result later. It should be light and portable so that it is easily moved outdoors to the sun and air.

In addition, the bassinet should be well ventilated so that the child gets a good circulation of fresh air, and it must stand firmly so that it does not rock when the baby begins to take vigorous kicking exercises.

For these reasons a pram should not be used as a bed, although, unfortunately, it is a common practice with many mothers to use a pram instead of a bassinet for a baby's day sleeps.

Full instructions for the correct making up of the bassinet and for tucking in a baby so that it sleeps safely and soundly are given in the parentcraft book "You And Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our Mothercraft Nurse.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and from all booksellers. Price 12/6, postage 9d. (registered post 1/6). Names and addresses should be printed clearly in block letters.

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EASY-TO-ARRANGE PIECES

By BERIN SPIRO, New Zealand flower expert



INFORMALLY balanced arrangement. Roses, delphiniums, water-lilies, and gypsophila are set in a white tureen-shaped bowel. First step: To the left and at a slight angle place slender blooms at differing heights and then thread some of the roses through, as shown above. Insert a long delphinium spike to extend and drop the line to the right. Fill in with more roses, water-lilies, short-stemmed delphiniums, and a "powdering" of gypsophila. Delicate relief is given by the tender green of fern.



SIMPLE VARIATION of the design shown at top of page. Treatment of left section is identical, but delphinium spikes are used centre and off-centre to change the outline, and the extending line at right has been shortened. Focal point is of roses and water-lilies. Use a needlepoint holder or lead-weighted chicken-wire as an aid.



FOR THIS horizontal design (above) a needlepoint holder was used in a low bowl. Two slender rosebuds are placed at an angle at each end to extend and accentuate the line of arrangement. Slightly opened rosebuds, cut to shorter lengths, are then inserted on a higher elevation, and two drip over the bowl's rim. Three opened roses form the focal point. Crisp rose leaves and a few fronds of fern give the final touch.



THE 'Manhattan' CONTEMPORARY DINING SUITE

This typically modern suite is perfectly suited for the smaller dining area. Matching the simple yet sophisticated lines of the handsome buffet and chairs, upholstered in long-wearing "Vynex," is the table, measuring 4' 9" x 2' 9", and designed to seat six quite comfortably—or more, as the occasion demands. There is ample room in the buffet (4' long) for table linen, cutlery, china and glassware. All pieces beautifully finished in honey blonde or natural maple colour.

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AT ALL GOOD FURNITURE STORES



Timber used in Murray Fine Furniture is specially selected from the huge stocks in the Murray timber yard. Both builder and home carpenter, too, can obtain from the yard supplies of any timber available in Australia—all sizes, any quantities, excellent quality.

THE 'Vogue' DISTINCTIVE BEDROOM SUITE

Twin 'robes, each 4 feet wide, provide plenty of storage—one with hanging space and four dust-proof drawers and the other with all hanging space. The dressing table is 4 feet long and is available with either a cheval or reflex mirrors and satin-finish, turned metal pulls. Both 'robes and dressing table are equipped with solid core doors faced with African maple and finished in natural maple colour. The 4ft. 6in. bedstead features a most practical—and eye-catching—bedhead: recessed for books or radio and fitted with two sliding wooden panels.

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Your Best Discovery in Years



Peek Frean's

NEW

TREASURE

BISCUITS

A real family treasure

MADE BY PEEK FREAN

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS

VITA-WEAT CRISPBREAD

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DESIGNED FOR THE SPORTSMAN

Here is the right sweater for the cricketer, golfer, and tennis player, plus a substantial and cosy scarf to slip on when play is over.

Materials: 10 (1oz.) skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool. 1 set of No. 11 needles (four); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 needles; 1 short needle pointed both ends for cable twist.

Measurements: To fit 36-38 chest. Length from shoulder, 24in. Length of sleeve, 22in.

Abbreviations: Single rib, k1, p1 alternately. To "twist" cable, slip the next three sts. on to a spare needle and place at back of work, k the next three sts., then k the three sts. on spare needle.

Back

Cast on 136 sts. on No. 11 needles. K in single rib for 3in. Cast on 1 st. Change to No. 9 needles k in patt. as follows:

1st Row: P 2, * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2, rep. from * till 5 sts. rem. K 1, p 1, k 1, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, * p 3, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 2, rep. from * until 5 sts. rem. P 3, k 2.

Repeat these two rows twice more.

7th Row: P 2, * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, cable, p 2, rep. from * until 5 sts. rem. K 1, p 1 k 1, p 2.

8th Row: K 2, * p 3, k 2, p 6, k 2, rep. from * until 5 sts. rem. P 3, k 2.

9th and 10th Rows: As 1st and 2nd rows.

These ten rows complete patt. Rep. patt. 9 times more, this brings you to the armhole.

Shape armholes: Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next two rows, then dec. one st. at each end of every second row five times. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 11in.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remainder.

Front

Knit exactly as for the back until 9 patts. are completed, then k four more rows.

Shape neck: Knit in patt. for 67 sts., then k 2 tog. With another ball of wool k rem. of row. Con. knitting this way and dec. one st. at neck ends of the next and every fourth row to follow. At the same time, when the 10th patt. is completed, shape armholes as for back. Knit until you have 32 sts. on each side of front.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at armhole ends 4 times.

Sleeves

Cast on 70 sts. on No. 11 needles. K in single rib for 3in. Cast on 1 st. at each end of the last row of rib (72 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles. K in pattern as for back, inc. one st. at each end of every 10th row until 14 patts. are completed (making 98 sts.).

Shape armhole: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next two rows, then dec. one st. at each end of every fourth row until there are 58 sts., then dec. each end of every second row until there are 48 sts. Cast off.

Neck Band

First join shoulder seams. With the four No. 11 needles pick up sts. around the neck and k in single rib for 9 rows. Cast off.

To Make Up

Press all parts on wrong side with hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew side seams and insert sleeves.

Scarf

Materials: 8 (1oz.) skeins Lincoln Mills Triple Twist "Daphne" wool, 1 pair of No 5 knitting needles.

Cast on 70 sts. and work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 throughout for 54in. or length required.

To Make Fringe

Wind wool around fingers three times—break off and using a crochet hook draw a loop through the border row of the scarf—pass the ends through the loop and draw up firmly.

Rep. evenly along both ends of the scarf.



ANY SPORTSMAN will proudly wear this action-free, cable-trimmed sweater. The easily knitted scarf made to the desired length will give long, protective service. Directions this page.



FROM OUR 1954 KNITTING BOOK

ILLUSTRATED left and right are two of the exclusive designs featured in The Australian Women's Weekly 48-page knitting book for 1954.

The book contains directions for more than 40 hand-knits ranging from adorable babywear to action-free sweaters and jackets for men. Many are presented in beautiful color.

Get your copy today from your newsagent, bookstall, or any one of our offices. The price is only 1/6.



Just What the Doctors Ordered

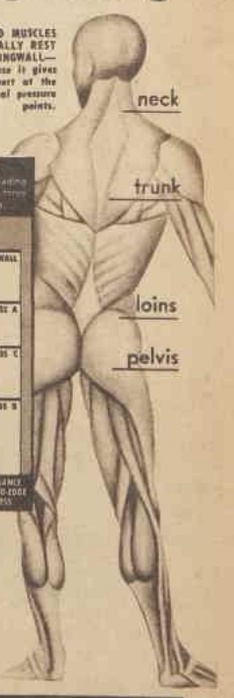


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SPRINGWALL Mattress TRADE MARK

Now made by C. C. Rawson Limited under exclusive Australian licence with Eclipse Sleep Products Inc., N.Y.

TIRED MUSCLES REALLY REST ON SPRINGWALL—because it gives support at the four vital pressure points.



Guaranteed for 10 years against structural defects



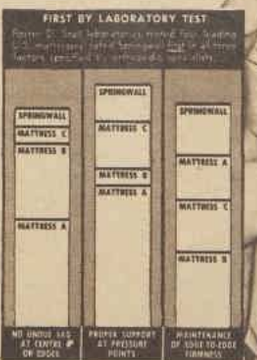
WHY SPRINGWALL PREVENTS SAG! 12 carbon steel springs—4 along each side, 2 at each end—absorb the shocks that allow an ordinary mattress to sag at the edges. They anchor the innerspring unit so securely that the entire sleeping surface remains firmer from edge to edge, adding years of comfort and extra years of wear. (Patent applied for.)

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What's the best kind of mattress to sleep on . . . for ideal relaxing sleep . . . for anatomically correct sleep posture? The American inventors of Springwall asked over 4,000 physicians (including 2,200 orthopedic specialists) and got the facts: that a mattress should be ever firm all over . . . avoid sleep sag . . . and, above all, support the body at four vital pressure points (see right).

And the amazing new Springwall mattress, patented throughout the United States, proved just what the doctors ordered! In an independent American testing laboratory, Springwall qualified first on these vital requirements:



FIRST FOR FIRMNESS . . . the most comfortable mattress ever!
SUPPORTS THE BODY at four vital pressure points specified by orthopedists.
PREVENTS SAG AT THE EDGES—and FROM EDGE TO EDGE—illustration at left shows why.

To ensure ideal relaxing sleep, look for the Springwall label on the mattress you buy.

Write now for FREE booklet, "What Does the Doctor Say?" to the manufacturers—"Springwall," Box 571, G.P.O., Sydney.

AT ALL LEADING STORES —IN 4 STANDARD SIZES
2' 6"—from £15/19/6
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Sprung base extra.

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Rawson Springwall mattresses—"DREAMAKER," "POSTURGUARD," "DE LUXE POSTURGUARD," "VERTEREST" and "VERTEPEDIC"

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MANHATTAN GLORY CAKE

3 Teasp. cocoa, 1 teasp. coffee essence, ½ teasp. carb. soda blended into ¾ cup boiling milk. Allow to cool.

Empty packet of Cake Mix into large bowl, add pinch salt. Loosen with fingertips (as in pastry blending) or with elec. mixer, Speed 1 for few seconds. Add one level tablespoon malt extract, break in 2 unbeaten eggs, mix with milk, etc. Beat with wooden spoon, or rotary beater till smooth, or in elec. mixer Speed 1 for 1 min. Speed 2 for 2 mins. Cook in 2 greased 7" sandwich pans in moderately hot oven about 30 mins.

COFFEE ICING AND FILLING

Rub 1 dessp. butter into 12 ozs. icing sugar. Add 1 teasp. lemon juice, 1 tablesp. coffee essence. Mix to thick spreading consistency with boiling water.

BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "WHITE WINGS" NEW FORMULA FLOUR



WHITE WINGS AMERICAN BLEND Cake Mix



CHOCOLATE RING CAKE decorated with fruit and walnuts If your man's a cake-lover, this

enables you to make delicious cakes and biscuits like these *ALL THE TIME*



ALABAMA BAR CAKE. One packet of "American Blend" makes TWO of these delicious, bar cakes.

Imagine Hubby's pride — the admiration of friends, when you serve up luscious fluffy-textured cakes, biscuits that melt in the mouth, and bubble-light, golden-brown patties. YOU CAN DO IT. Without guidance or experience YOU CAN DO IT. All you need is a packet of American Blend Cake Mix, based on the formula millions of American women use today. "American Blend" will make dozens and dozens of different recipes. Average time of preparation — from pack to oven THREE MINUTES. *success guaranteed or your money refunded!*



BLUSH CAKE. For special-occasion teas. Heart-shaped and topped with blush-pink icing.



PATTY CAKES like these are so easy to make with "American Blend" Up to 30 from one packet



CHERRY COOKIES for between-meal snacks, suppers and afternoon teas. One packet of the Mix makes 50 or more!





FIESTA PEACH PIE. Filled with luscious peach halves and cherries, piped with cream. Delicious!

★ Write for the delicious recipes above to: Mrs. Soutar, White Wings' Cooking Expert, 32 Meagher St., Chippendale, N.S.W. Enclose top of one packet "American Blend" Cake Mix 3½d. stamp and addressed envelope.

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August is the time to...

Gardeners will be busy this month preparing for a good floral display and vegetable harvest.

IN many parts of Australia daffodils will be blooming and the early peach and japonica will be in flower; buds will be appearing everywhere.

In the colder districts the blossoms won't be out yet, but daffodils will be sending up their buds.

PLANT GLADIOLI: Gladioli corms should be planted without delay if you want them to be blooming at Christmas. Keep some for later plantings in November or December, to lengthen the period of flower cutting. Once the shoot has appeared the planting must not be delayed.

Select an open sunny spot, because gladioli are sun lovers. They came originally from South America. They are not over fussy about soil, although they do best in a good, stiffish loam or volcanic soil.

Gladioli are best planted in rows, if possible away from the main garden, because their foliage is not attractive by itself.

Dig a trench about five inches deep and along the bottom scatter a complete fertiliser mixture. Cover with one and a half to two inches of soil and at this level plant the corms in position, four to six inches apart. Finally fill the trench with soil and firm down.

The one danger with gladioli is thrip. This tiny insect will completely ruin the flowers unless it is controlled. Dust or spray with DDT or one of the newer thrip killers at intervals of seven to ten days, beginning when plants are about six inches high.

The only other need is plenty of water in the warm months. An application of liquid manure during flowering is beneficial but not essential.

FEED THE PERENNIALS: Fertilise the roses which are starting to shoot. Lightly fork in a good spadeful of old animal manure or compost. If these are not available, use a good handful of blood and bone. Give a similar dressing to such old favorites as shasta daisies and pentstemons.

Don't forget those camellias. They will respond to a sprinkling of blood and bone, which should be watered in, not dug in, because the roots are near the surface.

Then cover with a mulch of compost. Any trees that are straggly should be pruned back to strong growing shoots.

FERTILISE FRUIT TREES: If you have some fruit trees, this is the time for fertilising. Pull out all the weeds around your trees and then scatter a fertiliser dressing, using 1½ to 3lbs. for small trees and 10 to 15lbs. for large ones. Dig it in lightly with a fork and follow up with a good hosing.

Trees which were planted in winter can also be treated in this way.

If a citrus tree has thinning foliage, examine the trunk near ground level. If the bark is cracked or there is gum exuding, get a sharp knife and cut the bark away until you reach healthy tissue. Now paint the injury with Bordeaux paste or permanganate of potash, using one teaspoonful in a pint of water.



FLOWERING PEACH in full blossom makes a fine display at Wahroonga Park, N.S.W.

START PLANS FOR ANNUALS: See that plenty of seed-boxes are on hand for the great September sowing of annuals, both flowers and vegetables. If the old boxes are beyond repair, make or buy some new ones.

Start planning for summer annuals. Few people have enough room for everything they'd like, so pick your favorites with a thought for the space available.

It is a good idea to get a color scheme in mind for the flower garden and choose your plants or seeds accordingly. Select the family's favorite vegetables, with emphasis on salads, which have so much better quality if eaten fresh.

PREPARE FOR VEGETABLES: Turn over your vegetable beds and apply lime in readiness for September plantings, leaving the beds in the rough for another month or so. Lime counteracts acidity, to which many vegetable crops are very susceptible, and it supplies calcium, an element necessary for plant growth.

Lime can be supplied as dolomite (magnesium-bearing limestone, which adds the element magnesium as well as calcium) or as carbonate of lime.

PRUNE FLOWERING TREES: As soon as the spring blossom starts to drop, the trees are due for their annual pruning. This applies especially to flowering peaches, which produce next season's flower buds on new wood. Pruning stimulates this growth and will result in ample flowering wood for next season's bloom.

There is still time to spray flowering peaches if buds have not yet swelled. Bordeaux mixture, copper oxychloride, or lime sulphur will control peach leaf curl as long as all the wood is well wetted.

Don't spray after buds burst or the young growth may be killed. Moreover, it is much harder to kill the fungus spores once the buds have burst.

Japonicas which have grown rather wild can also be pruned. Do this either by skilful cutting of the stalks for use as indoor decoration or prune when flowering has ceased.

If you have not yet pruned cotoneasters, crataegus, and the berry bushes, do it now. They can be cut back lightly or heavily, depending on the shape required. Heavy cutting will thicken the bushes and give a hedge effect. Cut lightly for shaping.

PLANT POTATOES: Varieties such as Katahdin and Exton will be harvested in time for the Christmas dinner if they are planted now. These two new varieties, and some others, are far nicer than the old variety Factor, which has a poor flavor and is inclined to boil away when cooked.

You will get better and quicker results if green, sprouted tubers are used.

WATCH OUT FOR PESTS: Look for green aphis on developing rose shoots. A light infestation can often be washed off with a spray of water from the garden hose. Don't use a strong spray or the shoots may be damaged.

If this does not work (it won't if the infestation is heavy), it will be necessary to spray immediately with DDT or one of the new insecticides called HEPT.

MAKES A GOOD SHOW EVEN BETTER



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AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE BOX OF CHOCOLATES



"Say it with 'Old Gold'!"

17 different varieties to enjoy!



Eyes light up when they see this delicious assortment of chocolates — and no wonder! There are 17 different centres among the 24 chocolates in each ½-lb. box — packed in two tempting layers and gaily highlighted with attractive coloured foils. Give "Old Gold" in ½-lb., 1-lb. or 2-lb. boxes. Available throughout Australia.

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If you prefer *milk chocolates*, choose Mac. Robertson's "Romance." It's a delightful assortment of soft and firm centres coated with smooth, rich milk chocolate.





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A whole boxful of finest-quality roasted almonds, thickly coated with delicious milk chocolate — Mac. Robertson's Scorched Almonds.

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VEGEMITE IS RICH IN THESE 3 VITAMINS —

your body can't store up!



Nutrition experts agree that to maintain your strength and build your general health you must have a *daily supply* of Vitamin B_1, B_2 and Niacin. These are three *essential* vitamins your body can't store up!

Vegemite is a rich source of vitamin B_1, B_2 and Niacin because it's a pure yeast extract . . . not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known source of this precious vitamin B group, all of which keep your family strong and healthy.

So give your family Vegemite *daily* — delicious for all kinds of sandwiches and snacks. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews, gravies and casseroles. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 6, 8 and 16 oz. sizes.

Remember! One 4 oz. jar of Vegemite contains more Vitamin B_1, B_2 and Niacin than all these foods together! *2 loaves bread; 1 lb. steak; 1 lb. peas; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 bunch carrots; 1 lettuce; 6 apples; 6 pears; 2 pints milk; 2 plates porridge; 6 bananas and 12 eggs!*



PUT VEGEMITE NEXT TO THE PEPPER AND SALT WHENEVER YOU SET THE TABLE!

VEGEMITE

Made by Kraft

KV41

Continuing

A Peal of Bells

from page 12

right man, a most delicious peal of bells started ringing in her ears. And the right man was by no means the likeliest of them all. It was a charming film. They ought to revive it."

Elizabeth slowly began to put on her gloves. She kissed Great-aunt Josephine affectionately; the old lady then had the last word.

"You understand, of course, that I'm an old woman who has never heard that peal of bells, and never will. But it would make me very happy if I could feel that you were going to. I'm very fond of you."

It was already dark when Elizabeth came away from the house. She decided to walk home, to try to straighten out her tangled thoughts, and she went on past the park, through street after street, hardly knowing where she was.

Had she ever heard anything approaching a peal of bells when Waldron kissed her? She tried hard to believe that she had; but the nearest to that she could remember getting was just a pleasant little jingle.

She was just turning the corner into an ill-lit square when it happened. She was down on her hands and knees on the pavement before she realised that anything had gone wrong.

There had just been a sudden bump on her shoulder, and then another bump or pull at her wrist as her handbag was snatched. But that was not the end of the matter. When she looked up from the pavement, there were two figures near the lamp-post, one with a club raised above his head and the other crouched warily just out of reach.

Then the crouched one suddenly sprang forward, and the club went flying through the air into the street. One of the figures was flat on the pavement now, and the second was standing over him.

Elizabeth got slowly to her feet and leaned against the iron railings. The second figure took a whistle out of his pocket and blew it, and then came towards her with her handbag. He was a very calm young man.

"I hope you aren't hurt," he said.

"No, no," Elizabeth answered a little vaguely. "But it was all rather unexpected."

"You bet it was! Here's your handbag. I don't think he had time to take anything out. You'd better have a look."

Elizabeth didn't have a look; it didn't seem to be of any importance. Two hefty policemen were hurrying up now, one from each end of the street. They both bent over the limp figure, while the young man explained briefly what had happened. A taxi had drawn up, too, by this time.

"He isn't dead, is he?" the young man cheerfully inquired of the policemen.

"Not quite, no," said the first policemen, and the other asked, "How about the lady? Is she hurt at all?"

"I'm quite all right, thank you," said Elizabeth, hanging on to the lamp-post.

"And you confirm what the gentleman has said?"

"I do. Every word."

"Good. If you'll just give me names and addresses, you can get straight home in this taxi."

The names and addresses took only a moment, and then Elizabeth Millshaw and Nicholas Howe (which was the young man's name) got into the taxi.

She stole a glance at him from time to time; most of all, she thought, she admired the way he dealt with the driver, who would keep turning round to ask them questions.

"Look here, driver," he finally called out. "Keep your eyes on the road, please. We've had enough trouble for one night."

After a moment, Elizabeth noticed that his knuckles were bleeding. "You've hurt your knuckles," she said. "Please take this."

He took the handkerchief she offered him, wrapping it round the injured knuckles.

"I'm afraid your stockings are done for," he said, and then there was silence.

Elizabeth didn't like the way the moments were slipping out of reach. Surely there was some way she could thank him properly, she thought. But the words didn't seem to be there.

"Do you always carry a whistle?" she asked.

"Yes. Always. It's quicker than telephoning the police."

They were already getting out of the taxi at the door where she lived, and still the words wouldn't come. But what could she say to thank him properly —especially under the curious gaze of the driver? Come up and see me sometime? No, that wouldn't do at all.

"C—couldn't I send you a b—book or something?" she blurted out at last.

There was admiration as well as amusement on the young man's face as he answered.

"Yes. You could. That would be very nice, indeed. But I think the most suitable recompense would be just one kiss. I promise you I'll remember it for the rest of my life."

Elizabeth looked up at his smiling face doubtfully, but she did not draw away. Nicholas Howe kissed her very sweetly, as though it were the first kiss, or the last.

Suddenly, with his lips still on hers, she heard those bells—that delicious peal of bells. She heard them as clearly as if the bells of the Abbey were ringing on a still, winter's night — and there were no questions or doubts in her mind at all. She had found her man, and she knew it.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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JET

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The Gloster/Whittle E.28/39 made history on May 15, 1941, when it flew, jet-propelled, for seventeen minutes. This book is the story behind that flight.

Price 22/6 from all Booksellers.

Continuing

Afternoon of Decision

from page 7

wouldn't. She would make some excuse afterwards.

The phone rang and it was Tom. She felt a sudden lift of spirits at the sound of his voice. Perhaps he hadn't forgotten after all. Let him remember, she prayed desperately. Let him speak the words and the need for Buzz or anyone like Buzz would be gone.

"Look," he said. "Could you bring down some lunch?"

"Yes." She held her breath.

"Oh, and—Johnny Piper was in. They asked us for some canasta tonight."

She said doubtfully, "All the way out there?"

"I just thought it would be something to do."

"Yes," she said again, dully.

It was Friday. And Friday night always meant canasta or a poker game at somebody's house. Just as week-ends meant the radio blaring.

At what point, she wondered, had they stopped talking to each other, depending upon the mechanical contrivance of cards and a radio to fill up the time they spent together.

She prepared sandwiches and a flask of iced coffee and changed into a thin, dark dress.

Tom was up on a ladder, his dark hair rumpled, his shirt open at the neck.

He caught sight of her and whistled. She felt the color surge in her cheeks.

"Hey," Tom said. "Must be a big date."

"I told you I had a dentist's appointment in the city. I'll be back by five."

"You won't want to go back to town again tonight?"

"Not especially."

He looked crestfallen. She relented suddenly. There wasn't a great deal of gaiety in his life, either, and a friendly, sociable card game was something for him to look forward to. "Of course I'll go back."

His face brightened. "Why don't you just stay there? I'll meet you for dinner and we can go to the Pipers later. Be a nice change for you."

Something about the tone of the words nettled her. Nice change, indeed! They would have dinner at the same Chinese restaurant they always went to and afterwards they would sit around a table in an airless, cramped flat concentrating on little squares of pasteboard.

She had never been fond of card games and had learned to play only to please Tom. This would really be her night, all right.

She had vowed she wouldn't mention it to Tom, but the words came out almost without volition. "Mary and Buzz are joining the Valley Club."

"That's pretty handsome of old Bradley."

"Why don't you change that record?"

"Why don't you change your friends?"

"You think Mary is stupid? I wish a little of that particular brand of stupidity would rub off on me."

Afterwards, on the train, she was ashamed of the small, senseless quarrel, hating the malice and bitterness that underlay the surface of their lives, flaring up oftener and oftener into hateful, wounding phrases.

Buzz Forbes had told her once, at a party, "I've got a theory about marriage. I believe there's only one right person for everyone—you know what I mean—one that's exactly right in every way, mentally, physically, right for companionship, in their reaction to the same things. And perhaps two in a million ever find that one. The rest of us compromise and adapt and spend our lives making the best of it."

She had laughed at him. "Look at the couples we know," he said. "Look at . . ." He had bit off the word, but she knew what he meant. Look at us. But he had just been talking. It didn't mean anything, really. She had put it out of her mind, but it kept cropping up in odd moments.

When the train reached the station she found there was a good half hour to spare before her appointment, and she started to walk. She had no recollection of going out of her way deliberately, but the five extra blocks were behind her when she saw the sign—neat gold letters against a black ground. She hurried up the steps and into the waiting-room and asked the receptionist if Mrs. Dunning was in.

If there's any news, she thought desperately, or even any hope today, I won't meet Buzz. It was a flagrant bargain with Fate.

"Have you an appointment?" the receptionist asked.

She shook her head mutely. It was useless, she knew. They had asked her before to wait until they notified her.

The girl came back and opened the gate, smiling. "Mrs. Dunning will see you."

She was middle-aged and competent-looking behind the mahogany desk. "Mrs. Blake." She looked surprised. "Did anyone suggest you call?"

Helen colored. "I know you asked me to wait until you notified me, but I was passing . . . It's been so long," she said desperately.

Mrs. Dunning turned over the white card in her fingers and leaned forward towards the younger woman. "These things always take time, you know. There are so many couples who want babies. And then it takes still longer because we try to match the family and the baby as closely as we can — coloring, background, family traits . . ."

Her voice was strained. "We wouldn't care about that . . ."

Mrs. Dunning said gently, "But we have to. It isn't easy, trying to play God."

Something flickered behind the older woman's eyes. Doubt? Pity? Annoyance? Helen couldn't be sure.

"I don't believe you'll have to wait too much longer."

They always said that. And you always believed them . . .

She came out of the dentist's surgery and started out into the warm afternoon sunshine. Just outside the building she could see Buzz waiting for her. Well, why not? What difference did it make? It was only a drink. Or maybe a series of them at odd moments snatched out of a lifetime. Or would it be more than that?

She knew that human relationships never remained static. They moved forward or back. It was why she had refused to meet him alone before this day. It was only one clandestine meeting, but it was important because it was the first big step forward in any relationship between them that did not involve Mary and Tom.

"Hello, Buzz."

He smiled down at her. "Fancy meeting you here."

He looked pale under the sun and there was something different about him today.

"Are you through now?" she asked inanely.

"Quite through."

"I won't be able to go home with you, because I'm not going home."

"That's all right. I'm not going home either."

He was nervous. That was it. And unsure of himself. Buzz Forbes, who was always so confident and breezy.

She giggled suddenly. Nervousness must be catching, she

To page 61

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Continuing . . . Afternoon of Decision

from page 59

posed. "I feel like the 'other woman' in a triangle."

He said gravely, "You're very sweet. And it's a square, isn't it?" He took her arm and they moved down the street. At the corner they turned into the hotel.

He was strained and tense, his smile only a ghost of his usual grin. "You said you had to talk to me. Buzz, is anything wrong?"

"That's not the question. The question is, is anything right? And the answer is no. And that's why I'm not going home."

She wondered if he might have been drinking earlier. "You mean you're not going home tonight?"

"I mean not going home ever."

It didn't make any sense, he said carefully, "Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going away. Far away. Where nobody knows me. And when I get there I'm going to settle down and start all over again. From scratch."

"But that's impossible."

"It's been done before." His voice was dry.

"What about Mary? It would be a terrible thing to do to her."

He shook his head. "It will be a shock at first. After a while she'll get over it. And, of course, she's got her dad."

"But she loves you."

His smile was wry. "Remember that two in a million I told you about? Mary wasn't one of them either. She's been making the best of it along with the rest of us."

Helen asked slowly, "Why are you telling me this?"

"I've been waiting for you to ask that. This is no spur-of-the-moment whim. I've been watching you. You're not happy either. You haven't been really happy in years." He brushed aside her words. "Oh, you put up a good enough front."

He leaned towards her. "You know right this minute what the rest of your life is going to be. You've had a good, long sample of it. Keeping Tom's books. Cooking his meals. Playing canasta every Friday and Saturday night and going to the football. Scraping and pinching and worrying over the bills."

She flushed.

"It's not much of a life when you take a good square look at it, is it?"

She said abruptly. "You'd like me to go with you."

"We might be happy together."

She had a wild impulse to laugh. Or perhaps cry. "Something seems to be missing. A declaration of undying passion or something."

He said soberly. "We're not in the two in a million either. But we'd get along and I'd be good to you. I'd know how to appreciate you. That's pretty important."

She knew exactly how important it was. Someone who looked at you and really saw you. Someone who valued you as a person, listened to your words and made an effort to understand the things you felt.

"I'm not offering you a great deal," he told her honestly. "Just another chance to start over."

It was something few people ever got in one lifetime. A chance to start over.

You only get one life, she thought wildly, and the mistakes piled higher and higher on your back until the total accumulation crushed all the hopes and plans and dreams you ever had and left you defeated.

To be able to start again with a clean slate when you were older and wiser . . .

She said gently. "I'm sorry, Buzz. I couldn't."

He drew a deep breath. "I didn't think you could. I had to ask you. You see that?"

"Yes," she said.

He put his hand on hers. "There's more to it. When you hear the rest of it, and you will, I want you to remember that I would have told you myself if there had been any chance you'd come."

The words were meaningless to her. She only knew she felt terribly, desperately sorry for him. "Telephone Mary before you go," she urged. "Talk to her just once more."

"Sure," he said soothingly. They went outside together. He paused and smiled. "Goodbye, Helen Blake."

Her throat was thick with tears. "Telephone Mary."

He lifted his hand in a little gesture of salute and turned and walked away . . .

Afterwards she stumbled into a newsreel theatre and sat staring blindly at the screen.

She met Tom at six. He had showered and shaved and brushed back the dark, unruly hair. He was wearing the tie she had given him.

He took her arm and they went to the Chinese restaurant.

"Finish the inventory?"

"Not quite. I had to leave it earlier than I'd planned."

"Did you see Mary?"

He looked at her strangely. "Sometimes I could swear you're psychic. Or did someone tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Buzz is gone. Cleared out. Mary was hysterical." So he had phoned her after all. "She called the shop to find out if you were there. All broken up. Said it was all her fault he'd taken the money, that if she'd only let him alone everything would have been all right."

She felt faint. "Money? What money?"

"He admitted to her that he's been juggling the firm's books for a couple of years. His company probably doesn't even know it yet. But they'll find out fast enough when they learn he's gone."

"Poor Mary," Helen whispered.

"Yes," Tom said dryly. "And poor Buzz, too. You know her better than anybody. With Mary it was always gimme . . ."

It was the type of thing you saw splashed across the headlines every so often, but the people involved never seemed real somehow.

"What will they do to him?" Her head was spinning.

"If they catch him, you mean. Hard to say. Mary says she'll stand by him."

"He'll go to gaol," Helen said and shuddered. Poor Buzz, who couldn't bring himself to say no to Mary.

Tom shrugged. "I doubt that. You're forgetting her father. And the money. And the influence. The company isn't interested in their pound of flesh. If the old man makes restitution, they'll work something out."

"You think he might?"

"Not for Buzz's sake. But he's got Mary to think about. That tips the scales in Buzz Forbes' favor."

Maybe they could straighten it out and hush it up. Money and influence were powerful things. And the Forbes' would move away to some other town and start over. But nothing would ever be quite the same for them again. The best part of their lives together was over. There would be nothing for them to look forward to.

They finished the meal in silence. It was still light when they came out.

"Feel like walking?" Tom asked.

She nodded, and they started along the emptying streets. Words kept drifting through her mind . . . When I'm done I'll have something to be proud of, something I created myself, slowly, solidly . . . Perhaps he was too optimistic, she thought, but he had character.

Suddenly she felt a deep sense of shame. He didn't only want it for himself. It was for both of them. And if he was often quick to anger it was because the daily battle got him down, too. She had wanted understanding, but understanding was a two-way street.

She looked at the street sign. "We're going the wrong way. The Pipers live on the other side of town."

He laughed. "There's no game tonight. I just needed an excuse to keep you in the city." They had stopped in front of the building with the neat gold sign. "We've an appointment on Monday."

"But I was here earlier."

"I know. She telephoned me."

Helen remembered the surprised look on Mrs. Dunning's face, the guarded question, did someone suggest you call? And afterwards I don't believe you'll have to wait too much longer.

"You mean they . . . we . . ."

"That's the way it sounds."

Her fingers closed tightly on the sleeve of his jacket. "Don't tell them about the business," she said desperately.

If they knew how badly things were going that might put them down on the list. You had to be financially secure, not rich certainly, but able to bear the added burden of a child.

Tom looked puzzled. "Tell them what?"

She said frantically, "That the business is running in the red. That you've got to raise money to keep it going. That it just might fold up altogether."

"Hey, where did you get that cockeyed idea?"

"You mean you don't need the loan after all?"

"Certainly I need the loan. This time of the year is always slow and all our capital is tied up in stock. But according to the inventory figures so far, we're worth a thousand quid more than we were last year. The business itself is worth three times as much as when we started out. In September the new high school opens and that will mean a pick-up in business automatically. All we need is a little operating capital in the meantime."

"Can you get it?"

"That's what banks are for, my good woman. Old man Simpson dropped in this afternoon for a new set of golf clubs and when I broached the subject he informed me the bank would go along with me to the limit."

"Oh, Tom," she said. "I thought . . . I was so sure." She bit her lip. "I've been so worried."

"Confidentially," he said. "I was a little worried myself until I saw the figures. And Simpson. Will you be ready to talk to Mrs. Dunning on Monday?"

"Oh, yes. I only wish we could go in now." She smoothed her hair and drew a deep breath. "Tell me," she said slowly. "How long have you known about the baby?"

"A couple of days."

"But then why . . . ?"

He took her shoulders gently in his hands and turned her towards him. "Because there was a big day coming up and cash was short, and I wanted to have a really important present for you."

The warm tears began to slide down her cheeks.

"Happy anniversary, baby," he said.

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TWO UNUSUAL CHEESE RECIPES

from the recent £1,450 KRAFT RECIPE CONTEST (Section 2)





"There are so many delicious ways of using Kraft Cheddar", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"From hot and tasty main dishes to fancy cheese cakes . . . for sandwiches, salads, savouries and snacks of all kinds . . . Kraft Cheddar is always delicious . . . always so nourishing. Here are two of the many unusual prize-winning recipes . . ."

CHOCOLATE PARTY FUDGE

Ingredients: 2 cups sifted icing sugar; 3 oz. Kraft Cheddar; 3 dessertspoons cocoa; 1 oz. butter or margarine; ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence; ½ cup chopped walnuts or almonds.

Method: Sift icing sugar and cocoa. Beat into cheese and butter until smooth. Add vanilla and nuts. Mix until well blended. Press into a greased shallow tray and leave in refrigerator until firm, about half an hour. Cut into squares — makes approximately 25 squares.

PHILADELPHIA SPICE CAKE WITH CHEESE FROSTING

Ingredients: 8 oz. S.R. flour; 1 cup sugar; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon nutmeg; ½ teaspoon cloves; ¼ lb. butter or margarine; 4 eggs; 2 level tablespoons treacle; 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; 2 teaspoons orange juice; ¾ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

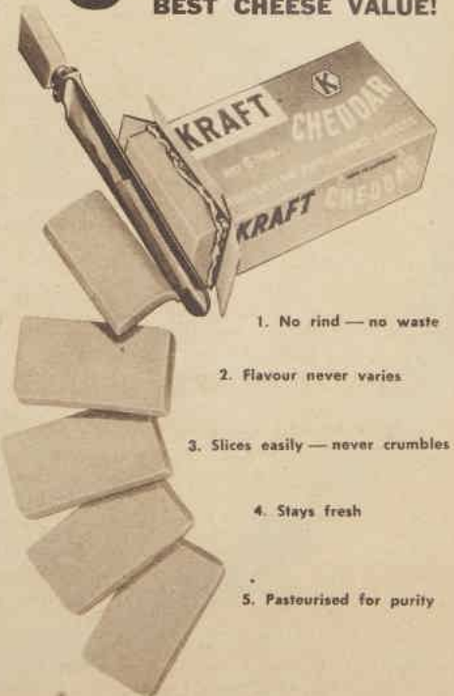
Method: Sift the flour, add sugar, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg together in a bowl. Make a well, add in order melted butter, egg yolks, treacle, water, orange rind and juice, beat till smooth. Add the cream of tartar to egg whites and beat till stiff. Pour the egg yolk mixture gradually over the egg whites, just fold in carefully — do not stir. Pour immediately into 2 greased 8" sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 30-40 minutes.

FROSTING FOR PHILADELPHIA SPICE CAKE

Ingredients: 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; ¼ cup golden syrup; 4 level cups sifted icing sugar.

Method: Roughly grate 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar into saucepan. Warm over low heat until soft and pliable, working with back of spoon all the time. Remove from heat and gradually add ¼ cup golden syrup, working it into cheese with spoon. Add 4 level cups sifted icing sugar gradually, blending it in well. This quantity is sufficient to fill and ice cake.

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Good to the Last Crumb

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Left-over bread need never be wasted, as it is a most versatile, useful, and inexpensive cooking ingredient.

MEAT, fish, eggs, and vegetables may be extended with stale bread to make attractive savory dishes.

Recipes on this page offer ideas for tempting sweets and simple cake toppings based on bread or breadcrumbs.

All spoon measurements are level.



LAMB, corn, and pea pie, apricot marshmallow, and crumb-topped coffee cake illustrated above are three interesting ways of using stale bread as suggested on this page.

LAMB, CORN, AND PEA PIE

Two cups diced cold veal or lamb, ¾ cup cooked peas, ¾ cup whole-kernel corn, 2 tomatoes, 1 small onion, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, bread fingers, melted butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Cut bread into fingers the depth of side of dish. Brush with melted butter or substitute, arrange around dish. Thicky grease base of dish. Place half meat in dish, sprinkle with half chopped onion and 1 chopped tomato. Add ½ cup peas and corn mixed together, cover with balance of meat, onion, and tomato. Season. Beat eggs, add milk, season and add chopped parsley, pour into dish. Arrange bread fingers diagonally along top, brush with melted shortening, bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Arrange remaining peas and corn between bread fingers, return to oven until peas and corn are heated through.

APRICOT MARSHMALLOW

One and a half to two cups tinned apricot pulp (or home-cooked apricot pulp), sugar to taste, 3 or 4 tablespoons cornflour, water to blend, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 12 thin slices day-old bread, melted butter or substitute, 1 packet vanilla-flavored custard dessert or 1 pint vanilla custard, 12 vanilla marshmallows.

Heat apricot pulp with sugar to taste and lemon juice. Stir in blended cornflour, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 to 4 minutes, allow to cool. Divide bread slices into groups of three, cut off crusts. Brush underneath of each bottom slice, both sides of centre slice, and top of top slice with melted butter or substitute. Sandwich slices with generous filling of apricot pulp. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, cut each square into four, place in serving-dish. Prepare custard dessert, cool. When cold, fold in chopped marshmallows, pour over and around apricot sandwiches. Serve cold.

CRUMB-TOPPED COFFEE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, grated rind of 1 small lemon, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, vanilla, 4 tablespoons milk, 8oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Topping: Quarter cup melted butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, ½ to ¾ cup chopped salted peanuts, ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs.

Cream butter or substitute with lemon rind, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased slab-tin 7in. x 10in. Combine topping ingredients, crumble over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 5 minutes, turn carefully on to tea-towel on cake-cooler. Invert on to second cake-cooler, leave to cool. Cut into blocks.

TOMATO AND CORN SAVORY

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 small onions or 3 or 4 shallots, 3 large tomatoes, 1 tin whole-kernel corn, 1½ cups diced cooked cold meat, salt, pepper, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, extra butter or substitute.

Melt butter or substitute, add peeled and diced onion, cook until lightly browned. Add chopped skinned tomatoes, cover and cook until tomato is tender. Add corn, cold meat, ½ cup of the breadcrumbs, and ½ the parsley. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Grease ovenware dish, coat generously with remaining breadcrumbs and cheese mixed together. Fill tomato-corn mixture into dish, cover with balance of crumbs and cheese. Dot with extra butter or substitute. Bake in hot oven until heated through and top lightly browned. Sprinkle remaining parsley over top before serving.

PIQUANT RABBIT IN CRISP BREAD-CASE

One stale sandwich loaf of bread, melted butter or substitute, 1 rabbit, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 onion, 1½ cups water, ½ cup tomato puree (or 1 large skinned and chopped tomato), 1 green apple, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch spice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, little gravy browning, extra ½ cup water, salt, pepper.

With a sharp knife, remove crusts from all sides of loaf. Remove crumb from centre of loaf, leaving a case ½in. thick. Crumble centre of loaf, making ½ cup breadcrumbs. Brush bread-case completely with melted shortening, bake on oven-tray in moderate oven until crisped and lightly browned. Soak rabbit ½ hour, drain, and dry. Cut into joints, cook until browned in melted fat, remove. Add chopped onion to pan, brown lightly. Stir in water, tomato puree, diced apple, sauce, and spice; season with salt and pepper. Return rabbit to pan, cover and simmer 1½ hours, or pressure-cook 20 to 25 minutes. Remove rabbit joints, cut meat from bones into chunky pieces, discard bones. Return rabbit to pan with breadcrumbs. Stir in flour blended with extra water and little gravy browning. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes, correct seasoning. Fill into bread-case, top with chopped parsley.

Alternative savory cod filling for bread-case.

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, ¾ to 1lb. smoked cod or cape fillets, ½ cup diced cooked celery, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tomatoes, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 extra dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Cover cod with cold water, bring to boiling point, drain. Cover again with hot water, simmer 8 or 9 minutes until tender. Drain, remove skin and bones, flake coarsely. Fold into sauce with celery and lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper, fill into crisp bread-case. Cover with sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned on top.

CRUNCHY APPLE MERINGUE

One and a half to two cups cooked sweetened apple pulp (cooked with thin shred of lemon rind), 2oz. butter or substitute, one-third cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ cups soft stale breadcrumbs, ½ cup crushed cornflakes, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Place apple pulp in greased ovenware dish. Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Work in lemon rind, breadcrumbs, and cornflakes. Sprinkle over apple pulp as evenly as possible. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until topping is crisp and lightly browned. Beat egg-white to meringue consistency with extra sugar, spread over top of pudding. Sprinkle with coconut, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

RHUBARB CRUMB PUDDING

One bunch rhubarb, ½ to ¾ cup sugar, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 pint milk, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, extra ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs.

Wash and chop rhubarb, cook gently with sugar and lemon rind until soft, fill into greased ovenproof dish, allow to cool. Heat milk, salt, and butter or substitute until boiling, add breadcrumbs and 2 tablespoons of the extra sugar. Allow to soak 20 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks, pour over rhubarb. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes until set. Top with egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with remaining sugar. Return to oven to brown meringue.

MEAT ROLL

One pound veal steak, ½lb. topside or round steak, ½lb. sausage meat, ½ cup chopped bacon, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 carrot, 1 egg.

Mince veal and topside steak, add sausage meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, grated carrot, and sauces. Bind with beaten egg, mix well. Shape into long roll, place in loaf-tin which has been greased and coated with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

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GINGHAMS THAT CAN'T SHRINK

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Honey contest

Our new cookery contest gives everyone a chance of winning a substantial cash prize.

PRIZES to the value of £250 will be paid for the best recipes in which honey is used.

The list of prizes to be won is: First prize, £100; second prize, £50; third prize, £25; five section prizes each of £10; 25 consolation prizes each of £1.

Closing date of the contest is September 1. Prizewinners will be announced in October.

You may enter recipes in any one or all of the sections listed below:

1. Cakes (including small cakes, pastry, fancy breads, and biscuits).
2. Desserts (hot or cold).
3. Confectionery.
4. Beverages.
5. Savory or meat dishes with honey.

Start sending your entry or entries in now, because, in addition to the major, section, and consolation prizes, four weekly progress prizes of £5/5/- each will be awarded for the best recipe in any one of the five sections.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark the envelope "Honey Cookery Contest."



BAKED SALMON LOAF flavored with stuffed olives is a substantial main dish for a meatless dinner. Savory scone mixture used for the loaf is quickly made and is a pleasant change from pastry. See prize recipe.

CLOTHES DRIER

A clothes-horse made from a discarded play-pen is the prizewinning entry this week in our "something new from something old" homemakers' contest.

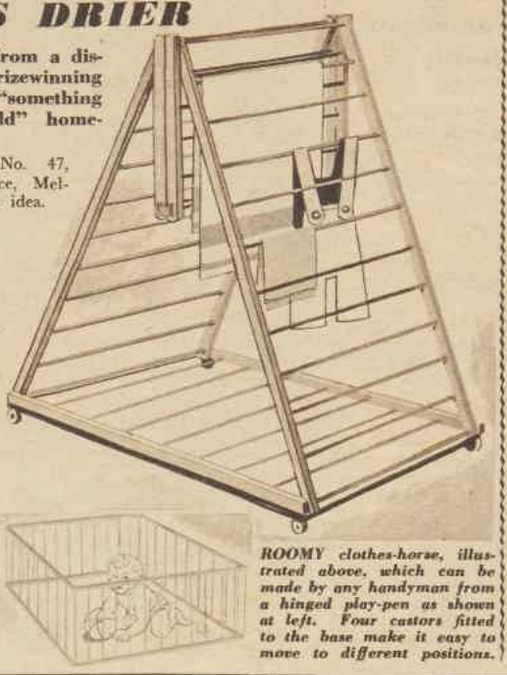
MISS M. TODD, Box No. 47, Collins Street Post Office, Melbourne, wins £3/3/- for the idea.

The horse is made by folding and fixing three sides of the play-pen into a triangle. The fourth side can be removed altogether or left to hang in the centre to give additional space. Four castors fitted to the base of the drier make it easy to wheel from one position to another as required.

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/-, and when space allows a consolation prize of £1/1/-, is paid for the best idea sent in on how to make something new from something old.

All you do to enter the contest is send a full description of the article or articles as they were, and what was done with them. Rough sketches or snapshots to illustrate the idea should be supplied.

Address your entry or entries for the contest to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



ROOMY clothes-horse, illustrated above, which can be made by any handyman from a hinged play-pen as shown at left. Four castors fitted to the base make it easy to move to different positions.

Prize recipe

A FISH dish wins ... week's prize of £5 in ... recipe contest for Mrs. ... Fawkner, Mundulla, So... Australia.

BAKED SALMON LOA...

One 16oz. tin salmon, ... fish cutlets, 2 tablespo... lemon juice, 2 eggs, 1 ... soft breadcrumbs, 1 ... finely chopped onion, salt ... taste, pinch cayenne, ... stuffed olives, 8oz. ... dough.

Remove dark skin and bo... from fish and flake. Add le... juice, eggs, breadcrumbs, oni... cayenne, and salt. Mix ... Prepare scone dough. Place ... lightly floured board, roll ... to an oblong shape 9in. ... Spread salmon mixture ev... along centre of scone do... press olives into scone d... along the long side. Startin... the long side roll up like S... roll. Pinch edges together, ... top. Press into a greased loa... and bake in a moderate o... 40 to 50 minutes. Remove f... tin and serve in slices ... white sauce.

BREAD 'N JAM!

school's out! energy needed...

JAM gives it!





Remember how you used to make straight for that big slice of bread and jam when you got home from school. Melon and lemon! Blackberry! You never knew—or cared—that the jam on your bread was packing 100 calories into you! Fuelling you up with energy. Let your youngster celebrate "school's out" the way you did. It's the snack they love. It saves you time. Jam saves you time with so many things.

JAM IS PACKED WITH ENERGY



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F3313

717

715

716

714

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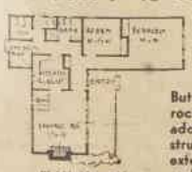
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Green for love



The Australian Women's Weekly
Novel August 4, 1954
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By Anne Piper

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GREEN FOR LOVE

THE DENNS lived happily ever after for nearly seven years.

They owned a house in Avenue Road; Philip, brought up in Clarence Terrace, wanted his own children to play within earshot of the lions in Regent's Park and Susan, brought up in West Weybridge by a mother now in Kingston, fancied Avenue Road as well as anywhere.

Susan had not married Philip for his money, but she enjoyed it when it came. She had loved the judge, her father-in-law, and wept sincerely at his funeral; but every evening it pleased her to look down the judge's mahogany table, across the judge's silver candlesticks, at her successful husband.

Philip had a deliberate manner, assumed originally to conceal his youth, but fast becoming natural. He was a good barrister, and also a student of wines, silver, and interesting painters.

Susan did not assimilate many facts about anything except fashion, but she had only to put on black velvet in the evening and her mother-in-law's diamonds, and nobody cared what she knew.

Only one inheritance from the judge disturbed Susan, and that was Grace. Grace had been with the judge for thirty years and, as far as Susan could see, would stick to Philip for another thirty.

Grace was gaunt and gloomy; she had valeted the judge and kept his silver polished and waited at table. In Philip's household she did the same, and was prevailed on to polish upstairs as well, but the woman who came every morning for the rough did all the floors upstairs and down.

"After all, darling," Philip said, "Grace is over sixty. You can't expect her to start going down on her knees at her age."

"I'm sure I wouldn't mind. I thought she was so devoted to you?"

"So she is, but I don't want her upset."

"Don't you think she could wash up? After all, my mother does, and she is sixty-five."

Philip never said anything against Susan's mother (a widow in unfortunate circumstances); he made her a substantial allowance, but he preferred not to think about her. He was afraid that one day Susan might suggest she came to live with them.

"Cook and Mrs. Harris can wash up between them. If anyone is to be put out, let it be Nannie."

"Oh, no!"

Susan would gladly have traded the lot for Nannie. She did not like children, and had particularly disliked having Angela, who, at five, was her only child.

"It's time we had some more children," Philip would say.

"Let's just wait till Angela's at school all day," Susan would reply, vaguely. She knew she was still beautiful, but believed that another baby would be the end of that. Besides, she was lazy.

She looked fragile, and the household was trained to believe her delicate. She breakfasted in bed every morning while Grace despatched Philip efficiently to his chambers with his trousers neatly pressed and his bowler brushed.

Susan had too much time on her hands. Cook sent up a daily menu with the breakfast tray; usually there were alternative items and Susan ticked the ones she preferred. Angela came in, her golden hair neatly plaited to say a brief good-morning on her way downstairs. After that Susan lay for an hour or two gathering strength to put on her clothes.

Philip often said she ought to take up something. Sometimes she agreed with him. On a sunny morning she thought: "Today I'll write a book," or, if it rained: "I really must go to the Academy," but usually she picked up the telephone extension by her bed to find out what Pussy was doing.

Pussy lived over in Carlton Hill and had been at school with Susan. Her husband had a sophisticated position in the grocery trade. If she wasn't doing anything she came across to Susan's house and they did nothing together, which made it seem busier. Pussy was not invited in the evenings, because Philip did not approve of her. He considered her to be frivolous and a bad influence on Susan.

But today—the day in March this story begins—it is early afternoon, and Susan had been up for four hours, without telephoning anybody. She stands at the sitting-room window automatically waving good-bye to Angela and Nannie as they set out for their afternoon walk in the park.

Angela looks back at the window.

"I can't hear what Mummy's saying."

"Mummy's not saying anything, dear."

"But she's got her mouth open."

"Well, I expect she's saying goodbye."

"When I'm grown up I shall be a mummy and I shall have thirteen children. And thirteen ponies, one for each. And they shan't ever walk anywhere."

ANGELA was right to notice Susan's mouth; it was open in a strangely vacant way. She was not saying goodbye; she did not see the flowering almond in her own front garden. Poor Susan was suddenly terribly unhappy and it was such a new sensation that she did not know how to cope with it. Finally she groped for the telephone and dialled Pussy's number.

"Puss—is that you? Sue here—could you come over? Yes, something awful has happened — no, I can't tell you on the phone—oh, thank goodness!"

Pussy was coming at once. Pussy was so practical, and also avidly inquisitive. She slipped on her coat and called a taxi.

It was a tone of voice that Susan hardly recognised in herself. All her life things had gone better than well with her. She had drifted through school, and later through art school, on a tide of beauty and kindness. She was always pleased with other people, and they with her.

She never did well, or particularly badly. Kindness is perhaps too positive a virtue; it would be more correct to say she was never unkind. Philip met her at a party in the summer of 1946; he was just back from Italy, where he had been sorting art treasures (and where he had first fought in an excellent regiment), and in a couple of months, against his better judgment, he had married her and rushed her off to the South of France for the honeymoon.

He did not regret it as much as he had expected. Mrs. Murray, Susan's mother, soon learnt to keep herself to herself in Kingston and wait till Susan and Angela came to visit her, and Susan delighted all his friends and relations—"such a sweet girl," said his aunts; his father and his father's contemporaries frankly doted on her. Foolish smiles softened their learned faces. "Give me your arm, child," they urged. "Not as young as I was." The bolder spirits patted her silky head as one might a spaniel.

Susan's favorite writer was Frances Parkinson Keyes; but she read little and seldom. "Can't think what you do with yourself all day," Philip grumbled. He had given up all attempts at educating Susan about five years ago.

He had thought she would be a drawback to him in his career, but in fact her beauty was an enormous asset. People invited them everywhere for the pleasure of looking at Susan.

Until this very day Susan had been contented and cheerful. Long mornings in bed planning activity, long afternoons chatting, shopping, going to matinees, dissipating activity again. After tea a long, boring hour with Angela, pretending to be a mother, and then drinks and Philip, interesting and handsome—entertaining and being entertained, nice food, nice people, nice clothes—all the things she liked best.

She shut her eyes with the physical agony of the pain in her heart and Pussy, hurrying into the room behind Grace, was quite shocked by the look on her face. Grace appeared to notice nothing. "Shall I serve tea in here, Madam?" she inquired in a voice that implied that an extra tea-cup for Pussy was an imposition.

Susan tried to act normally.

"Yes, please, Grace. At four."

Grace withdrew. Pussy sat down at the other end of the sofa, pulled off her gloves.

"Now, Sue, tell all. What on earth has happened?"

Susan did not know where to start. She stared down at her small, smooth hands and turned them face upwards as if to study the lines.

"Puss," she began earnestly, "do you feel thirty?"

"Heavens, no! Why should I? I'm not, after all."

"We both shall be before the end of the year, and I think it's the sort of thing one should face up to."

"What do you mean, Sue? I shall have a rousing party. But surely you didn't get me to rush over here in a taxi to tell me I'm thirty?"

"No, but seriously, do you feel any different? Do you think you look any different?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Do you think I look any different"

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"I think you look fine, darling. Never better; slim in all the right places, plump in the rest.

"You don't see any great bags under the eyes, white hairs or anything like that? Please be quite honest."

"You're sitting with your back to the light; turn round. That's better—no—except that you seem to have been crying. I don't see anything unusual. What is the matter?"

"Philip is unfaithful to me." Once she had actually said it out loud to a third party Susan felt better.

"I simply don't believe it," said Pussy. "He's so respectable."

"It's always the people who look most respectable," said Susan sadly, "who are leading the most double lives."

"How did you find out about this double life?"

"I haven't really found out all about it yet. I just know it's going on."

"All right then—how do you know it's going on?"

"Well, last night we went to the Brookes for drinks and I was talking to such a nice man who had just been round the world, only I was standing next to Cissy Brookes, and suddenly I heard her say, 'But everyone knows Philip is mad about—' and just as she was going to say who she turned and saw me."

"But how do you know it was your Philip?" asked Pussy.

"Because," said Susan patiently, "when she saw me she went absolutely pink and said, 'Why, here's our lovely Susan herself!' and I said, because I simply couldn't help it, only looking as if it was a joke, 'Who is Philip mad about?' And she said—now this is the point, Pussy—she repeated the whole sentence twice as if she'd never heard it before, and then she turned to Jane Golightly—she was talking to her at the time—and asked her, and finally Jane said, 'Why, who but you, my sweet?'"

"It certainly sounds fishy. Anything else?"

"Oh yes, much more. As we were driving home I couldn't find my hankie and I put my hand in Philip's pocket to borrow his and out came a thoroughly feminine tiny white square—Philip's are all enormous—and by the light of a street lamp I could see lipstick on it."

"What did you do?"

"I put it straight back, of course, without saying anything."

"Why didn't you ask him whose it was?"

"I couldn't possibly. It was such a surprise. Philip's not the sort of person to have girls' hankies in his pocket."

"Did you get a sniff at the scent?"

"There didn't seem to be any on the hankie."

"Well, if I were you, Susan, I should forget about the whole thing."

"I can't. I tried. I keep going over it. I cried for hours last night."

"Didn't Philip hear you?"

Susan looked a little confused. "He slept in his dressing-room last night."

Pussy hastily introduced another topic.

"Any idea who it might be?"

"No. None at all."

"Is he often late home?"

"Yes, very often. I thought he was working."

"Probably he is." But Pussy no longer sounded so sure of Philip's innocence; she wondered how long he had been out in the dressing-room. "Of course, Sue, if you read a few more books you'd realise that this sort of situation is pretty normal."

"It's not going to be normal in my house," said Sue doggedly.

"Some s- -" Pussy went on, "simply have to get used to their husbands going on like that."

"I'm not going to get used to it."

"You must face facts, darling, or we'll get nowhere—now, listen, do you often ring him up at his office when he's late?"

"Chambers," said Susan absently. "No. Never. Why?"

"Then how do you know he's there?"

"I don't know now. I don't know anything. I just used to believe what he said."

"Did you get another look at that hankie by daylight?"

"No. I went through his pockets while he was in the bath this morning and it had gone."

"That sounds sinister."

"It isn't really. Grace takes away his hankies every day and gives him a clean one."

"What does she do with the dirty ones?"

"I don't know."

"But, Sue, in your own house you must know what happens?"

Susan was guilty and miserable. "I don't. Why should I? Grace fixes everything like that."

THEY were interrupted by Grace's ponderous entrance with the scones and sponge cake.

"Really, Sue," said Pussy as soon as they were alone again. She sounded quite irritated. "Sometimes you behave as if you were nineteen instead of twenty-nine. Why do you have this same cake every day, for instance? Is it the only sort your cook can make?"

"Don't you like it? I rather do. I once said so to Grace, so it's come up every day since. I'd rather have it than eclairs, wouldn't you?"

"Don't be silly; of course I would—but it's symptomatic. You don't run this house. Grace does. No wonder Philip is looking elsewhere."

"Oh, dear, do you think Philip minds?" Susan sat up, more seriously alarmed than she had been all afternoon. "I thought he liked things the way Grace likes them. He's been used to her for years, and it's comfortable for me, too."

"If you ask my advice, my good girl, it's time you pulled yourself together and gave up your comfort for a bit till you find out what's wrong with Philip. You know, Sue"—Pussy warmed to her subject—"you are a sort of pre-war anachronism with your enormous staff."

"You don't go out to work, either," Susan said crossly.

"No, but I only have Mrs. Simpson nine till one."

"But you're so clever, Puss; you cook wonderfully; and besides you haven't any children."

"Just because you've got Angela you don't need Grace and Cook and Nannie."

"And Mrs. Harris."

"Who's Mrs. Harris?"

"She only comes in the mornings. She does all the cleaning."

"What do the others do all day, then?"

Susan flapped her hands. "How do I know? I don't go into the kitchen. I tell you Philip needs them all; he does, really. I can't do anything. I can't even open a tin of baked beans, and Philip likes everything perfect."

"I shouldn't be surprised if, when you find this girl Philip's in love with, she turns out to be a domesticated little mouse who bakes him treacle tarts with her own calloused hands."

Before Susan could reply that Philip hated treacle tart because it made his teeth ache, Angela sidled round the door.

"Hullo, Auntie," she remarked.

"Must the child call me Auntie?" Puss asked Susan. "It makes me feel fifty."

"Hullo, Auntie Puss," said Angela, undaunted.

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid it's Nannie's idea," Susan apologised.

"Aren't you going to have your tea?" asked Pussy hopefully.

"Nannie's just cutting my egg sandwiches," said Angela. "I'll have some of yours while I'm waiting."

"Oh, no," said Susan. "You'll make crumbs and Grace will be cross."

"I promise not to make crumbs. I'll put this plate under."

She balanced the wedgewood on her lap and bounced quietly but rhythmically up and down in a big armchair.

"We saw the lamas, Mummy."

"Did you?"

"Yes. We usually do, you know. Shall I show you again how funny they walk?"

"No, thank you," said Susan. "I remember from yesterday."

"What do you think you'll have for Easter, Auntie Puss?"

"Nothing. I'm much too old."

"Will you be an angel soon?"

"I doubt it."

"I shall probably have an egg about as big as that table."

"Will you, indeed"

"Come along, Angela." Nannie appeared. "Tea's ready."

"I won't be long," called Angela.

"Now we'd better get started on the campaign," said Pussy.

"What campaign?" Susan asked nervously.

"Trying to find out who this woman is—always supposing you really want to know?"

"Oh, I do. I shan't rest till I know the worst."

"Of course, you could get one of those private detective agencies to do it for you."

"No, I couldn't possibly. Philip would be furious."

"He'll be pretty furious when he finds you've been checking up on his movements."

"Not quite so furious. He wouldn't have to pay for me; and I'm sure he'd hate to pay for the detective."

"Is Philip very mean?"

"No—not mean, but he doesn't like to see good money wasted."

"I see his point. Mink is an investment, but champagne gets you nowhere."

"That's the sort of thing. I mean, he always gives me anything I ask for, but he does like to know what."

"And if you suddenly said, 'Darling, the one thing I really want is a private detective,' he wouldn't feel so generous." Pussy took the pencil out of her diary and wrote on the back of an old envelope: "Suspects." "Now," she said, "who heads the list?"

Susan looked wildly round as if to see a suspect under every chair. "I don't know."

"Think hard. Anything unusual Philip's done lately?"

Susan thought hard. She tried to remember when Philip had first moved into the dressing-room. She was not going to tell Pussy, but he had slept there for some months now. She slept alone in the double bed without worrying—at least, she hadn't worried up till last night. They hadn't had a row. It was after a late party; Philip had gone there, saying he wouldn't wake her in the morning. What party? She frowned heavily. Pussy waited hopefully.

"Early in January," said Susan suddenly. "The Noyces' party."

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"Ah! Something happened there?"

"Yes. In a way."

Who had Philip talked to all evening at the Noyces'? She had seen him several times through the smoke on the other side of the room on a green sofa, and always with the same person. Of course, little Bess Partridge. It couldn't be Bess? But Pussy had talked of domesticated mice, and who could be more mousier or more domesticated than Bess?

But she lived miles away in some outlandish place near Hampton Court. Susan couldn't imagine Philip travelling all the way to Hampton Court. If she was in London for the Noyces' party, though, she could come to London at other times.

"Write Bess Partridge at the top of the list," she instructed. Once she had thought of one woman others came flocking into her head. "Then put Thomasina Glover and Rosemary Tring."

"Who are they?" asked Pussy, writing busily.

"Thomasina is really terrific. I know Philip admires her enormously. She's the sort of person he can talk to; not like me. She's a barrister, too, and lovely to look at, and a widow."

"Very dangerous," agreed Pussy. "I shall give her two stars. Why doesn't she go at the top of the list?"

"Because though Philip may be mad about her, I can't imagine her being mad about him. She is very cool and detached, and she has so many unmarried admirers. She's the sort of person who would never be so silly as to get mixed up with a married man."

"All right—not at the top. But I shall leave those stars. I still think she's very dangerous. Who's this Tring woman?"

"Rosemary? She's a girl of just twenty that Philip's been very kind to—her father died recently and he was in Philip's chambers. He's been acting as a sort of lawyer and guardian to her and her mother."

"My, my," said Pussy. "Barristers do have opportunities. I imagined them shut up in those stuffy old offices all day."

"Oh, no, Philip often goes out, and even away. Then put Ann Plummer, she's the grass widow next door, her husband's away. I don't know anything about her, I just put her down because of propinquity."

"Aha," said Angela smugly, bouncing into the room, "you never thought I'd be so quick, did you?"

"No, never," said Pussy coldly. "Well, I must be getting along. I think you've got plenty to start on. I'm expecting someone at half-past five and I suppose the erring husband will be back here soon and I don't want to see him."

"Oh no, he won't," Susan said miserably. "He is going to be late. Not until nearly eight, he said."

"Why don't you ring up his silly old office tonight and see? I bet you he's not there."

"Chambers," Susan repeated automatically. "All right, I will."

She saw Pussy to the door, admired her mink stole again, but without her usual enthusiasm.

"Please will you read 'Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer,' Mummy?"

Susan hated Rudolf. She read very slowly anyway and Rudolf was in verse and the scansion muddled her. Several times she found herself putting too many words into one line.

"When I learn to read," said Angela, "I shall read quicker than you."

"I expect you will," said Susan. "I'm not very good at reading. Let's draw."

Susan drew a boat with a sail and a flag. She wondered whether she should take up painting again, she felt sure Grace would disapprove of the mess; perhaps Nannie would let her paint in the nursery.

At six o'clock, when Angela had gone, she rang Philip's number and was told by a polite, but surprised man that Philip had left there over an hour ago. Grace came in to make up the fire, she lifted one of Angela's discarded toys and carried it away between finger and thumb as if it were a dead mouse.

Was Philip with his little mouse now? Where? Trying to look undistinguished in a Lyons Corner House?

By the time she heard Philip's key in the front door she had bathed and changed and sat by the fire holding a drink which she had made stronger than usual. She put up her face to be kissed, his nose was cold. "Hullo, darling? Lot of work?"

"Far too much!" He brought his whisky over to the fire, sniffing as he did so. "Pussy's been here," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I know her perfume."

"Do you? I didn't know you knew any scents."

"Lots of things you don't know I know. Had a nice lazy day?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Philip, where were you at six o'clock?"

"In the car. Why?"

"I rang you and you'd left at five. It's nearly eight now."

"Now, Susan—I can't have you starting to be that sort of wife. I went out to see Mrs. Tring's other trustee. You really mustn't ring me up, you know. You might interrupt something most important. I'll ring you if necessary, now promise you won't do it again."

"All right, I promise. Can I if Angela is run over?"

"My dear child, of course for anything vital, but not just for a whim and because you want to hear my voice. Is dinner ready?"

"Yes. Aren't you going to change?"

"No. Not tonight. I'm famished."

Before she went to sleep Susan took the list out from under her pillow and in her round childish handwriting after:

Bess Partridge
**Thomasina Glover
Rosemary Tring
Ann Plummer

she added

Pussy Gardener

She sucked the pencil for several minutes, then she made three elaborate stars beside Pussy. She was asleep five minutes after she put out the light, and Philip tiptoeing into the room in his pyjamas got no answer when he whispered her name.

THE next morning Susan lay in bed, brooding. She had finished a hearty breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee, and Grace had removed the tray with the "Daily Sketch" for once unopened (in theory "The Sketch" was taken for the staff, but Susan usually read it from cover to cover before sending it back to the kitchen). You must not think that Susan was feebie-minded. She was not quick, but once an idea had taken root in her mind it flowered and remained.

Not many ideas took root, but those that did were all the stronger for sensible spacing. In childhood the idea that her mother would fend for her, and later that if she liked people they would like her, and later still that she was beautiful. Then the strongest idea of all that she loved and admired Philip and he would look after her for evermore.

Except for the incident of Angela's birth, she had had no new idea since 1946. Now, slowly in the depths of her mind was forming the idea of jealousy, the idea that the whole pattern of her life was threatened by someone outside and that, worst of all, she would now have to take some kind of action. She had considered asking Pussy, who was energetic and resourceful, to take action for her, but after last night she no longer had complete confidence in Pussy. Today would be as good a day to begin as any, or perhaps tomorrow, or perhaps after Easter, or when it was warmer. She pulled the bedclothes round her chin and blinked at the watery spring sun behind the twigs of the acacia tree. Angela came in with a bunch of crocus. "Look, Mummy, aren't they sweet? I picked them specially for you."

"They're very pretty. You'd better go and ask Nannie to give you a vase for them."

"I don't think I'll show them to Nannie. She's very busy ironing her dress to go out."

"I'd forgotten it was Nannie's afternoon off."

"Mummy, how could you forget?"

"Well, I've remembered now, and I've thought of something nice we can do. We'll go and have lunch with Grannie."

That would upset the whole household for a start. She had just ordered cold mutton and jam roly-poly for lunch here. She sent Angela to find Nannie. Nannie was upset, too.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Madam. It'll make a long day for her and she won't get her afternoon rest."

But Nannie was prevailed upon, and Susan's mother, when consulted on the telephone, said, "Of course, darling, plenty of eggs, anyway."

Lunch with Mrs. Murray was only a blind to the main business of the day, and Susan dressed with great care and very expensively to dazzle Bess Partridge. Angela was delivered to her in the hall wearing a fur cap and fur gloves and carrying a muff and a little blanket—"Nannie says it's for my knees."

Susan drove the car slowly down Baker Street and along the park.

They stuck in the usual bottleneck at Notting Hill Gate and it wasn't until they were through Putney High Street that Susan's thoughts could wander from the traffic. Bess Partridge had stayed with them on their honeymoon; it was odd only to remember that now, but she had been, as always, quiet and insignificant. She was Bess Brown then, not married, and an old flame of Philip's? or not? Philip had never mentioned her, Susan had never thought it worth asking. But why had she been there?

Susan saw again clearly the long pink house, with the vine fanning out over the door into a place to sit on a bench in the shade. Whose house? Some friend of Philip's who wasn't there himself, but left the old Provencal housekeeper to cook paradisical meals for them, and make the big bed when they finally got up in the morning.

Philip throwing the shutters wide and standing in the window saying heartily, "By jove, what a day! Another corker. Come on, darling—we must get out into this sun!" and Susan curling deeper into the bed.

He is dressing as he talks, linen slacks and espadrilles. He bounds downstairs, shouting the "Marseillaise" rather out of tune. He makes another attempt to rouse her by calling from the terrace below the window.

"I say, Sue, can you hear me?"

Grunt.

"It's perfect out—quite perfect—and you should just see the color the Mediterranean is this morning. Shall we get the car and run down to bathe?"

Grunt.

"Are you going to fug it in there all

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the morning? Do you want breakfast up or down?"

"Up, please."

She is beginning as she means to go on. There may be sun on the olive trees, but it will be there at noon, too; silver shade over the midday meal, black figs and golden peaches straight off the tree. Madame Pierre shuffling through the white dust in her carpet slippers bearing a mushroom omelet made with eight eggs. Susan closed her eyes.

When she woke again the coffee at her bedside was quite cold, her new wedding watch said eleven thirty. The sun had reached her bed; she pushed back the clothes and lay stretching like a cat. Even her feet are beautiful, each toe straight, and small.

Susan had perfect feet, delicately arched, tapering to a shapely point. They are probably in good condition because they are so seldom used. Susan does not believe in strenuous exercise. She wriggles her toes very gently to see the light flash on her cherry-red toenails.

It was a pity that she could not go barefoot every day; it was a pity that Philip was not here to see her now. She was pleased that her smooth legs had already turned honey-brown. Philip only saw her by moonlight; he did not wait for the sun. He had gone out to be a hearty Englishman. He did not believe in wasting time; if he did come in he would only roll her over with a jolly smack and say: "Time you got up, shameless."

Philip had never said her feet were beautiful; perhaps he had never noticed them. Eleven forty-five, an entrancing smell from the kitchen, silence from the terrace, lower down in the olive grove Monsieur Pierre, up an olive tree with his saw, hacked and trimmed till the tree was "bien ronde."

Susan, in bed still, could hear the tinkle of the bells round the necks of Bijou the dog and La Biquette the goat. It was no good waiting for Philip to come and admire her; perhaps he had charged up to the village to see if there were any letters. She zipped herself into a sun-dress. Monsieur Pierre admired the zip-fastener.

"C'est pratique ca," he said, on his way to his dinner.

"Bon jour, Monsieur." Susan knew that much French. She smiled at him from her heart; she was enjoying her honeymoon. Never in her life had it been possible to stay in bed quite so long and so comfortably.

She sat happily in a deckchair in the shade facing the live pink-grey wall of the house. One green lizard watched her. Philip came round the corner; he was not alone. With him there was a young woman about Susan's age.

"Susan, darling, meet Bess Brown, one of my oldest friends."

Bess was small and inclined to be stout. She had mouse hair and a snub nose. She wore a grey flannel coat and skirt and a blue cotton shirt. (But why was she there? Over the lapse of seven years Susan tried desperately to remember. Had Philip ever been engaged to her? Surely, if he had, or had come anywhere near it, he would never have invited her to share their honeymoon. It was odd, whichever way you looked at it, and unlike Philip. Perhaps she had never known what was like Philip.)

"Mummy," Angela interrupted, "I expect I shall be born again soon."

"Will you, darling?"

"Yes. If I am, I think I'll have another mother."

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry you don't like me."

"Oh, I do, Mummy. I like you all right but if you aren't there when I'm born again I can't help it, can I?"

Susan started up Kingston Hill. She certainly didn't know what went on in Angela's head; how could she hope to know about Philip? But Philip and Bess seemed such an ill-matched couple—Philip so tall and good-looking and Bess so dingy and nondescript.

The next day of her honeymoon, Susan remembered, when she was still in bed at ten o'clock, Philip and Bess had left her and gone down to bathe together. Half an hour's drive down the mountain to La Napoule, an hour there, and half an hour back.

After that every morning, an established thing, Susan stayed in her golden doze till noon, Philip and Bess went swimming. They all met at lunch. And at the time she was not jealous, not a bit, but only glad that Philip had someone to go with, and glad that they did not bother her.

Now with a new sharpness she could imagine Philip and Bess, hand in hand, running down the beach into the warm water, splashing and shouting, falling against each other, and lying side by side on the hot sand to dry . . .

"Here, let me oil your back for you, Bess. Don't want to get burnt on the first day."

"What a pity Susan doesn't like swimming."

"Doesn't know what she's missing, silly girl."

At lunch the second day Bess said shyly: "Philip tells me you are a painter; that must be wonderful."

And Philip: "Yes, Sue, this is painter's country—don't you feel like painting?"

And Susan: "I haven't brought anything."

Philip offered to take her down to Grasse that afternoon for canvas, oils, and brushes; she was at once filled with panic.

"I dont feel ready to paint yet," she said, "but I'd like to drive round a bit."

They did not again urge her to work, but they were always saying silly things like. "You as a painter must be thrilled with that screaming red?" or "But surely from the painter's point of view . . ?" and then going on to be very clever about what they thought the painter's point of view ought to be.

She did not want to paint. Painting was hard work for her; once she started she had to go on; the best thing was never to begin, and, anyway, she did not want to talk about it; that part of her life was behind her; from now on she was going to be the barrister's wife, the gracious hostess. She smiled, and changed the subject back to the food.

She was only left alone in the mornings, when she wanted to be. In the afternoon they left Bess behind instead while they drove to Antibes, to Venice, to Valouris. What had Bess done in the afternoons? Had Susan asked? Had she said: "Been reading?" or: "Have a good rest?" when they returned in time for the evening aperitif on the terrace, or had she gone straight up to bath and change while Philip talked to Bess?

A murmur of voices on the terrace below her window, not quite loud enough to hear the words. She put on trousers and a wildly becoming pink jersey, it was quickly chilly in the evenings once the sun had gone, and joined them where they sat looking at the sunset and the far Mediterranean below the olive trees, and seeing none of it. Philip was telling Bess about his work among the Italian art treasures. Susan did not listen. She watched his brown face turning grey and then white as the light faded.

She took Philip's arm as they went back down the terrace over the loose stones that jumped into the sandals. Did he give an arm to Bess, too? Indoors they ate by candlelight with Philip still between them. Madame had lit a big fire of pine needles and Monsieur's olive cuttings in the stone hearth. Are Bess and Philip still talking? Let them talk, this soup goes down to the toes. What shall we have next? Kidneys in wine and rice and a good salad, delicious, and the red wine in the glass is stronger than it looks.

When I am a barrister's wife I shall entertain dignified judges in long red robes. The red robes will look good by candlelight, we shall always have candles; Philip knows about wine so we shall always have the right wines. I am a barrister's wife now; Bess has been at Newnham and in the Ministry of Information for a few months. She is hoping to go out to Japan.

But Philip was not thinking about his food. "Gaugin has been grossly underrated," Philip said to Bess. "Non, Madame," he called to the kitchen, "un peu de fromage peut-etre?"

Madame obliged. There was no electricity. Susan took a whole sofa to herself. She was glad to put her feet up after all that wine and talk; and in candlelight and firelight the talk went on. Now Philip's gestures were shadows on the wall. Bess sat small and withdrawn, but when she spoke it was to the point. How admirable Philip is, but doesn't he begin to think of bedtime? It is after ten, wood smoke and cigarette smoke are hard on the eyes—close them a little.

"Why, Sue, I do believe you dropped off. You funny little thing, anyone would think you were tired."

He picked her up and carried her to bed.

"Aren't you coming too, Philip?"

"Not just yet, darling—something I was discussing with Bess."

"What about?"

"Oh, nothing interesting, really. How lovely you are!"

"Am I?"

"Adorable. I won't be long."

But she was asleep half an hour before he came upstairs. He moved softly in beside her so as not to disturb her, but Susan slept deeply, and she did not stir as he put his arm across her. He also was soon asleep—had had a good swim in the morning, been out in the fresh air all day.

It was after four by the time Angela and Susan found the Partridge home. Mrs. Murray did not often see her daughter and granddaughter and it was difficult to rush away without being rude, particularly as they were supposed to be going straight back to London. When they finally left Kingston Susan got lost.

"Where are we going, Mummy?" Angela kept asking.

"To see a friend of mine."

"Why don't we get there?"

"Because I'm not quite sure where her house is."

"Don't you know her very well then?"

"Yes. But I never went to her house before."

"Will we be there soon?"

"I hope so."

Finally she stopped the car in front of a two-storied suburban house with a fine show of daffodils in the front garden.

"Are we there?"

"Yes, Angela. Come along."

"Has this lady got any children?"

"I don't know, darling—do come on."

"But why don't you know if she's a friend of yours, Mummy?"

But luckily at this moment Bess

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herself opened the front door, with a stout dirty baby in her arms. She was wearing trousers and bedroom slippers and no make-up. She was appalled to see Susan, but recovered herself.

"Susan—do come in. Whatever brings you here?"

"We were just passing—" Susan explained, "and it seemed a pity—"

Sudden wails from the background.

"Oh excuse me," said Bess, "look, go in the sitting-room. It's rather cold, but it's tidy."

The room smelt of cold and children.

"Couldn't we come with you?" asked Susan.

Bess was doubtful. "We were just having tea—have you had some? I mean, you are very welcome, but it's a bit of a shambles in the kitchen."

"Oh I don't mind that. After all—" giving Angela a push, "I've got a child, too."

Bess led them into the kitchen. The wails ceased at once with astonishment. There were four children sitting round the table, the eldest looked about six.

"I didn't know you had so many children, Bess?"

"They aren't all mine. Simon here lives next door."

"But that still leaves you four. However did you find time? You were married after me."

"The second lot, the girls, are twins—oh, I forgot to introduce you to Francoise."

The attractive young woman at the end of the table smiled at Susan. Angela was put to sit between the twins. Bess pushed the baby back into his high chair and gave him a chocolate biscuit. Angela was very pleased, she had never had a meal in a kitchen before. It was a brighter kitchen than the one at home. Nobody said anything. Bess broke the silence.

"I was really so surprised to see you at the door."

"My mother lives in Kingston now."

"Does she? You must come more often then. I was so sorry you couldn't manage to come with Phillip the other day."

"Come here?"

"Yes, that Sunday Philip came down to tea."

This time it was Susan's turn to recover herself.

"Yes, it was a pity, wasn't it?" she decided not to elaborate her excuse in case it did not coincide with Philip's. She had just been about to write Bess off her list altogether. Now she would need four stars.

"Did you think Philip looked well?" she asked.

"Oh, I always think Philip looks marvellous. We went for a long walk across the common when he was here."

Who was "we"? Bess did not add to her statement. Susan sipped her tea thoughtfully.

"What does Mr. Partridge do?" she asked.

"Archie? He's the London representative of a small Midland textile firm."

"Does he go away much?"

"Oh often—nearly every week for a night."

"That must be lonely for you?"

"I don't get much chance to be lonely."

As soon as the children had finished Bess sent them all upstairs with Francoise, except the baby Angela went with them.

"Who is Francoise?" asked Susan.

"My French help," said Bess. "She's over for a few months."

"Does she look after the children when you go to London?"

"Oh, I hardly ever go. She really can't cope."

"But you were at the Noyces' party?"

"My mother was with us over Christmas."

Bess lifted the baby out, wiped off some of the chocolate and removed his feeder. She put him down on the floor which looked as if it had not been washed for weeks. She was shocked to find that she hated Susan, who sat looking so calm and so lovely and so well dressed, and whose hands were clearly undefiled by any washing up. She put her own hands under the table. But Susan had not noticed Bess' hands, she was too busy trying to work out why Philip should want to come to this squalid house and should conceal his visit from her.

It must have been the Sunday he was supposed to be in Yarmouth early in the New Year. He had come back very late at night. In fact, she had not heard him come in and had taken his word for it that he was back by twelve. It was only forty minutes' drive from the Partridges. He could have left there at seven in the morning and been back home by eight before she woke. Following her own train of thought she said:

"I suppose your Archie is usually away in the week? I mean, if you were to come up to supper with us?"

"No, he usually goes Sunday night, as a matter of fact, and comes back late Monday."

Francoise rushed into the room:

"Madame, come quick!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"The children are throwing all the clothes of Monsieur Brown out the window in the garden."

"But isn't Mr. Brown there?"

"No. He went out."

BESS followed her out and Susan was left to mind the baby. They looked at each other warily. It picked up a whistle from under the sink and blew a soft blast.

"Signal for hostilities to begin," said a man's voice behind her. Susan swung round:

"Where did you come from?"

"Through the scullery. Waere did you?".

"Down from London. I think your wife is upstairs dealing with something to do with your father-in-law."

"I very much doubt it." The man sat down. Susan did not particularly admire Bess' taste. It was not that he was ugly, though his mouth was too large, but he was rather ordinary looking altogether. No wonder Bess thought Philip marvellous. Poor Bess!

"No, really. Your French help came down in a state and took her away to curb your children."

"Alas," said the man, and smiled, which much improved his rather sad face. "I have no wife, no father-in-law, therefore no children, and, finally, alas, no French help."

"Then perhaps you are a burglar?" Susan took a firmer grip on her bag.

"Not even a burglar—only a brother—Benet Brown, Bess' brother."

"Oh!" Susan's grip relaxed. "Of course," she said, "the room of Mr. Brown, but naturally I thought that was Bess' father. I didn't know she had a brother."

"Is that your baby?"

Susan shuddered. "Goodness, no! Don't you know your own nephew?"

"Not to be certain once he is heavily disguised with coal and chocolate. What are those other little fiends doing in my room?"

"Throwing all your clothes out of the window."

Mr. Brown groaned. "It's too much. I only went out because I knew there would be no peace once they came upstairs—I slip back to fetch my cigarettes and what do I find? My entire wardrobe devastated."

"It may not be as bad as that."

"It's sure to be worse. They are an ingenious trio."

"There are five today—one from next door and one of mine."

"You do have one, then?"

"Just one."

"Never get any of those silly ideas about only children being lonely—only children have a whale of a time."

Bess returned, apologising.

"I'm so sorry, Susan, to leave you like that. I expect you've heard Ben, that the rose bushes are festooned with your vests and socks."

On his way to the door Mr. Brown stopped.

"Not Mr. Philip Denn's Susan, by any chance?"

"That's right."

"That explains several things. I'm delighted to meet you."

Bess was surprised. "Why, surely you two know each other? It never occurred to me to introduce you."

"No. I've known Philip since childhood, but I've never met Susan."

"And I had no idea you had a brother, Bess."

"I thought you must have met years ago. How funny!"

"I hope we shall meet again."

Mr. Brown bowed politely and withdrew.

"What does he do, Bess? Is he always here?"

"No; only on and off. He writes some terrible novels under a pen-name that sell like hot cakes, and some high-class ones as Benet Brown that sell a steady fifteen hundred. He specialises in atmosphere, so he leaps around the world on camels."

"He sounds interesting," said Susan. She did not add that it was more than he looked. "Why is he here now?"

"He's in the middle of a book about the London docks. He commutes to town every morning and snoops around, and comes back in the afternoon to write. He's very industrious."

"Don't you go to London sometimes yourself, Bess? Won't you come to tea with me?"

"I hardly ever do; it's so difficult. It's sweet of you to ask me."

Just before Susan left, when she was already in the hall buttoning Angela's coat, Mr. Partridge arrived — a burly man like a policeman with a sort of college rowing scarf wrapped several times round him.

He saw Susan into her car; wished he had come home sooner.

Susan told him she hoped to persuade Bess to visit her some time.

"Oh, she will," said Mr. Partridge heartily. "She's always running up to London."

As Susan started the engine someone shouted behind them, and Mr. Brown leapt on the running-board.

"I didn't know that was your car. Are you driving straight back to London?"

Susan said she was, and felt forced to offer him a lift.

"As far as Kensington, please," he said, opening the door at the back.

"Shall I drive?"

"No, thanks," said Susan, a little coldly.

"Forgive me if I doze off, then. Your car is so warm and comfortable." And to Susan's surprise he did not speak again till he asked her to stop near Gloucester Road. "Bye, bye," he said as he stepped out. "Thanks for the hospitality."

Common little man, thought Susan as she drove on. She had plenty to worry about.

"Sounds quite conclusive to me," said

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Pussy the next afternoon. "Though I won't say I'm not surprised. I always thought of Philip as a fastidious type. Fancy his telling you lies like that about going to Yarmouth."

"I suppose you have to tell lies. I mean he couldn't very well say he was spending Sunday night with her because that was when her husband was away. Now could he?"

"Funny you never heard him come in that night?" Pussy gave her a sharp, sideways look.

"Oh, I always sleep like a log."

"You must do. I could never sleep through George coming home. If he didn't drop one shoe with a dull thud it would be the other. What's your next step?"

"I hadn't really thought."

"Well, you must do something, Susan. You can't just let it go on like this, dashing down to Hampton Court every Sunday."

"It isn't every Sunday, Puss; it was only once."

"Hasn't he been away at all since then at week-ends?"

"Only twice, and that wasn't to Yarmouth."

"Oh, darling, don't be so simple. Why should he say Yarmouth every time?"

Susan had sent for Pussy to tell her that all her discoveries were harmless. She did not want to think of Philip being in love with Bess; she tried not to listen to Pussy.

"The only thing for you to do, Sue, is to sack all the servants and get down to earth with Philip—two or three more children, and hand-made, stone-ground bread, and you shouldn't have any more trouble. If what Philip really wants is a mother-cook figure it's your only chance of winning him back."

"But I can't cook."

"You could learn. There are plenty of good books about it. Just pop into the kitchen every now and then and run up a special Mediterranean dish for Philip. He'd be delighted."

"Pussy, have you ever had a cook?"

"Frankly, no, dear."

"I thought not, or you wouldn't say such silly things. It would be much easier to sack cook altogether than to pop into the kitchen any old time and run things up myself."

"Cook stays then, but what about getting rid of Nannie?"

"Do have some sense, Puss. I couldn't live without Nannie."

"Why not?"

"You just try being alone with Angela for a whole day."

"The little pet," said Puss.

They both waved energetically as Nannie and Angela passed through the gate on their way to the park. Susan shuddered.

"Think of having to do that every afternoon. Even the iciest wind is supposed to be good for children."

"If you had a couple more little dears they could all play together and listen to each other, and you could go into another room and do the ironing—have, say, three more, and then sack Nannie."

Susan opened her grey eyes very wide and spoke coldly to her friend.

"I asked you over here, Puss Gardener, to give me constructive advice."

"And so I am—what could be more constructive? Increase the family and cut down the staff. You'd end up with the same number of people in the house, they'd just be rather smaller."

"I don't believe it's Bess at all," Susan said.

"Of course it's Bess. Men don't troop down to the country for fun on a Sunday unless they are really infatuated."

Susan moved restlessly about the room.

"Perhaps I should let the whole matter drop?"

"That's what I said to you a couple of days ago and then you were so keen to find out. Now you have found out you can't just sit back and let it canker you."

"Perhaps it wouldn't canker me?"

"Sure to. You haven't got enough to do in the first place."

Susan denied this hotly. "Why, I'm doing something or other from the very minute I get out of bed."

Susan looked at Puss on the sofa, didactic, immaculate, and almost hated her. What is the good of a friend who can think of nothing better to do than urge odious courses of action?

"Anyway," she said firmly, "I can't do anything for at least two weeks."

"Why not?" Puss was adamant.

"Because of Easter, of course."

"What's Easter got to do with it?"

"I can't drive about London by myself at Easter time."

"I don't see why not."

"It's full of traffic and tourists and people trying to get out. We always stay quietly at home for all the public holidays. Philip says it's madness to move."

So it was surprising when Philip came home saying, "We're off to St. Ives over Easter."

"Philip—why?"

"We need a change—getting stale. It's been a beastly winter. I've got sleepers for Tuesday night."

"Are we taking Angela?"

"No, just us for a change. I haven't seen enough of my wife lately."

It was surprising, but pleasant, until the moment they walked into the hotel lounge at St. Ives after breakfast to see Mrs. Tring and her daughter sitting by the fire.

"You know the Trings, Susan darling? We decided to take your advice, Margaret."

Susan shook hands with a fixed smile. You leave your troubles in London and they rush before you to the seaside. Rosemary Tring was tall and fair, fragile and determined at the same time.

"As I was saying to Philip last week," said Mrs. Tring, "you'll find the air here awfully bracing."

"Oh, I do," Susan said faintly. "I do already. It's almost too strong in a way, isn't it?" She watched Rosemary lead Philip over to the window of the lounge to show him the sea.

"We've been here every Easter for the last ten years and it's done wonders for Rosemary. In the summer the place is too crowded, but at this time of year it's delightful and we can count on quite a spell of warm weather. What fun it will be showing you round, we always feel that St. Ives in spring belongs to us. Of course last year we had the car here, when Geoff was alive. Have you brought your car? No—what a pity. There are some lovely excursions round about."

"Philip did say something about hiring a car."

"What a good idea—well, that's splendid for you then, you won't miss anything, and Rosemary and I will have such fun making out itineraries for you."

"You must come with us, of course." What else could she say? She began to feel that Mrs. Tring was driving her into the fire. She moved aside from the waves of enthusiasm and suggested joining the others at the window.

"Just a moment," Mrs. Tring laid a hand, swollen with chilblains, on her arm. "I must just tell you how good Philip has been to us. I really don't know what we should have done without him since Geoff died. He shouldered everything—but everything.

"The moving, the property, Rosemary's future—if it hadn't been for Philip I think I should have just gone clean off my head."

"But everything's settled now?"

"Oh yes. Philip found us this dear little cottage in Kent, not too far away, you know, for Rosemary to keep on with her economics course, but far enough out to be cheap; and I'm as happy as a sandboy down there.

"You wouldn't believe it's only a mile off the Maidstone road; why, it's just like the heart of the country and I help with the cherry picking and the strawberry picking and the plum picking—it's just pick, pick, pick all summer long."

"Do show me the sea. I can't believe we are so close." Susan said desperately.

"My goodness, yes. You only have to open a window and you can positively smell the seaweed." Mrs. Tring wrestled with a window and flung it open. Susan was at once convinced that this was so, and sympathised with the other residents who looked round furiously at the sudden blast of ozone. She helped Mrs. Tring to close the window. Philip was breathing in and out with a fatuous smile on his face.

"Bit of a change from Regent's Park, Sue. Shall we go and see the town? It's a pity Pat Heron isn't here at this time of year. He knows everyone."

"I must finish unpacking." The early rising had thoroughly upset her, and she had not slept well in the train.

"Rosemary can show you round till Susan's ready," said Mrs. Tring. "Then you'll know where to take Susan."

Before Susan had time to protest that she had only wanted another half an hour to bath and change, she found that she had been rushed up to lie down for the whole morning and that Philip and Rosemary had left the hotel together in stout walking shoes.

Susan sat on the bed in her dressing-gown after her bath and stared distastefully at the dirty windows stained with constant salt. She tried to think what Pussy would do in the circumstances. She put her feet up and covered them with the slippery old-gold eiderdown; presently she lay flat and closed her eyes.

Pussy's letter came up with her breakfast tray, so it was nine o'clock on a grey and discouraging morning before she opened it.

"Darling," she read, "I do feel for you, what an ordeal, and how extraordinary of Philip to try and bring you together like that. She sounds more attractive than the cook-general in Surbiton, all the same. But do stop that early morning walks business, you must get up dear, repeat UP. If you can't stop them altogether you'll just have to go too. Have you strong shoes with you? If not, go out and buy some.

"If you can't organise anything better, send the mother out with Philip and you keep the girl knitting in the sun lounge. Shall I post you flowers from an unknown admirer? Or some books on economics to help you to catch up with Miss Clever? The time has come to stoop pretty low, dear.

So bye, bye, and good luck.—

By the time Susan arrived downstairs dressed for action in a smart suit she found Mrs. Tring alone in the lounge.

"Have they started on their walk yet," she asked.

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Tring. "But only about ten minutes ago, we got chatting and they were late off. You're an early bird this morning, aren't you? Shall we pop round and have a cup of coffee at the Copper Kettle?"

Susan declined the coffee and said she was going to hurry after the others and catch them up. She endured several

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minutes of tedious explanation about the route they were supposed to have taken, ending with a triumphant cry from Mrs. Tring:

"But anybody will tell you where the megalith is."

It took her a further quarter of an hour to buy a pair of shoes suitable for Cromlan bogs, and she then discovered she had missed the only bus for hours. She went to a garage.

"Could you drive me to the megalith?" she asked.

The man drove her instead to the bottom of a hill.

"Straight up there," he said. "You can't miss it."

Susan began to climb. The mist turned to a steady drizzle and she was glad of the mackintosh Mrs. Tring had forced on her. Past the church, over the stile, across the field and on past and through and round the tussocks climbing all the time.

How right never to go for walks, nothing to be said for walks, a harsh sensation round the heart, the cords at the back of the calves twisted and knotted, rain down the back of the neck, hair falling sodden, clamped to the face below the head-scarf and now, near the top of the hill, a blister from new shoes.

At the top the wind smacked against her. In the first impact she was blown to her knees on the spongy moss, and stumbled up with clammy stockings. It seemed impossible to go forward, and then about a hundred yards ahead she saw two people bent against the driving wind. She shouted, stumbled, shouted again, and in despair saw them disappearing down the far side of the hill.

With new energy she started to run to overtake them and fell, flat on her face this time. For a moment she lay there too dazed to get up while the wind sobbed and howled over her. Dampness seized the full length of her bones; close to the ground there lay a curious quietness, she found herself staring into the golden eye of a primrose.

When she walked on, picking her way more carefully, she found herself sobbing with the wind, a strange, animal noise. She stood quite still for a second, uncertain if the noise came from behind or within her. She felt a blind panic rising when she realised that the two people were out of sight and that she did not know which way they had gone or indeed which way she had come. Nothing round her but bleak, tussocky grassland, brown spiky dead bracken and old unfriendly rocks, and the ice-sharp rain and the mist.

Her watch still said only eleven-thirty.

She climbed over and down the hill somehow, panic swelling all the time, scrambling, shouting, slipping, the sound of her voice beaten back against her face by the wind. At last, after about an hour, she stood on the road, and, seeing a village ahead, made for it. She breathed more easily now, told herself what a fool she had been, all the time this village was near and waiting, she had taken a little walk, she felt fine and healthy, it had just been a bit windy up there.

She pushed open the door of the "Tinner's Arms" and saw Phillip and Rosemary, safe and warm, with glasses of beer, and then their astounded faces as they both took in her appearance. She carried the wet scarf, and her soaking hair fell all round her shoulders flat and ragged, she was wet through to the skin in spite of the mackintosh.

Phillip was at her side in a second, his arm round her.

"Darling, are you all right?"

She felt her knees giving under her, and allowed him to draw her to a chair by the fire.

"I fell down," she said weakly.

"But where have you been? Have you walked all the way from St. Ives? Has something happened?"

"I just thought I'd like to go for a walk."

"But why didn't you say? We'd have waited."

"I did shout, but you couldn't hear in the wind."

"But where?"

"Up on top of the hill."

"Oh, Sue, darling, you've never been right up the hill? Darling goose, you know you aren't strong enough — no wonder you look so white. Darling, you're shivering—look, I'll ring for a taxi. Sit as close to the fire as you can."

Rosemary stood near them, hovering, looking frightened and anxious.

"Rosemary," said Phillip, giving orders, "you come and sit by Susan while I phone St. Ives. Keep an eye on her, she looks as if she might faint."

WHEN he had gone Susan reassured her.

"All right, don't worry. I shan't faint. How did you keep your hair dry going through that gale?"

Rosemary held out a tough, practical, shining black sou'wester. Apart from an added pinkness in her cheeks she seemed quite unaffected by her ordeal. Susan's respect for her rose.

"Tell me," she said, "is it like that every morning when you go for walks with Phillip?"

"Sometimes worse, sometimes better. The weather changes so quickly here. There's been a lot of wind, of course. But I think it does you good, don't you?"

"No," said Susan, "I think it's done me bad. I'm quite sure I shall have a hideous cold tomorrow."

Back at the hotel she went straight to bed after a hot bath. Phillip fussed over her the whole afternoon. He was particularly horrified when he saw the raw blisters on her heels and insisted on sticking the plaster on himself.

"I shall never forgive myself, you must have felt so lonely to think of coming. I know how bad walking is for you."

Susan smiled, her best patient, sweet, slow smile.

"I promise you I shan't go walking again."

"Promise me you won't wear such terrible shoes again, either. It's a wonder those heavy brogues didn't turn both your ankles as well as tearing at your heels. You must realise, darling, that you have very special feet, you can't wear the typical tough English shoes."

So you do know, Phillip, that I have lovely feet? Funny it should take nearly seven years to say so. Why did you leave me alone in that sunny bed in France while you went swimming with Bess Brown? The sun came up over the swirling, shining, silver tops of the olive trees and blessed a pink geranium on the window-sill by the faded blue shutters. You were two thousand feet below me on the shore; what were you saying to Bess? Something like this, perhaps:

"This sea is a warm bath, one could stay in all day."

"Come on out, Phillip, you'll disintegrate."

"Nonsense, Bess, never felt so invigorated."

"That's because you're on your honeymoon."

"Yes, you're sitting on my towel."

"No, I'm not."

"Move over, woman, or do I have to manhandle you?"

"I'm not your wife, Phillip, please treat me with proper respect."

"I'll do no such thing, Bess Brown, I've known you longer than I've known my wife."

"Susan's lovely, Phillip. I'm glad for you."

"Yes. I'm a lucky man. I hope you'll be as lucky soon, Bess. Though no one will be quite good enough for you in my eyes. You should have married me."

"You never asked me."

"Didn't I? Very remiss of me. Too late now."

"Phillip, you do love Susan, don't you?"

"Terribly—why?"

"I just wondered. I mean, doesn't she mind us leaving her alone every morning like this?"

"Susan mind? Why should she? She's sound asleep, bless her heart. Nobody's lonely while they're asleep."

"Phillip, do you think I should marry Archie Partridge?"

"Why, has he asked you?"

"Not yet—but he's going to."

"Yes, I suppose he'll do. Do you love him?"

"I think so—but I want to go to Japan."

"Can't you do both?"

"No—no career women for Archie. If I marry him it's for keeps and an English mum's home is her prison and all that."

"Perhaps he'll make a lot of money?"

"Not Archie—he's too nice."

"Plenty of nice people make money. I'm going to for instance."

"I don't think you are very nice."

"Bess Brown—how dare you say such things to me?"

"Why shouldn't I? Phillip, you kissed me."

"I know I did. Very pleasant, too."

"Phillip—you never kissed me before."

"Well, I've done it now."

"But you're on your honeymoon."

"I know, one gets in the habit of kissing people on honeymoons instead of arguing with them."

"Please pass me my dress. We're going home to lunch."

"You don't need it yet—that sun thing is very becoming. What a dear little rosy cosy tub you are!"

"Phillip Denn!"

"All right, all right, don't be cross, Bess. I'm not serious."

"I should hope not. With that wretched Susan all unsuspecting asleep up on the hill."

"I'll fight for my own marriage, thank you."

"I hope you will, but it's early days for anybody to be fighting. When I marry Archie it won't be like this on our honeymoon."

"It's a waste. Archie won't appreciate you. He'll chain you to the sink with love."

"I don't care. He'll still love me. He won't go rolling about on a hot beach with the first girl he comes across after we're married."

"Bess, darling, please don't cry. I'm very fond of you and always shall be, and the sun must have got into my blood, and I'm sorry I upset you; be a good girl and dry your eyes. We'll go back to the house and have a glass of wine and forget the whole incident, shall we?"

"How can I face Susan?"

"If I can, you can—easily. What's one kiss between friends? Should have happened ages ago and then there wouldn't have been all this fuss."

"Oh, Phillip, what shall I do?"

"Marry Archie Partridge, of course, and be ever so happy, and have dozens of children."

"I don't want to. I love you."

"Nonsense, of course you don't.

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You've got sunstroke too, you don't fall in love with people for one kiss."

"I've loved you for years, it's not sudden at all. I can't bear it. I came here to force myself to see you happy with Susan, and now you don't seem to be happy with her and you spend all the mornings with me."

"Now listen, Bess—of course I'm happy with Susan even if I don't spend every minute of the day with her when she's asleep. Pull yourself together, darling, do. It's getting late and Susan will be wondering what has become of us."

And later, in the car, perhaps Bess said in a small voice:

"I shall leave tomorrow, Philip. I'm sorry I behaved stupidly."

"Nonsense, silly girl, you'll do no such thing. You'll finish your holiday and enjoy it and come swimming with me tomorrow. Stop being melodramatic."

.

"Do you think you could get some sleep now, Sue darling? It's nearly ten o'clock. Thought I'd just pop downstairs and say good-night to the Trings."

"Of course, darling, I'm fine. I'll be asleep in no time. Please don't worry about me."

And she was, of course. She always slept well. She was too fast asleep to know that it was after half-past twelve when Phillip returned.

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There were no more walks. Susan was annoyed to find herself involved in daily drives instead. Philip drove the hired car himself with Mrs Tring or Susan at his side and poor Rosemary always in the back. She did not seem to mind, she was easy to please. Susan noticed that she kept her eyes fixed on the back of Philip's neck and his ears, only turning to look at the Cornish countryside when she realised Susan was watching her.

What's so good about the back of his neck anyway? It's very neat and clipped, his hair is never too long, his neck never red, coarse or spotty, his collars always fitting exactly, his coats sitting just right on his shoulders. Philip is perfect, no wonder they all love him. Why should I mind?

Let them love him, but must he love them too? Rosemary is pink and white and fluffy, gawky, newly fledged, unprotected. Does she make Philip feel strong and manly? He must love her quite a lot to bear the company of Mrs. Tring.

"Oh, Mrs. Denn—do look, we are just coming to one of the loveliest coves in England. I say that, although of course I don't know very much of England's sea coast outside Cornwall. But I do know every inch of Cornwall. I've been coming here since I was a child. I don't believe anyone could stump me on Cornwall. Do let's stop here, Philip, I must walk Mrs. Denn to the edge of the cliffs. She mustn't miss this."

I won't ask her to call me Susan. I won't lean over a horrid great cliff. Why doesn't Philip save me? He knows I hate heights.

"I don't think I will. Can't we see quite well from here?"

"Go on, Sue—a very little blow will do you good."

"Are you coming, Philip?"

"I just want to tinker about with the engine—something funny going on inside."

"Come on then, Mrs. Denn, we'll leave Rosemary behind too. She's seen this cove a hundred times."

The wind will blow us over, down, down, into the curling sea. What is Philip doing? He's climbing into the car again; the engine trouble was only a blind. He wanted to be alone with Rosemary even for five minutes now that I've cheated him out of his walks. Is he in the back or the front? The car is too far away to be sure.

"My word, how do those primroses grow practically hanging out into space?"

"Oh, don't go any nearer, Mrs. Tring."

"I'm all right, my dear. I've a splendid head for heights. Don't worry about me. Geoff always said I should have been a bird."

I'm not worrying about you, I'm worrying about me. You make me feel quite sick gallivanting about on that crumbling edge. Let's go back. If only I could hear what Philip's saying; could it be!

"I'm afraid this isn't much of a holiday for you, Rosemary."

"Oh, Philip, don't say that. Why I love every minute if I'm near you."

"It means a lot to me to hear you say that, but you mustn't. You must put me right out of your mind."

"How can I?"

"Poor little girl, but very soon you'll meet a charming boy of your own age among the students. He'll help you to forget me."

"There aren't any charming boys among the students. You are so different, Philip."

"I'm thirty-four, that's the only difference, almost old enough to be your father."

"Oh, no, don't say that!"

"But I do say it. That's why you must forget me. Think of me as a kind old uncle."

"Never—not after all that has happened between us."

"How young you are, my precious, nothing has happened and nothing will happen."

"How can you be sure, Philip?"

"Because I have a career, a wife and a child."

"People have given up more than that for love, Philip. I would."

"Sweet child, bless you—sh—here come our guardians."

BUT when Susan and Mrs. Tring reached the car Philip sat in the front studying the map, and Rosemary in the back reading the "New Statesman."

"See anything?" asked Philip.

"It was very—high," said Susan. She stared at Rosemary for signs of guilt.

"Sp'endid—splendid," panted Mrs. Tring. "The very wind is charged with spring. Couple of stuffpots you are." She wound down a window briskly.

"Oh, no, Mummy," Rosemary came to life. "Please—Philip and I haven't moved—we'll be frozen."

"Was there anything the matter with the car?" asked Susan.

"Put it right in a trice—something had come unscrewed and was rattling."

"So you and Rosemary have just been reading?"

"Rosemary read aloud to me to pass the time, but you weren't long away, you know. Ten minutes at the outside."

"Was that all? It felt like an hour."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Denn, I wasn't such a hard taskmaster. You wait till I get you up Brown Willy."

You'll drag my dead body up Brown Willy on a bobsleigh! I won't be there on my feet.

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"Philip," she pleaded next day, "couldn't we go somewhere without the Trings, just the two of us, and not an expedition at all?"

"If you like, darling, but it seems rather mean. They have so little money, and they do so enjoy an outing with us."

"Why do they come all the way down here from Kent if they are so poor? They could go to Ramsgate."

"Now, Susan, it isn't like you to be spiteful. They save up the whole year for this one holiday. It means so much to them. They don't go abroad in the summer like we do. No, I think it is really up to us to do what we can for them while we are here."

Pussy wrote again:

"I am delighted to hear they are no longer wanking out, but am not quite happy about those drives either. I hope you never leave them alone in the car. Be on your guard, dear. Isn't it time you came home? I drove past the house yesterday and stopped the taxi for a minute to speak to Angela coming in from her walk. I thought the child looked peaky. Nannie obviously enjoying her usual robust health. I think she walks Angela off her feet if you ask me. Aren't her knees beginning to knock? (Angela's, not Nannie's)."

Susan tore up the letter and tried a new approach with Philip.

"Philip, I think we'll have to go home soon. I'm worried about Angela. Pussy saw her and says she's not looking well."

"But didn't Nannie's letter yesterday give an excellent report?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure that Nannie isn't rather insensitive. She might not notice if Angela were, for instance, mentally ill."

"My dear Sue—I assure you that the whole household would notice if Angela went off her head."

"I don't mean right off—just a bit off."

"Surely Angela is permanently a bit off? Most children are, and it's particularly bad for her being an only child. She gets ridiculous fancies."

"Now don't work the conversation round to that again."

"But you really want to go home a week before the term begins?"

"Yes, please."

Philip gave in with a bad grace and went to book seats on the train. Susan almost felt sorry when she saw the stricken face of Mrs. Tring.

"Oh, Mrs. Denn, I'm so upset to hear the bad news about your little girl. Philip just told us. It seems such a shame to have you cut short your holiday, and Rosemary and I will miss you dreadfully. It's made all the difference to us to have you down here. Another big item in the debt of gratitude that we can never repay your good man."

"I'm sure he is happy to know that he can help you."

"Yes, I'm always saying to Rosemary, Philip is such a fine person. So good and unselfish, one so rarely meets people like that nowadays."

Did Rosemary turn aside to hide a tear—or a yawn? Susan could read nothing from her normal bland expression.

"I tell Rosemary she'll be glad all her life that Philip Denn is her friend."

Will she? Oh dear, I do hope not. Is this to go on for ever?

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Susan did not recover from her Cornish holiday for almost a week. She received Pussy in her bedroom.

"But Sue, what's she like, this girl?"

"Fair, and too tall, and rather brittle."

"But how does she behave with Philip?"

"Very quiet and doting, and eyes wide open. The mother doesn't let her get a word in anyway."

"Surely they never took the mother out on their mad walks?"

"Dear me, no the mother was left behind to drink endless cups of coffee under the oak beams with me."

"Has he known them long?"

"As far as I know, only about a year. He knew Geoffrey Tring well, of course, but he never met the family

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properly until Geoffrey died. That's what Philip says, but the awful thing is that now I daren't believe anything he says about anything."

Poor Susan lay propped up on her pink pillows. Pussy looked at her critically.

"You know you mustn't give in, Sue, you'll make yourself ill."

"I am ill."

"Nonsense, my good girl, you don't know what it feels like to be ill. But if you stay in bed like this you'll weaken your ankles so seriously you'll probably be crippled."

"Then perhaps Philip will be sorry."

"Not a bit of it, he'll be fed-up with you for bringing such a thing on yourself—up, out and bestir yourself, it's the only way.

"I feel that this Rosemary is a more insidious enemy than Mum Partridge. Whichever way you look at it she's got a ten-year start on you."

"A Frenchman once told me" said Susan stiffly, "that at thirty a woman has a second flowering more lovely than the first."

"That's as may be. It probably works with flowers, but let's face it, dear, if you carry the metaphor on to the fruits there's no doubt that the pristine bloom is off the grape or peach by now."

Susan jumped out of bed and stared at herself in the long looking-glass.

"Really, Puss, I can't see that it's the end. I'm sure I don't look so very different than I did when Philip married me."

"I never said it was the end, dear, but you must be on your guard now, incessantly. Never relax, always dine by candlelight. Don't let your husband see you in your underclothes."

"But relaxing is so good for wrinkles, and my underclothes are delicious—and anyway I can't play that sort of game with Philip. It's too late."

"Well, don't come whining to me, dear. I don't think it is too late, I'm only trying to help you before your backbone dissolves altogether."

"I know you are, Pussy. It's very kind of you, really." She climbed back into bed.

"Aren't you going to get up this morning?"

"Oh, Puss, don't nag. I probably shall. But there's nothing to get up for."

"Of course there is—enough of this defeatist talk. You've got to get up to fight for your marriage."

"I think if I just stay here everything will blow over."

"Nothing will blow over. Things in fact will probably get worse if you just let them be."

Angela arrived silently.

"Well," cried Pussy, "sure there's nothing else I can do for you, Sue dear? Mark my words, up, out—bright and beautiful."

Angela pushed her way on to the bed. Susan, exhausted by Pussy's visit, closed her eyes. She felt very old, stupid and ugly.

"Are you asleep, Mummy?"

"No, just resting. You have a rest too. Take your shoes off, you're hurting me."

"Are you very poorly, Mummy?"

"Not very. Who said?"

"Cook to Nannie, and Nannie said, 'Some sorts of poorly can be very interesting, I shouldn't be surprised if the blue birds had news for us soon.' Have they?"

"Have who what?"

"The blue birds, Mummy, can I have a canary?"

"Do you want one very much?"

"My friend Victoria has one."

"Well, we'll have to ask Daddie, won't we?"

"Is it Daddie who says 'Yes' about birds? Perhaps he saw the blue birds?"

"Nobody saw any blue birds."

"Oh." Angela did not sound convinced. She lay still for about half a minute.

Her knees do knock, thought Susan, stabbed with anxiety.

Angela turned with vicious energy, driving an elbow into Susan's ribs.

"Oh sorry, Mummy. Did it hurt?"

"Not much," said Susan bravely.

"When are you getting up, Mummy?"

"You've made my bed so uncomfortable I shall get up now."

"Oh good. I'll go and tell Cook."

"Why Cook?"

"That you aren't poorly any more. She thought you might not like onions for lunch."

The sky looked blue, but you never could tell from inside the house what sort of day it was. She opened the window and called down to Briggs planting out wallflowers.

"Is it warm out there, Briggs?"

"Very mild today, Madam. Soon be summer."

She dressed very slowly and carefully, thinking of summer. There was nothing to look forward to this year. Other years summer meant midden evening drives with Philip down to Kew or supper at the Doves, pleasant parties in roof gardens and big London drawing-rooms with tall, open windows, and always Philip, taller, better looking than anyone else there.

She had never resented the lovely women round him, only felt proud. Silly simple men don't like to be loved too much, men don't like to be trapped, men like the spice of insecurity. But that's all men want does Philip like? I never asked him.

I just loved him. I got up and dressed, I ordered the meals I ate them. I kept myself beautiful and wore beautiful clothes, and all day long I loved Philip. But I never asked him about anything. I never even asked him about Grace. Pussy said maybe he doesn't like anything about the way I live. It's too late to ask him straight out now. If I started to live differently would he notice? I could become a schoolmistress, or a cabaret singer, or paint murals in seedy cafes. But not now. Not just yet.

It was a great effort not to tear her clothes off and get straight back into bed again.

In the afternoon, she took her car and drove down to Thomasina Glover's little house in Kensington. The maid opened the door and said Mrs. Glover wasn't in yet, and would she like to wait?

Susan did not wait. She drove on and out to Richmond Park with the sun in her eyes.

She took the rug and began to walk. Where do all these people come from on a week day? Haven't they anything better to do than wander about in the sun on an April afternoon? What does one do alone in a park?

She sat under a tree; then lay down, her eyes twisted the branches and the breaking leaves into tidy patterns against the sky.

It was some time before she noticed the man. He made four rings round her in crepe-soled suede shoes, staring. On the fifth round his face seemed familiar. She smiled vaguely and he raised his hat. What a silly thing to do, smile at a man in a park; of course she did not know him.

She knew the shoes and realised now how she had watched them disappear and return in the last half-hour. She sat up, meaning to go, and he was beside her in a minute.

"Good afternoon, miss."

Nice to be called miss, one can't be too rude.

"Good afternoon."

She scrambled to her feet.

"Let me carry the rug for you. Don't dash away. All on your own?" His smile was too eager, his chin spotty.

"No thanks—I can manage."

She began to walk, a little stiffly from lying on the cold April earth. She tried to move purposefully, but her sense of direction was bad and she felt confused about the car park.

"Don't go—what's the hurry? How about you and me having a little talk, honey?" His attempt at dance-band American was ludicrous.

"Excuse me. I have to meet my husband."

He came close and tried to take her arm. She broke into a stilted run in her tight skirt and high heels. There was someone on the path ahead leaning against a tree, another lone man. She almost screamed when the man ahead stepped out into the middle of the path and put up an arm to bar her way. She ducked round him wildly.

"Susan—hey, Susan, where are you off to? Wait for me."

She turned desperately and stood panting. Several seconds passed before her brain registered that the second man knew her name and that the spotty one had disappeared. She focused slowly and found herself looking up at Benet Brown's thin face. He was laughing at her.

"Where's the forest fire?"

She pushed her hair back; she must look ridiculous.

"That man—he was following me."

"Which man?"

There was no other man in sight.

"He must have hidden behind a tree," she suggested feebly.

He thinks I'm the sort of woman who always imagines men following her. She flushed with shame.

"I must get on to the car park," she said.

"You are walking away from one car park."

"Oh dear—am I?"

She was afraid she might cry. She fumbled in her bag for her handkerchief, her hands shook and she dropped the whole thing open and upside down. The tears rolled down her face. Benet was suddenly very kind; he picked everything up, put one arm round her and drew her, still sobbing, in the right direction.

"Poor Susan, don't cry, never mind really, nobody's worth it."

She could not stop; she was only aware of weeks of unexpressed misery. She cried with abandon into his large handkerchief. After a few minutes he gave up trying to make her walk any farther. He spread out the rug again and sat her down beside him. He kept his arm round her and she cried against his coat. With the other hand he pulled a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles and a book out of his jacket and began to read.

Susan's sobs finally lessened as she watched his long brown fingers turning the pages. She felt slightly insulted.

"I must look hideous," she said.

"I wasn't looking at you," he turned and peered at her over his glasses. "Yes, you do. I won't look again." He went on reading.

Susan sat up properly. She spent some minutes trying to improve her face.

"Is that better?" she asked.

"It'll be all right when the swelling goes down. What's the matter, anyway?"

"I don't know you well enough."

"Forget it for now. I'll ask you again another time. What were you doing here in the first place?"

"I haven't been here for years. I was

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filling in time. I thought I might see some deer. "What were you doing?"

"I often come here, stop off on my way into London. I like it."

"I ought to go." She made no move.

"Why?"

"I've got to call in at Kensington on my way home."

"Can't it wait?"

Of course it can wait. Why be in such a hurry to hurt oneself? Why not go tomorrow instead? Or next week?

"A little," she said. "Have you finished your book?"

"Which book? Writing or reading?"

"Writing."

"No. Stuck, reached the central doldrums."

"What do you do all day then?"

"Moon about, irritating Bess and Archie, condemn myself to the British Museum Reading Room, leave again after an hour—all my girl-friends work in the daytime, unfortunately."

"Do you have many?"

"Not a startling number. And how does the barrister's wife pass the time?"

"I'm usually pretty busy."

"This is just one of those unusual days when you escape to be by yourself from the bustle of normal life?"

What a pity he's so untidy, she thought, and almost ugly. She stared at him trying to find out why she thought him ugly.

"It's my eyes," he said, laughing at her again. "They are fine, expressive and all that, but they don't match. One's grey and the other brown."

She denied it politely, but it was almost true. Really, one couldn't be seen about her sort of London with a man in corduroy trousers wearing odd eyes. If he had looked presentable she could have used him to make Philip jealous, but Philip would never even believe that she, so fastidious by nature, liked a man whose neck was not too clean.

He had a car in the park too. Very different from hers, a terrible old sporting car, fast, noisy, draughty. He persuaded her to join him at the World's End for a drink. He drove ahead and it was hard to keep up with him.

He was charming, witty, friendly, but somehow impersonal in the pub. She could not believe that she had soaked his shoulder with her tears, or remember indeed why she had been crying. They parted on the pavement, and she found herself a little disappointed that he did not suggest another meeting. She glanced at herself in the driving mirror, decided she did not look her best.

Ten minutes later his car drew up behind hers outside Thomasina's house. They got out, both laughing this time. Why had he not said? Why had she not said? Was she coming to dinner? He and Bess were invited, perhaps Susan would be the fourth? How delightful. Susan thought she would not come in, she had wanted to see Thomasina, but not urgently and not if she had other people there. He tried to persuade her, "come in for a few minutes, a drink." Thomasina was a practised hostess, had a maid, and would not be put out.

"Is Thomasina one of your girl-friends?" she asked, and then wished she had not said it.

"I've known her for years," said Benet. "A terrific person."

Susan agreed. All her former fears of Thomasina returned. What would she say to her?

They argued politely on the doorstep until Thomasina stuck her head out over the white hyacinths in the window box on the first floor and said: "Why, Susan Denn. What a delightful surprise! Do come in."

In the cool lilac-and-white room sat Bess, more homely than ever beside Thomasina. Thomasina had dark, smoothly coiled hair and dark eyes. Nobody ever called her "Tom," and in court there was nothing ridiculous about her in a wig.

"I'm so sorry, you've just missed Philip," she said to Susan. "Did he tell you to pick him up here?"

"Not exactly," Susan lied. "I dropped in on the off chance as I was passing. If he's gone already I'd better hurry after him."

"I'd have kept him longer if we'd known you might come. We had a brief to discuss, but I thought he was anxious to get home, so we took it at top speed."

"Never mind," Susan edged her way back towards the door, refusing drinks, and avoiding Benet's odd eyes which plainly doubted her story. How often did Philip come here without mentioning it? Did he sit on the window-seat with his back to the hyacinths and the trees in the Square?

They all urged her to stay, but they were all enemies. She had forgotten for an afternoon that Benet was brother to Bess. Would he tell Bess that he had picked her up crying in the park? She heard their laughter in her ears all the way home.

SHE could not at first imagine Philip's conversation with Thomasina. What does one say about a brief?

"Thomasina, I wanted to consult you about this brief."

"Certainly, Philip. Let's go back to my house, we can do it better over a late cup of tea."

And then in the house, intimate yet brilliant over the crumpets, china tea with lemon and neither noticing the delicious smoked salmon sandwiches.

"I see it like this," Philip strides up and down the dove-grey carpet.

"Have you considered the torts?"

"That's an important point—you always go for essentials, Thomasina. Someone should paint you, poised and still, listening in that yellow chair—where was I?"

"Essentials—Philip."

"Ah yes—now I see it this way——"

"But what about——"

"Of course that alters the whole thing."

"And don't forget——"

"We've got them there—if we can only prove—? They're done for. How wonderful it is to talk to you, you reflect my mind, and sharpen it too. You are so unlike a woman."

"I'm sorry about that."

"Don't get me wrong. You are the most beautiful woman I know. I wish I could paint. Susan would love to paint you. Would you let her?"

"I don't think she would want to."

"Of course she would, she'd be mad about you. I wish you knew her better."

"I'd like to."

"You must come to dinner with us."

"With pleasure."

"But the point is—you allow me to forget your beauty, you are not always insisting on your femininity. It is possible for a man to enjoy your mind."

"Your Susan is very beautiful."

"Yes, yes, she is, but it stops there. Full stop. Nothing behind that almost perfect face."

"Philip, you shouldn't say that."

"No. I shouldn't. You make me reckless; when I am with you I feel so different, so alive. I shake with excitement when I see you come into a room—did you know the power you have over me?"

"No, no. You shouldn't say that either. Even if I felt the same way about you it should never be put into words."

"But you do, you do feel the same. I know it."

"Take your hands off me, Philip. You are not to touch me."

"Say you do—say it."

"I will not be bullied. Leave me alone. If you behave in this uncivilised way I shall forbid you my house."

"You want to be bullied—you want me to hurt you—you want a man stronger than you."

"I don't know what you are talking about. I can hear Bess on the stairs."

"I didn't know Bess was coming."

"I didn't know you were going to behave so badly or I should not have asked you in."

"I'll go now, but I'll be back tomorrow."

"I don't know when I shall be free."

"I shall sit on the doorstep till you are—"

"Bess—how are you? Benet not here yet? Philip, must you go so soon? Have a drink first."

But when Philip sat there drinking between Bess and Thomasina, Susan found it even more difficult to imagine the scene. Which of them did Philip look at? If he was in love with Thomasina, he looked at Bess and talked animatedly to her only:

"Archie gone north again, Bess?"

"Yes—away for a week this time."

But if he was in love with Thomasina he won't be interested to hear that Archie has gone away. They pass on quickly to the latest exhibition. Thomasina sits very quietly, her hair quite unruffled. One shoulder of her dress is pulled a little forward where Philip held her—she will notice later and smooth it back. She also looks at Bess. Bess is talking about her children, but not much, not to be boring—just a quick anecdote to show they exist before they can be politely forgotten for the evening. Philip has plenty to say in return about Angela; he is very proud of Angela—he thinks her pretty and intelligent. Bess listens with a kindly smile.

Thomasina does not smile, she does not like to think about Philip's child, about his other life, his real life, the complicated network of servants and cars and house and garden, and Susan's child who has Susan's looks and Philip's brain. She is tired, very tired, and wonders how long she can pretend to Philip that she does not care. It is partly true that she does not care, with all her heart she despises Philip, just another man who is bored with his wife, but she longs to be loved. If she can keep the room between them it will be all right. She plans to be busy for several weeks and then ask Philip and Susan to dinner together. It is a sensible plan, but not exhilarating.

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So Susan returned to dinner with voices in her head. She was too late to change. Philip was anxious rather than cross, surprised to find Susan out when he came home.

"There you are, darling. Something wrong with the car?"

"No. I just drove a long way round."

"Where have you been?"

Why does he ask where I've been? I don't ask him—at least not often.

"To Richmond Park."

"Richmond Park? Darling—at this time of night? Why?"

"I just felt like it. I haven't been there for years."

Philip looked at her as if she might be ill.

"I hope you didn't sit on the damp grass or anything foolish?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh, Sue, you did. You'll have a chill, darling. You look a bit green already. Here, let me give you a stiff whisky."

She sipped the whisky, too fast, as Grace arrived to announce dinner and stood holding the door open with an

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expression of intense disapproval. She was not pleased that Susan was late and had left the dress that had been laid out for her untouched on the bed.

Mrs. Denn should be ready for the Master when he arrived home tired in the evenings instead of scrambling back at all hours with mud on her shoes. Susan did not dare to look at Grace as she sat down at the dinner table to tepid tomato soup.

After supper Philip read his library book and Susan looked at "Vogue," and later while Philip listened to the news at the "New Yorker." They went to bed early, but Susan slept badly that night for the first time in her life, suffering from this new disease, a troubled mind. She stared wide awake into the darkness to see a procession of fascinating women marching into the future.

Bess had been a rival whose weapons she could, in the last resort, use; Rosemary, after all, had only youth which she would grow out of, but Thomasina—that was different. She understood Philip, and his work, talked to him as an equal, and yet remained an independent, attractive woman.

But why worry about Thomasina now? Five years ago Philip had known her well, well enough to say as they stood on the balcony of the hotel in Perugia watching the midday crowd surge up and down the high street—

"Sue—look, there's Thomasina—"

"Who?"

"Thomasina Glover—you know, I told you about her. I met her at Cambridge first. She was in my outfit in Florence, and she's reading for the bar."

"Which is she?"

"The tall one, tallest girl you can see—rather an Italian type otherwise—there, in a red frock, with the fair chap. Hey—Thomasina!"

"Do you mean the one with the bun?"

But as she turned to Philip he had gone, banging the door of their room, leaping out into the street, drawn now into the rest of the crowd moving towards the view of the station, struggling across the current to attract her attention.

"Thomasina—Thomasina!"

But she is so interested in the fair man whose head is inclined towards hers. At last she hears her name, turns with a pleased smile. Philip has her hands in both of his. He seems to know the man too; they talk for a while then Philip gestures to Susan on the balcony. Philip makes frantic signals for Susan to join them, pointing to the cafe up the road. Susan, in the darkened marble-floored bedroom, raises an arm to brush her hair and feels the sickness sweep over her again. Oh horrible, rich, tasty Italian food, why did she choose this time to leave the country of quiet, boiled fish? Why did Philip not cancel their holiday and let her stay safely in London? He'd insisted that she looked pale, that the sun would do her good.

She lies back on the pillow with a damp handkerchief on her forehead. An hour passes. Philip returns irritated.

"Why didn't you come? We've all been waiting for you."

"I'm sorry. I started to get ready, but I felt bad."

"Come on down to lunch now—you'll feel better with some food inside you."

"I can't, honestly, Philip. I'd be sick if I crossed the room."

"Nonsense, darling—all imagination. You're working yourself up to this, you know—besides, Thomasina and Roger are coming over to lunch with us."

"It's no good. I'm sorry, I can't. Particularly with strangers. Send up a tray for me."

"Oh Susan, I did so want you to meet her."

She groaned. "Please Philip. Just leave *me* alone. I'll be all right later. I'll meet her tomorrow."

"She's leaving for Rome tomorrow."

"Well—in London then."

He could not conceal his annoyance. When he returned at three o'clock and found Susan sleeping he left a note at the bedside and went out again for the rest of the afternoon. Susan tried to remember the wording of the note. Had it said: "Gone with T. and R. to Assisi, back before supper." Or: "Gone with T. to Assisi, back before supper."?

At the time she had been delighted. She had pretended sleep when Philip tiptoed into the room, sat up to read the note as soon as he had gone, and later slept deeply, certain of three hours' peace, thankful that she did not have to peer at dingy frescoes or stand in the hot sun.

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Ann Plummer picked a safe place between her climbing roses and leant over the wall.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Denn."

Susan in the first cotton frock of the summer, busy cutting a few tulips, straightened up. She had wanted to know Mrs. Plummer, but had not liked to try this direct approach.

"Good-morning. How lovely your lilies of the valley are."

"Would you like some? We've got masses."

"Have you really? Yes, please, I would."

She held up the tulips she had already cut.

"Do have these—in exchange," she said.

"Come round for a cup of coffee," urged Mrs. Plummer.

"I shouldn't, really."

"Why not?"

MRS. Plummer met her on the doorstep.

"I can't get down to anything this weather—can you? The boys are at school till tea-time, and instead of working I just run in and out of the garden. Shall we sit out?"

Mrs. Plummer was small and elegant, a refined bird. She scarcely stopped talking.

"What sort of work should you get down to?" asked Susan. She had to shout the end of the sentence as Mrs. Plummer had put her in a deck chair, and then tripped away to the kitchen.

"Rescuing young strayed girls," Mrs. Plummer called back, "setting History papers and writing articles on penal reform."

She reappeared with the tray. She did not look strong enough to rescue any strayed girl.

"What does you husband think about capital punishment?" she asked.

"I don't know." I ought to know Philip's opinions on all important matters.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Plummer surprisingly. "Wives who only echo their husbands' opinions are an awful bore. I don't know anything about my husband."

"He's away, isn't he?"

"Yes—a regular soldier—he's in the Middle East. I heartily disapprove of army life, but there you are, that's how things turn out. I should have married a don, but they were all so frantically unattractive when I was a young thing—knock him off, he's terribly sentimental," she said in the same breath as the white bull-terrier laid his nose on Susan's knee. Susan pushed politely.

"Down, Nebs, down," bellowed Mrs. Plummer. The dog retired into the house. The coffee was hot and strong. Susan enjoyed the always interesting sensation of seeing one's own home from an entirely new angle. She wondered if Philip realised that Mrs. Plummer could see into his study.

"Our acacia gives you quite a bit of shade too," she said.

Mrs. Plummer was in favor of the acacia; she also liked Susan's white roses, which next month would riot along the top of the wall and fall over on the Plummers' side. They discussed their children. Mrs. Plummer regretted that her boys of seven and eight were no good as friends for Angela, but said she was expecting her sister-in-law (next month with a little girl) of five for a long visit. An hour passed very quickly. As Susan stood up to go regretfully, and opened her mouth to say "Come to tea tomorrow," the bull-terrier trotted out of the house and laid an offering of love at her feet.

She stooped and picked up Philip's glove; there was no mistaking it, it was one of his thick red patterned woolly ski-gloves that he had insisted on wearing in the January snow. He had blamed the whole household in turn when he had lost it at the beginning of February. Susan stared at it, her mouth still open.

"Oh, don't touch it," said Mrs. Plummer. "Nebs has been carrying it all over the place since he found it. It's his favorite toy. Here, Nebs——" she took the glove from Susan and hurled it in the garden.

"It's one of my husband's gloves," said Susan.

"Really?" said Mrs. Plummer. "I'm so sorry. Nebs is awful. I didn't know he scavenged in your garden too. You must let me buy him a new pair."

"Oh no—it doesn't matter a bit. He wouldn't want them at this time of year anyway. I must go."

She left the house in almost rude haste.

"Do come again," said Mrs. Plummer.

In the safety of her own hall Susan found her hands damp and shaking. She pressed her forehead hard against the cold looking-glass till the bell rang and she fled into the drawing-room to avoid Grace. After a few seconds Grace brought in a bunch of lilies of the valley.

"The lady from next door left these, Madam. Shall I put them in the blue vase?"

"Keep them in the kitchen, Grace. They smell too strong for me."

"Very well, Madam."

Grace was not pleased with the flowers, nor with a possible new friendship. She withdrew heavily.

It must be nonsense, take a grip of yourself, Susan. People, particularly rising barristers with important careers ahead of them, don't carry on with their next-door neighbors. Or do they? How does one know what folly anyone is capable of in the grip of love? But he couldn't be throwing everything away for Mrs. Plummer, chat, chat, chat, about penal reform—maybe that's what Philip wants in the evenings.

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Pussy asked avidly, "How's the chase going?"

"I don't know. I find too many red herrings."

She told Pussy about the ski-ing glove.

Pussy did not laugh. "I don't think it's the least bit conclusive, but it's odd."

"Nothing's conclusive," said Susan miserably. "I don't even see that it need be odd. I expect Philip dropped it outside their gate."

"Yes——" Pussy did not sound convinced.

"Besides, Puss, you haven't seen her. She simply isn't the sort of person he could go mad about."

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"What about the lady-lawyer anyway? You never told me how that went."

Susan was evasive. "I'm sure it's not her. She's too good."

"Sometimes the good ones run deepest."

"Not only good, I mean, but sensible. After all, she has a career to consider, too."

"I know," said Pussy. "Why not a party?"

"What for?"

"To bring them all together — see which Philip pays most attention to—"

"But he wouldn't dare in a crowd."

"That's what I mean—the one he ignored altogether would be Her. Any excuse for a party."

Susan mentally arranged the other women in a row: Bess in beige, Thomasina in grey, Rosemary in baby-blue, Mrs. Plummer in a neat suit. She stood Philip up in front of them. He walked down the row and back, with a monocle in his eye and his hands behind him.

"Stocking seams, Bess." "Top marks, Thomasina." "Rosemary, that color just won't do." "Relax, Ann, a little more femininity, please." Then he turned to her.

"You choose for me, Sue. I don't know."

"What about Pussy?"

"Of course — there's always Pussy. Good idea—Puss, forward."

Mrs. Gardener stepped smartly in to the end of the row in perfect black, flawless diamonds and perfume." Philip sighed with relief.

"Old friends smell best," he said. He held out his arms and Pussy jumped lightly on to his knee. "Company, dismiss!" he called, and Susan led the others from the room.

"Susan," said Puss, "Susan, you aren't listening. What's the matter with you? Let's make it a champagne party for our birthdays."

"But mine isn't till October."

"Never mind, a summer party is much more fun. Who shall we ask?"

"I don't know—I can't think yet. Look, I must go out now for my hair. I'll tell you later."

"Mummy asked me to bring you these."

Rosemary, ushered into Susan's bedroom by Grace, held up the basket of eggs and stood awkwardly just inside the door. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were ill."

"I'm not ill. I just had breakfast in bed. How kind of your mother. Do sit down."

Rosemary sat on the edge of the dressing-table stool. They did not seem to have anything to say to each other. Susan wondered why she had not just left the eggs and gone.

Rosemary said, "I ought to be at a lecture."

"Then it's even more good of you to come."

"Oh, it doesn't matter if I cut them sometimes."

"Have you exams soon?"

"Not this year—next."

For once Susan was really delighted to see Angela. "Hullo," said Angela.

"Hullo," said Rosemary, and to Susan, "I'm glad she's better again."

"Better?—oh yes, when we left St. Ives, it was a false alarm, really. Nannie's very fussy."

"Is this lady going soon?" asked Angela.

Rosemary stood up at once, knocking over a bottle of skin lotion.

"I didn't know it was so late," she said.

"Don't, it isn't—it can't be eleven." Susan still wanted to find out why she had come.

"Oh, I must, I shouldn't have come in only—"

"Only what?"

"It's very dull, really, about Mother and the house—I think I'd better ask Mr. Denn."

"He's not here now. Why don't you come back and catch him this evening?"

"Could I? Would he mind?"

"I'm sure he'd be pleased to help you."

Rosemary went quickly after that, and Susan dressed slowly.

Philip sounded genuinely annoyed to hear that Rosemary was coming to upset his Friday evening peace. He dropped a shoe loudly.

"Why on earth couldn't she tell you what the trouble was this morning?"

Susan did not know. She went downstairs but the fretful banging of Philip's drawers still reached her. She stood at the drawing-room twisting the blind cord, watching for Rosemary. She saw instead a car draw up and Benet and Thomasina walk up to the front door. When Grace showed them in, she found herself staring at his tie.

"I suppose Philip forgot to tell you he'd asked us," said Thomasina, and Susan realised that she had been too vague. She stopped looking at Benet's tie, and smiled.

"He did forget—but it's nice to see you all the same. Have you come to dinner?"

No, they were dining in Hampstead and Philip had pressed Thomasina to stop there on the way.

But when Philip came downstairs and found them all in the hall he did not seem delighted to see them either.

"I didn't know you knew Benet?" he said to Thomasina. "Benet, this is my wife, Susan," he added grudgingly. Thomasina went ahead into the drawing-room.

Susan opened her mouth to say she knew Benet quite well, too, when she saw that she was being smiled at politely by a stranger. She smiled politely back, they even shook hands.

"I've heard so much about you," said Benet and pressed her hand as she started to say, "But why the secrecy?"

She'd got as far as "But—" when they joined Thomasina who broke in to say she thought she had told Philip she was going out with Benet? Philip said "No," but he seemed to have recovered himself.

He poured drinks and talked about the Zoo; he was particularly cordial to Benet whom he had known at Cambridge. He grouped himself and Benet by the window, and left the two women on the sofa. Susan found herself talking much too much. Once or twice Philip, who never expected Susan to talk volubly in company, looked across the room astonished, but he did not leave the window. He's watching for Rosemary, thought Susan.

Rosemary shied in the doorway when she saw the room full of people. Philip went across and took her arm.

"I think you know everybody, Rosemary."

"Nearly everybody."

"Not me," said Benet. "How do you do?"

"Could I, do you think—" began Rosemary.

"See me alone for a minute? Of course," said Philip. "Come across to my study, and we'll get the trouble straightened out."

Thomasina kept the conversation going for ten minutes, then Philip put his head round the door and asked if she would come and give her advice.

"Take Benet and show him the tulips," he added to Susan as he closed the door.

"Was that a command or a suggestion?" asked Benet. He left the window and took Thomasina's place on the sofa.

"I don't know," said Susan.

"Well, don't tear your dress up, it's a very pretty one."

Susan dropped the piece of twisted tangerine silk, and laid her hands in her lap.

"I think we had better look at the tulips," she said in a flat voice.

"But you've seen them and Bess has better ones, and I'm very comfortable here."

"Perhaps you'd like to see the park?"

"Very much. Will you show me tomorrow?"

"No. I was only being funny."

"Not very funny in that voice."

"What's the matter with my voice?" It came out in a strangled gulp.

"Nothing, sweetheart, don't cry again, please. You have a delicious voice, when you care to use it—as you were doing just now on Thomasina. I'll come tomorrow afternoon and we'll go in the park."

"Not in the afternoon. Angela is there."

"Who is Angela?"

"My daughter. Please don't come."

"Well I won't come here. You meet me by the drinking fountain at four o'clock."

"What's the good? Please take your hand away."

"Sorry, reflex action, patting distraught women—I wish you'd tell me what's the matter."

"It's nothing to do with you."

"I know that."

Why worry, when Rosemary and Thomasina were together with Philip, but surely they were being a very long time in the study?

"Look, Susan, are you listening? Meet me tomorrow anyway."

"If you like." What difference did it make? It would be something to do in the afternoon. Perhaps Benet understood Philip if they had been students together, Philip might even have confided in Benet.

At first she thought Benet had not waited. From far down the broad walk she could see only small boys round the fountain. She walked more slowly. Benet stood up from a bench in the sun.

"You're late," he said, and his face was angry. She had been wrong to think him friendly, wrong to come. She apologised foolishly, hating him. She had waited for Angela to get home.

"Are you ashamed to be seen with me?"

"Oh, don't be silly, it's not that, but if I had met her on the road she would have wanted to come with me. I was afraid of a scene."

"You preferred a scene with me?"

"How was I to know there'd be a scene with you?"

"I'm not accustomed to waiting half an hour for a woman."

"Why didn't you go?"

"It's a warm afternoon and I had a good book," Benet said, suddenly smiling down at her. "Let's move across and look at the rose garden."

She felt more foolish than ever. "Anyway," she said petulantly as they began to walk, "why didn't you tell Philip we'd met before?"

"Because I'm sure Philip wouldn't like it. He doesn't approve of me."

"Why doesn't he approve of you?"

"I lead rather a decrepit, unsettled life—rich one day, poor the next. No responsibilities, no good citizenship. Romantic here today, back tomorrow no... else."

"Don't you think Philip is romantic?"

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"No. Sorry, perhaps a wife likes her husband romantic."

"Oh, no, not at all. But you work quite hard, don't you?"

"How do you know my awful secret? I like to pretend I toss it off in ten minutes after tea."

"Bess said you did. I dare say you are working now—how does Regent's Park look in the early summer?"

"I am not studying Regent's Park at all."

"Just studying rich barrister's frivolous wife's reactions to cruelty?"

He stopped dead and stared at her. "Is that what you really think."

"Yes," she said stubbornly.

"You are more stupid than I realised. I think I'd better go before I lose my temper."

Now there was a tree, a black plane tree and up the broad walk Benet's back in a blue shirt going away fast. She still stood where he had left her with her mouth open.

"Well——" she said out loud. She nearly added "Fancy!"

She turned homewards. Benet acted like someone in a book, real people didn't leave one in the middle of the park without even saying good-bye. He must be trying out a scene he was writing, but really it wouldn't do.

She wasn't going to see him again. That sort of thing simply wouldn't do. Fancy leaving without saying good-bye—and such a fuss about coming, and such a fuss when she was a bit late.

Wouldn't do. She must tell him, remember to tell him the next time she saw him. She would tell him the very minute they met. She imagined their conversation as she hurried past the Maupin Terraces. She would start:

"Hullo, Benet."

"Hullo, Susan," he'd say, looking a little foolish.

"You know it simply won't do, going off like that."

"Like what?"

"Like you did the other day in the park."

"Did I?"

"Yes—surely you must remember. You turned on your heel and walked away without saying good-bye."

"I couldn't have done that, my dear, it would have been rude."

"That's what I thought, how rude."

"Oh, Susan, how can I apologise enough? It was all a mistake."

"Perhaps you remembered another appointment?"

"No. I felt ill. Terribly ill. I'd been sitting too long in the sun. I didn't want you to know."

(No, no, Susan, come, come! He's got enough thick hair to fill a bolster. He wouldn't get sunstroke in twenty minutes of an English May.)

"But why not? I could have helped you, Benet."

"No. There was nothing you could do. I felt a ghastly migraine coming on. I knew I must get home and go to bed as soon as possible."

"You could have come to our house if only I had known."

"Oh, I didn't want to bother you. As a matter of fact, by the time I found a taxi on the other side of the park, I was in a pretty bad way, so I went to Thomasina's."

"Oh."

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When she reached her own front door Susan had worked herself into a very confused state of mind. She was, firstly, shocked, annoyed and determined never to see Benet again; and secondly, sorry for the poor ailing Benet, and hoping to see him again soon in order to explain to him that his behaviour had not shocked or annoyed her.

She was further upset to find Bess in her drawing-room placidly eating sponge cake. Angela sat opposite her, scattering crumbs.

Grace, entering with more hot water, told Susan she had not said she would be late for tea.

"I'm looking after Mrs. Partridge," said Angela.

Susan could not keep the irritation out of her voice.

"Well now you can run along and finish tea in the nursery. I expect Nannie is waiting."

"Oh, do let her stay," said Bess. "She's been telling me such a funny story. It must be lovely to have only one child, then you can really enjoy her company."

Susan tried to remember if she could have asked Bess to tea, but Bess soon explained that she had come up for a day's shopping, driven by Benet, and that he had suggested her visiting the Denns and said he would pick her up there at six.

"So you see," said Bess, "when Grace said you were out I didn't quite know what to do, but then she offered me tea. I was so hot and tired I couldn't resist. I've had a lovely time, and Angela is an excellent hostess."

Where did Benet leave his car? If he has a migraine he won't be able to drive it. Should I tell Bess there may be something the matter with Benet, that he has just gone off his head? Possibly he behaves like that normally and she would explain everything for me, but then I should have to tell her I was meeting him. No good, wait patiently till six o'clock, hoping that Philip is home late, at six-fifteen offer to drive Bess to Waterloo.

At five-fifteen Philip returned.

"You're early, darling," she said reproachfully.

Philip was delighted to be early, delighted that tea was late and he was in time for a cup, delighted to kiss Angela, and above all delighted to see Bess.

He settled in the middle of the sofa with one arm round Angela. The fond, but desperately busy parent, relaxing happily in the family circle. He was already talking hard to Bess between mouthfuls of the tea-cake which Grace had miraculously produced the minute he sat down. Susan licked her lips and ate a dull potted meat sandwich. Philip and Bess were discussing a promising young painter.

"Don't you think this room needs redecorating, Bess?"

She broke in abruptly. Philip stared at her, and even Bess looked a little surprised, but she obediently studied the grey striped wallpaper.

"It seems spotless to me after the mess at home."

"Oh, not for dirt, but Regency stripes are so old-fashioned now. I want a rich Victorian background."

I've made Philip furious. Good, good, good; I don't care. I know it's appallingly bad taste to talk like that in front of Bess when she probably can't even afford to whitewash her back doorstep, but she should stay at home and save 3/6 train fares and not come here amusing my husband. But I forgot, it was a free ride with Benet. Did Benet always mean to go off like that because he had sent Bess to tea with me?

Bess and Philip were now discussing a promising young sculptor.

Susan drew Angela towards her and popped a small potted meat sandwich into her dear little rosebud mouth. Angela was too startled to spit it out, she choked slightly and tried to edge back towards her father.

"Now run along to Nannie, darling," Susan said in a sweet voice.

"No."

"Now, darling, don't be silly. I'll come up later and read to you."

"Want to stay with Daddie."

But when the small face set in drooping bulldog lines there was no hope. Susan smiled crossly:

"Oh, very well then. Just a little longer."

Philip and Bess had talked calmly on without noticing this diversion. Why not behave well, Susan, and join quietly in the conversation? After all, there must be something you could say. That coat of Bess' is too ghastly to be true. How could Philip sit opposite her without shuddering—Philip, who is so particular! Is he? Why doesn't Benet come?

"Come along, Angela. Let's go and look out of the window."

"Why?"

"Oh, just to see the lilac tree."

"Why?"

"Well, don't you think it's pretty with all those white flowers?"

"I like daisies best."

"Come along, look, there's a car stopping at our gate. Who can it be?"

"I expect it's Benet," said Bess, diverted at last. Philip stood up as if to see her to the door.

"Don't go yet," urged Susan. "Let's ask him in for a drink." She flung up the bottom of the window.

"I expect Bess is in a hurry to get home," said Philip.

"Nonsense, another ten minutes won't make much difference." Susan was suddenly trembling with feverish gaiety. "Hullo, Benet," she called. "Come on in."

Benet walked up the path; same blue shirt, same open neck, same open smile.

"How delightfully cool you look, Susan," he stood at the window, which was on a level with his chin. Susan looked down on him for the first time and got a very good view of the top of his head. His hair was even thicker from above.

"Can I come this way?"

Strong arms and strong thighs. He gripped the window-sill and swung himself up.

"Benet, do stop showing off," said Bess.

"Susan doesn't mind, do you, Susan?"

Susan caught herself smiling, until she caught sight of the rage on Philip's face and realised that the Tarzan exhibition had been staged for Philip's benefit, not hers.

"Do it again," said Angela.

"No. Not twice running, spoils the effect. Sets the old heart beating too—feel—" He guided Angela's hand inside his shirt.

"Can you feel it going bumpity bump?"

"Yes, like anything."

"Drink, Benet?" asked Philip in his stiffest voice. He rang for Grace to remove the tea.

"Thanks," said Benet without looking up. He still sat on the window-sill making a rabbit out of a grubby handkerchief for Angela.

"What have you been up to?" Bess sounded sisterly, and prepared to disapprove.

"Not much," said Benet carelessly. "Visiting friends. Making enemies, strolling in the park."

"I wonder you didn't get a headache on a hot day like this," Susan said.

"Me? I've hardly had a headache in my life. Excellent eyesight, never any trouble of that sort."

"You never feel ill all of a sudden on a hot day?"

"No, never"

"I'm the one for headaches," said Bess, "particularly after shopping. I'm afraid I'm being stupid now because of one."

Philip was most upset. He paused

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in the middle of pouring the drinks, rushed upstairs for aspirins and water, and stood over Bess while she took them. Susan watched Benet avidly while Philip was out of the room, but he kept his head down and made her no sign of explanation or apology. She began to wonder if she had dreamt the whole afternoon; perhaps she had gone to sleep after lunch and woken only when Bess arrived.

No, it was too real. Benet's anger, his inexplicable anger had been real and so out of proportion to her silly little remark.

Philip took Bess out to see the tulips. "Not a patch on yours, I expect, but we think they are rather fine for London."

Susan stood at the window looking down on Benet and Angela. Still he said nothing. Now, now, now, she screamed inside herself. Say it now, they'll be back in a minute, you won't get another chance.

"This is the parson going upstairs,' said Benet.

Angela giggled happily.

Susan twisted the curtain behind her back. He must speak first. He had been rude. He was mad. Say something, Benet. Say you are sorry.

"Do you suffer from indigestion?" she asked him politely.

Benet laughed uncontrollably.

"Oh, Susan, you are sweet! Do stop mauling your curtains. Come and sit down with us." He held out a hand to her, but she did not take it. She felt rigid with anger.

"Will you stop laughing at me?" she said, her teeth tight, her eyes on two sprays of white lilac in a grey vase on the mantelpiece.

"Of course, darling, nobody's laughing at you." Benet spoke in a soothing voice. "And I do apologise really, and it wasn't a headache and it wasn't indigestion."

"Are you off your head?" she asked in the same set voice.

"No." Benet considered this. "No, I don't think so. I'll tell you some time. When you tell me what's bothering you. Say tomorrow afternoon in Richmond Park?"

"You must be really out of your mind if you think I'm going to meet you again."

"Why don't you like him, Mummy? He's a lovely man."

"Well, I shall be in Richmond Park every fine afternoon for the next week between two and five."

"Oh, Mummy, do let's go and feed the deer."

"No, Angela. Come along now, bedtime."

"Don't bother to call here again, Benet," she said over her shoulder as she led Angela away.

"No, I won't. I'll see you in the park."

She did not answer, nor did she come downstairs till she had watched, from Angela's window, Bess and Benet drive away. Well, if he really went to Richmond Park for the next seven afternoons (but of course he would not go) he'd waste a lot of time and energy. Nice to think of him pacing up and down near the car park for three hours. Three hot hours a day. Twenty-one hot hours in a week.

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All week it comforted her, between two and five, to think of Benet along with herds of deer. On the last day of the seven she could scarcely bear to see the rain which would keep him safely at home. She called up Pussy and they went to a French film. Pussy understood French and laughed heartily when the sub-titles only said things like "You are a very attractive girl," or "Have another piece of cheese."

"I tell you afterwards," she whispered, when Susan looked at her hopefully, waiting for the joke. She decided in revenge to withhold from Pussy at tea-time the latest news of her search.

But she had not the strength to hold out long. Pussy, who was used to getting information out of Susan, recognised an initial coldness and changed the subject for ten minutes, gradually working it round again via George and his blond secretary.

"One thing at least you are spared, Sue. There's never been any trouble with Philip's secretary?"

"He doesn't have one," Susan said.

"Let's see then. Who's number one suspect at the moment? I suppose the lady-lawyer."

"No. I've almost taken her off the list. Bess Partridge has come up to the top and the little girl Rosemary was here last week on some undefined errand. She came twice in one day."

"That's bad. Pretending to see you?"

"No—asked for Philip outright and called back in the evening when he was in."

"Have you decided about the party?"

"Do you really think there would be any point?"

"Under the influence of alcohol tongues may well be loosened. We'll have a party for the Confirmation, and forget about our birthdays. Come on, let's make a list of guests."

PUSSY enjoyed herself more than Susan over the list. She began with the Suspects and tried to add all their friends and relatives as camouflage.

"But Ann Plummer's husband is still abroad, and I won't have those schoolboys."

"All right, Mrs. Plummer comes alone. What goes with Thomasina?"

Benet?

"Nothing."

"Oh dear, we must find some relations—Roxemary Tring's got a mother in attendance anyway, I gather."

"Oh yes—that was what was so odd about last week's visit. I've never seen her without her mother before."

"Growing up. I expect. And there is quite a pride of Partridges, too, isn't there? Husband, brother and tots a plenty."

"No tots and not the brother either."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't come into this."

"I thought you saw him at Thomasina's?"

"Did I say so?"

"Yes, dear. Benet Brown, frequent caller at Thomasina's as per last fascinating instalment."

"All right, put him down."

"Anyone new?" Pussy sat with her head on one side, pencil hovering, eyes too sharp.

"No, same faces. I think you forget sometimes, Puss, that it's my life that is in ruins, and it's my misery. You treat the whole thing rather as if it were a parlor game."

"Well, dear, if that's the way you feel," Puss rose to go, "I was only trying to help. I do honestly think that if you could treat it more as a parlor game life would be easier all round."

"Could you, if it was George?"

"Good heavens, yes! Dear old George. I can't wait for the day when he gives me my chance."

"Puss—how can you talk like that?" Susan was genuinely shocked. "My marriage isn't a game, and I'm never going to let it get like that."

"Just be careful it doesn't turn out too earnest instead. You can't go through life with tears dashing down your cheeks."

"Who said I'd been crying?"

"No one—but I know you, dear. You always cry in a crisis."

Susan did not press her to stay, although Pussy kept having ideas for other party guests.

"All right, I'll add them," said Susan. She was glad to see Pussy's smart back through the gate.

"Can I come?' asked Angela behind her.

"Come where?"

"Come to your party. The party Pussy Panta is having?"

"It's not a party for children."

"Oh, Mummy, please—I do so want to keep up with you."

"All right then, but not for long and you'll have to be good and quiet."

"I think I'll wear my blue smoked dress. Do you think that would be nice? What will you wear, Mummy?"

"Black, I suppose. I usually do."

"Why? Because you are old?"

"Not very—really."

Perhaps I am getting too old. Nothing has ever happened, everything goes on ... on inside my head. My head is so full now it will break soon.

"Mummy—you aren't listening—will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Last another ten years?"

"Oh yes, darling. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying. I expect you'll have had enough by then."

I should be surprised, the way things are going.

The next morning the sun shone pink behind Susan's eyelids. She jumped out of bed without waiting for Grace to bring her breakfast, and drew the curtains herself.

"Good-morning, Briggs. Will it be a fine day?"

Briggs stared gloomily at a cloudless sky.

"Looks like it, Madam, more's the pity. We could do with another lot of yesterday."

Oh no, no more of yesterday. No more sodden dripping greenery. Grace looked scandalised to find the curtains drawn, and Susan sitting up in bed, her hands outside the sheet, and said severely:

"I hope you are feeling well, Madam."

"Very well, thank you, Grace. Very well indeed. It's going to be a lovely day."

"If the rain holds off," said Grace, even at this nothing to joy.

Susan was bathed, dressed and downstairs an hour earlier than usual; she startled Mrs. Harris by appearing in the drawing-room as the hall clock struck ten.

"Why, Madam, what a fright you gave me."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Harris. I'm sorry I surprised you."

"We don't expect to see you down quite so early, Madam. I'm afraid I haven't finished in here."

"Never mind, Mrs. Harris, just carry on as if I weren't here. I'm going out soon."

Susan wandered out and stood in the back garden watching Briggs, but Ann Plummer talked to her over the fence, so after a few minutes she pretended to be looking for Angela and went indoors. She could not go back to her bedroom, Angela and Nannie were out, Mrs. Harris in charge of the drawing-room.

She rang up Pussy and got no reply. After ten minutes pretending to read in Philip's study she took the car to town and bought two new dresses, one to wear now for a fine day and one for the party. She changed in Harrod's rest room and telephoned to several more of her friends. They were all either busy or out.

There must be something special to do on such a lovely day. She went to the cooked-foods department and chose a delicious picnic, and then a bottle of wine to go with it. At the last minute

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she bought an entrap—for small h't with one silly rose at the brim.

She got in the car and headed west along the Brompton Road. Lake-time, Kew at course. I'll go to Kew. I haven't been there for years either. I suppose I can drink wine straight from the bottle in Kew without being turned out?

But she stopped and bought a plastic beaker, in case.

Six roads at the Broadway, one, two, three. Another policeman—which turning? Round the Green Line bus over the river—isn't Kew this side of the river? But this is Barnes Common, there is the Railway Inn, there must be another way out to the right, over the lights—should I have gone right there?

How have I got into Roehampton village? What is happening to the car, has it a will of its own—why am I arriving now at the gates of Richmond Park? Well, why not? This is the eighth day—I shan't meet anyone I know here—I can leave before two o'clock anyway—just eat my lunch under a tree and drive straight on over the hill to see Mother.

"Can I help?" asked a voice behind her, as she bent down gathering up her parcels from the other seat of the parked car.

"Oh, Benet," she straightened up, flustered.

"Oh, Susan—weren't you expecting me?"

"No—of course not. This is the eighth day."

"You've been counting them, too."

"No, I haven't—well yes, when you said it, I remember thinking what a nuisance I shan't be able to go to Richmond Park before next Thursday."

"Don't deceive yourself, dear."

"What do you mean? I'm on my way to my mother's."

"Never mind. Food first always. What have you brought for lunch?"

"My lunch."

"It looks quite enough for two—an enormous slice of pate, game pie, rolls—no butter—didn't dare ask cook, or only thought of it after you'd left home?"

"Benet Brown, I hate you."

"Yes, Susan, of course—we'll go into that later. Now where shall we settle? I adore your hat, darling. Thank you."

"What for?"

"Buying it to please me."

"I didn't."

"Manners, Susan—not so snappish please—look at the blue sky—hold out your hands to the sun—but give me the wine bottle first. How have you the face to pretend you were going to drink a whole bottle of wine alone?"

"I only bought one beaker."

"Very nice and friendly—one dear little plastic loving cup. How about this tree?"

"Have you really been here all this week?" she asked.

"No—of course not. I saw your stubborn little face deciding not a minute before Thursday, so I've done a good week's work instead."

"Oh Benet, why do you make such a fool of me?"

"For fun—for cruel fun. How were you going to open that bottle without a corkscrew?"

"I suppose I guessed you'd have one of those terrible scout knives."

"That's better—that's more like it. Now let's enjoy ourselves. It's been a sad week, hasn't it?"

"Not very. Yesterday was the only wet day, and I went to a funny film."

Benet produced a bar of chocolate and two apples.

"If I hadn't turned up you'd have been very hungry," said Susan. "You took a lot for granted."

"Not too much."

"What were you so sure?"

"I can read the stars too."

"Oh, I don't know what you mean again—"

"Poor Susan—have a slice of scout-knifed game pie. Tell me everything you've been doing—every minute of your every seven days. Your life fascinates me."

It must be because of something he is writing, I knew it was really, he just wants to use me.

"Benet," she said suddenly serious. "Would you mind telling me something about Philip when you were at Cambridge together?"

"Surely—what do you want to know?"

It was hard to explain that she had never before been curious about Philip's youth.

"Did he have lots of girl-friends?"

"Not more than most people."

"But what sort of girls?"

"All sorts, dear, the prettiest ones available."

"Were they all very clever?"

"Some were—Thomasina stood out even in those days, my dear sister was never brilliant."

"Was Philip really in love with anybody?"

"I remember one punting party after a May ball."

"Do tell me."

"Well now—let me see, we danced all night."

"Philip doesn't like dancing."

"Oh, he was rather keen on dancing at that time because of Yvonne."

"Oh no—"

"What's the matter?"

"I never heard of Yvonne.'

"Why should you? I doubt if Philip could remember her other name now."

"What did she look like?"

"Yvonne—let me see now, tall and fair, with a helpless, unfledged look; she managed to give the impression that she needed protecting in spite of her size, she was almost as tall as Philip—they danced very well together.

"We were quite a big party—two puntloads — but Philip danced with Yvonne the whole evening. I was rather annoyed because I was keen on Yvonne myself at the time.

BENET went on: "Dance, dance, dance — everybody's arches dropping, and then someone suggested getting a punt. I remember straggling off down King's Parade and into Mill Lane—Thomasina and I were ahead, rather bored and yawning, and I think we would both have been glad to go home to bed, but we weren't quite old enough to admit it.

"I offered to punt one boat—poor Thomasina, seeing she would be odd girl out, offered to punt the other, one or two of the men protested, half-heartedly, but we finally set off with Thomasina and I in charge of the boats. I was determined to torture myself and as soon as Philip and Yvonne settled in the bows of the first one I leapt on to that, and crying 'Race you to the bridge, Thomasina,' struck firmly away from the shore.

"It was a strange sensation looking down at the girl you love, a twisted bundle of forget-me-not net in the arms of another.

"I waited for Thomasina to catch up because I wanted company; it is lonely work transporting two happy couples. I don't know what she thought about it all, I rather fancy she was in love with Philip at the time so she was probably bashing the gravel for Yvonne."

"Was she in love with Philip once?"

"Oh yes, but I honestly can't remember whether it was that summer or the one after."

Susan reached out abstractedly for the beaker in Benet's hand and took a long draught of wine. She accepted the apple he offered, returned the beaker, and rolling over on her front drew a small house in the earth with a stick.

"Benet—you know that girl who called at the house the other evening—the first evening you came, Rosemary Tring?"

"Yes—what about her?"

"Would you say she looked like this Yvonne you've been telling me about?"

"Of course—that's who she reminded me of— knew she was like someone but I couldn't place her at the time—Yes, very much the same type—why?"

"Just wondered. Go on about the punting. What happened to Philip and Yvonne? How did it end?"

"I think Yvonne joined the W.A.A.F.S. I last heard of her engaged to a Group-Captain."

"Do you think Philip regrets her?"

"I'm sure he hasn't given her a thought for years. Why so much interest in Philip's past?"

"I don't know any of his other Cambridge friends. Most of the people we see now are barristers, or artists."

"Yes—Philip was sentimental about artists."

"How do you mean?"

"The respect of the organiser for the creator. Philip would trade all his prospects of the bench to have written a good book or painted a good picture. That's one of the reasons he hates me. Susan, must we talk about Philip?"

"Why, don't you like him either?"

"As a matter of fact, I do, one can't help it—but I'd much rather talk about you."

"Benet, will you give me one of your books, please?"

"You can get them out of any library. Why?"

"To try and find out about you."

"Well, don't turn into one of those frightening women who come up to me at parties and say 'I've read your book' in a low sinister voice."

In a leaf-shadow light his eyes are the same color, but are they both grey, or both brown?

"Will you go abroad again soon?"

"I expect so."

"Where will you go?"

"I thought of starting with Cyprus—brandy and coffee in the orange groves, and perhaps working round through Syria and Lebanon to Persia."

"Don't you get tired of travelling?"

"No. Do you get tired of staying at home?"

"Very."

"I'm sure Philip would take you round the world this summer if you asked him."

"We couldn't leave Angela. Don't you mind being alone?"

"No—I'm never alone for long. I meet people."

"It's easier for a man."

"Women can meet people too."

"Perhaps I'm just not very brave."

"No. I don't think you are."

She felt snubbed, and over-dressed, and useless.

"I'm getting cold," she said. "I think I'd better go on to my mother's now—it must be late."

"Only two. Don't go yet—here, have this."

Without moving Benet threw across a scruffy navy blue pullover. She dragged it roughly over her head. It did not harmonise with her dress; the neck felt scratchy, and her hair untidy. She reached for her handbag, but Benet took it from her.

"I shouldn't look," he said. "The general effect is pleasurable. I haven't seen you ruffled before. Tell me more about those legal dinner parties. We must keep talking."

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Why—why—why? Why don't I just get up and go? I don't have to stay here and be bullied by this ill-mannered man. I like the smell of this jersey; it is warm all round me.

She began to describe dinner at Mr. Justice Hackett's last Tuesday. "They all looked like Charles Laughton."

Her account sounded even duller than the reality.

"What did you wear?" Benet asked.

She told him, in "Vogue" language, about her rose faille evening dress. She was pleased to find she could make him laugh.

"Now I'm going—really going. Here's your jersey."

She pulled it off, and found Benet holding up the mirror from her bag. She combed her hair awkwardly, trying not to see his face above her own in the small square of glass.

"I'm going to put your lovely hat on your lovely head."

"You won't get it right."

"Of course I shall."

He was very close now, space between them quickening with the undertow of river to waterfall. She waited for his kiss with a sense of doom, a bound victim. It did not come. Benet sat back on his heels and held the glass up again for her to see:

"There, modom can safely venture down Piccadilly."

Her hat sat carefully, correctly, becomingly on her head. Her eyes smarted with sudden tears of disappointment. She lowered the little veil and stood up.

"Thank you, Benet—for an entertaining meal."

"The pleasure was mine, Susan. We must meet again some time. Allow me to escort you to your car."

He offered her his arm for the walk and continued to talk about Mediterranean pleasures. She did not listen well, her mind was occupied with the effort of keeping the easy tears back behind her lashes.

I cry so often it means nothing. Philip knows that, but Benet might take me seriously. He might think because I cry I am unhappy. I don't want him to find out, he would ask too many questions and use me in a book. I do not want to share my misery with his 40,000 readers, it is my own misery, my own to nurse quietly. I wish I had not even told Pussy.

Nearly there—Benet opened the car door for her. Neat smiles and small words.

"Bye, Benet."

"Bye, Susan—keep your eye on the traffic."

He slammed the door and then one foot on the running-board, lifted her hand from the wheel and kissed it lightly from palm to elbow.

She started the engine noisily:

"To be going on with," he called, standing away.

The car leapt off in a series of startled jerks.

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Pussy arrived early for the party. She did not want to miss a moment. She found Philip alone in the drawing-room in consultation with the hired waiter.

"Ah good," he said. "Susan is still changing. Do be an angel and see if you can hurry her up."

The room seemed perfectly ready to receive a party. Everything shone and sparkled. Grace had sprayed white roses lavishly in front of the Georgian glass. Pussy saw that she need do nothing to help downstairs and went up to Susan's bedroom.

Susan, looking too young with her hair cut very short, stood in the middle of the room in a few fragments of nylon and lace.

"Oh, Puss—I can't decide—which?"

Puss, recognising the droop of Susan's mouth and the nearness of the tears, spoke in favor of the crimson velvet rather than the black dress. The more so as she herself was wearing black.

She helped Susan to fasten her diamond collar. Susan became calm again sitting at her dressing-table. Above the crimson velvet her bare shoulders were smooth and pale. The evening sun fired the diamonds. Angela came in to be admired, and they walked down together. Only Thomasina had arrived.

The drawing-room was soon crowded and the party swelled into the study and dining-room and out through the french windows into the garden. Angela, squeezing round waist-high to the guests with a plate of olives, was in danger of suffocation.

The Trings came soon after Thomasina, so that Susan was able to introduce Pussy almost at once to Rosemary as well. Ann Plummer waited till she heard the party note settling to a steady roar before coming round.

"I favor her," said Pussy surprisingly, when Ann was pointed out. "She looks cunning."

Susan left them talking to each other and turned to one of her favorite judges. Ten minutes later Pussy was back.

"Phillip took her away from me into the garden," she hissed.

"No privacy out there," Susan said. "It's just a bit cooler."

"Which is little suburban mouse?"

"Not here yet."

"She's late, isn't she? What about Thomasina's boy-friend—the brother . . . Did they come together?"

"No. He isn't here either."

Why not? Isn't he coming? It's so hot in here.

"Lovely to see you, Marianne — we must have a long talk some time. I want to hear all about Spain."

"We simply can't decide—Spain or Cyprus."

"Oh Susan dear, you forgot your tiara."

BENET was so close behind her that she could not turn without turning into his arms. She stayed very still, and smiled over her shoulder.

"I'm glad you could come," she remarked politely. "The drinks are across there."

She tried again to move away from him. The voices, the hundred shouting, screaming, gabbling voices crashed in her ears, but six fresh arrivals in the doorway hemmed her in more firmly. Benet leaned against the wall and took out his cigarettes. He offered her one and she accepted.

"I'll manage without a drink," he said.

"Where's Bess?" she asked, for something to say.

"Over there—by the window."

She saw Bess talking with much enthusiasm to Pussy, and hoped that Pussy was being discreet.

"You seem to have a great many friends, Susan."

"I should be looking after them better. I'm sorry you haven't a drink."

"Never mind, I've been drinking already, I'm not very sober. How very well dressed all your friends are."

"Looking quite spruce for once yourself in that suit."

"Do you love me more in sheep's clothing?"

"No."

"It wasn't worth the effort then. If you turn round you could reach me one of those dry martinis."

She stretched out for the drink on the waiter's tray.

"Oh Sue—what a delicious party," screamed a bunch of feathers edging towards her. She was trapped smiling with her back to Benet.

"Ages since we met, darling. Cyril says why not come down to Lamberts with us some week-end?"

"I'm sure we'd love to, but Philip works so hard nowadays—even at week-ends."

"Susan—there you are at last—I do think your daughter is a charmer. She's getting off a treat with Mr. Justice Golightly in the other room."

"She ought to be in bed really."

"You've taught her very pretty party conversation."

"Lean back, my love," said Benet into her hair. "You'll find it more restful."

She turned on him ruthlessly, unable to endure any more.

"Oh—here's Benet hiding. Does everyone know Benet Brown? Polly Driver, Cyril and Sally Norman. I must go and send Angela up."

She slipped out, thankful that her guests were equally flushed with drink. She found Angela sitting up on the top of the bookcase, level with the judge's head:

"Last time I went to the Zoo," she was saying, "I saw a Chatter. Do you go to the Zoo?"

"Not often, I'm afraid," said the judge. "You must take me."

"Just give me a ring," said Angela. "I'm usually in in the mornings."

She consented to bedtime with dignity.

"Shall I go and live with him, Mummy?" she asked at the top of the stairs.

"For goodness sake, darling, no—why?"

"He said there weren't any children in his house, and he likes them. Then you wouldn't have to bother about me."

"Oh, darling, but we love you."

"Do you—? I thought perhaps you might be rather busy."

"However busy I am—it's all right really."

"Oh, good. Good-night then." Angela lifted her face sedately to be kissed.

Benet stood at the bottom of the stairs watching her descent, barring her way into the hall. Behind him twenty people surged from one room to the other or back again. Philip waved from the study doorway.

"I love you, Susan," Benet said, raising his glass to her.

"Don't be silly—you're drunk. Please let me pass."

She waited two steps above him, where she had the advantage of looking down.

"Afraid to touch me, aren't you, Susan?"

"You'd better go home. You're behaving disgracefully."

"Life isn't as tidy as you would like to think."

"If you will just step aside?"

"I'm not stepping anywhere till you say it, too?"

"Say what?"

"That foolish thing, commit yourself."

"I am committed to nothing."

"Poor little Susan—that's your trouble. Let yourself go."

Pussy appeared in a cloud of scent and gin.

"Sue, I've been looking for you everywhere. I think I know who it is . . ."

"Not now, Puss. Have you met Benet Brown, Bess Partridge's clever brother?"

"Thank you," said Benet gravely.

"Oh, is this the one?" said Puss, who had clearly drunk too much for discretion.

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"Which one would that be?" Benet asked Susan.

"Oh, Puss, do be quiet," Susan cried, driven beyond discretion herself. "Come into the dining-room."

She dragged Pussy, protesting heartily that she had given nothing away, into the window alcove of the emptiest of the three rooms.

"Now whisper," she urged. "We are surrounded by friends."

"I followed them into the garden," Puss began dramatically.

"Followed who?"

"Philip and the tall fair one—Rosemary."

"What happened?"

"I couldn't hear what they were saying, their heads were very near together—but he picked her a rose. She's wearing it now."

"Philip is very proud of our roses. You said he took Ann Plummer into the garden, too, and I notice she is also wearing a fresh rose."

"Is she?—I missed that." Pussy looked crestfallen. "I'd better get back to my sleuthing. Last thing I saw he was talking to the lady-lawyer."

"I expect they are in the garden by now."

Susan spoke distractedly. Benet and Ann Plummer, evidently getting on very well, blocked the whole doorway. Benet was not looking at her, but he had managed to arrange himself so that she could not get out without disturbing him.

"I think I'll go into the garden, too," she said and climbed over the open window-sill. It was a drop of only about four feet to the wooden seat below. She moved with such speed that she more or less fell into Philip's lap. He and Thomasina sprang up with exclamations.

"Sorry," said Susan. "Just thought I'd come out for a breath of fresh air."

"But, darling," Philip had straightened her dress, "what's wrong with the door in my study?"

"There are so many people."

"I don't remember the house ever being so full before. But I'm enjoying it, aren't you?"

"Speaking as a guest," Thomasina broke in, "I certainly am, though I do think your drinks are extremely powerful."

"I haven't had one yet," Susan said. Her throat felt as dry as if she had been talking for hours.

"I'll get you one." Philip bounded up the staircase.

Before Susan had time to wonder what she would shortly be giving away to Thomasina, Benet put his head out of the window above them.

"May I join you?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer landed neatly between them. Susan moved as far into her corner as possible, but even so the seat was small for three and there was no longer any escape from the warm nearness of Benet.

"This is very nice," said Benet in a party voice.

Susan crouched forward.

"Quite like a railway carriage," she said.

"Cold?" asked Benet, moving his hand slowly across her back. Every sense leapt to his fingers.

"Yes," she said, to explain her shivering limbs.

With a great effort she stood up as Philip returned.

"You sit," she said to him. "I'm going to walk about. I'm a bit chilly."

"I've taken Philip's place." Benet also jumped up.

"Let me get your wrap—haven't you a fur stole for these occasions?"

"Yes." She told him where to find it.

Philip and Thomasina began to talk about a current case, and she followed Benet back into the house. By the time he brought her the fur she was safely encrusted on all sides by gibbering people.

Benet laid the fur round her shoulders very gently. It was a blatant caress.

"Still shivering, I see. You must be a little feverish."

"Thank you, Benet—I do hope not. What did you say, Pussy? I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch—"

"Well I must mutter, dear—it's another secret."

Benet withdrew a couple of feet, turned his back on Susan, and broke cheerfully into a conversation between Ann Plummer and Mrs. Tring.

"Pussy—can't I get it into your gin-soaked skull that I particularly don't want you to say anything in front of Benet?"

"Oh, was that Benet again? He looked different before. I'm sure his eyes were blue."

"Oh, blow his eyes," said Susan crossly. "What were you trying to say?"

"Philip's in the garden now—with Mrs. Glover—"

"I know."

"If he gives her a rose, too, we shall have definite proof."

"Mrs. Denn," called Mrs. Tring. "Do come and tell Mr. Benet he's all wrong about St. Ives."

Benet put out a hand and pulled her into the small circle.

"How delightful to see our charming hostess for a minute," he said, still holding her hand. "I understand you are a devotee of Cornwall?"

"Indeed, Mr. Benet, where can you get those rugged cliffs and quiet coves, but in Cornwall—and the sea birds crying?"

"Can't bear them myself. But I hear you loved Cornwall, Susan?"

"It was very nice," said Susan faintly.

"The only time I was in St. Ives," remarked Benet, "it was jammed solid with enormous charabancs."

"You must have been there in August," said Mrs. Tring triumphantly. "Of course if you go in August that's asking for trouble. I always say April is the best month for Cornwall. August is the cruellest month there — not April."

ANN PLUMMER began to talk about sailing holidays on the Broads with the boys. Benet had now propped himself against a bookcase, his arm taut behind Susan's head.

"Ah, the little Magenta gladioli of Majorca," he sighed into her ear. "Don't you wish we could pick them together?"

"Surely not," said Susan out loud, ducking under his arm. She went to join Philip speeding the first departers in the hall.

"How much longer do you think?" she asked him. It was as if she had been swimming for hours in a dark green sea; she felt limp and exhausted.

"Another hour or two," said Philip cheerfully. He thoroughly enjoyed a party once it had begun. "Why? Are you tired, darling? You look a bit white—go and sit down outside."

She escaped alone into the garden, passing Benet's back by the bookcase. The light was fading now; for a few minutes she sat forward, her head in her hands, wondering if she could be going to faint. When Benet touched her she almost groaned.

"Oh, please, Benet."

"Please do — or please don't?"

"Just leave me alone. I'm supposed to be giving a party."

"What are you doing out here by yourself?"

"Resting. You make me feel very tired," she said truthfully. Her voice sounded thick and far away. "Have you got eyes in the back of your head, too?" she added. He sat down beside her and she leant against him with her eyes closed.

The party died slowly above them, ebbing out of the two back rooms into the drawing-room, into the hall, away down the front steps to the road.

"Lovely party, Philip — say goodbye to Susan for me."

"I'm behaving so badly," Susan whispered.

"You could behave much worse," Benet said, his fingers slipped through her thick short hair.

Philip began to call.

"Susan — where are you? Susan."

She went into the house like a sleepwalker.

"Susan — let's all go down and see the illuminations. The Forsters want to and the Gardeners; if we could find Benet — he's got a car here — two cars would do it."

"Benet's in the garden — Philip, I'm hungry."

"You ask Benet. We'll get some food down town later. I'll tell the Forsters."

"I think I'll change, Philip—I don't want to wander round London dressed like this."

"Why not? Don't change, you'd take ages and you look lovely as you are. You fetch Benet."

On the garden seat Benet's face in the twilight was pale as the roses.

"Philip wants to drive down town."

"Bother Philip! What for?"

"To see the illuminations. Please will you drive some of us?"

"Of course — I'll drive just you — let's make a quick getaway."

She followed him through the house, but in the front garden Philip was busy organising his expedition out of the remnants of the party. Thomasina to go in front with him, Bess and the Gardeners in the back — Susan in the front of Benet's car with the Forsters in the back.

"Meet in the Mall," yelled Philip, as Benet's old car shot past him at the traffic lights.

The Forsters were very merry and bright, their first trip up from Sunningdale for weeks. In St. James' the crowds began. Benet parked the car in a side street and they went forward on foot.

"We must all stick together," said Mr. Forster, seizing Susan's arm — they walked four abreast with Benet pushed into the gutter.

"Now," said Mr. Forster efficiently, "for the Mall — we can take a short cut here, through under the stands. If we get separated — meet by the Duke of York." He pushed his way into the tunnel, dragging his wife. Susan hung back for a second; the tunnel was dark, narrow, throbbing with people, some struggling into the Mall, some struggling out.

"Frightened?" asked Benet. The Forsters were carried away on the tide. 'Bye, 'bye, sanity. Benet put his arm round her and led her forward into the hot darkness.

"It's a pity," he remarked, "that if we were to stop and kiss we should undoubtedly be trampled underfoot. Much as I love you, I am not yet prepared to die for you, there are plenty of other excitements to be got out of the situation first. Mind the step, darling."

She stumbled and fell against him. For a second she was in his arms, totally obliterated, alone in a lighthouse — between them in silence the roman candles, rockets, catherine wheels.

"Steady," he said, "I think there must be three steps." His hand was shaking too. Even when they were

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shoved out blinking into the fantastic light of the crowned Mall she could not let go of his hand. I can never live if he is further than the tips of my fingers. He is part of me and I am lost. She stared at the retreating, shimmering arches, the shining red banners.

"Come away from the Duke of York," said Benet, pulling her across the main stream which seemed to be surging down from the Palace, "or we might meet the Forsters again; I thought we were never going to lose the old dears."

"Don't leave me, Benet. I'll die if I lose you."

"No you won't, sweetie. A kind policeman will bring you safely home."

He stopped in the middle of the road to look down at her. The solid wall parted and went round them.

"Are you with me at last?" he asked.

"It hasn't been so long."

"Longer than I'm used to. Did you mean that?"

"I don't know. I only feel my hand will wither away from yours, that's all."

How am I going to eat, to dress, to live, to sleep without him?

"Blow all these people!" he said, still looking only at her. "Where can we go?"

"Nowhere," she said, and added, "ever."

Benet said, "I suppose we can't escape up into the Park on this side?"

"No," said Susan. "I want to go home."

"Oh, darling, not yet. Not when you've just told me."

"Please—and because of."

"I promise you, Susan, promise you'll be happy, and only happy."

"How do you know? You don't know anything about me."

"I know how you look and sound, and the feel of your shoulders under this fur—it's enough."

"It's not—what about my heart?"

"Hearts don't come into this."

"That's what I thought — what I wanted to hear you say. You see, that's why it wouldn't be any good for me, and why I'm going now. Goodbye, Benet."

It was easy to be lost, easy to be separated. The difficulty had been to keep together. She pushed suddenly to the right and in a couple of minutes she was alone with the ten thousand people. At first she heard Benet shouting, but soon his voice died away.

She found the steps and keeping to the wall edged up into the Mall without a glimpse of the Forsters. At Piccadilly Station she drew back. She began to walk back along St. James', aware for the first time of her unsuitable tight smart shoes. She walked, poor Susan who never walked, as far as Marble Arch before a taxi took pity on her.

There was no money in her evening bag and she had to wake Nannie and borrow five shillings as a final humiliation. Susan felt she was losing points heavily as an employer, arriving home distraught and penniless and without Philip, in what was the middle of Nannie's night.

Safe at last in her own room she flung herself on the bed. She cried like a lunatic with awful abandon. Face down in her pink pillows she could still hear the gulping and choking. She cried till it was no longer possible to blow her nose and breathe, until the top of her head was solid with sorrow.

She was aware of Philip sitting on the bed, his arms around her, his handkerchief pushed at her ear, but she could do nothing to stop the sobbing and the shaking that possessed her.

Slowly, slowly the noise ceased, she withdrew into herself again, the earthly remains of Susan Denn, sodden, snivelling Susan. She kept her face hidden on her arm and waited for Philip's gentle commonsense.

But Philip was distraught too, not sensible at all. He had never seen Susan cry like that before, he implored her to tell him what was the matter, he promised her the moon, and mink.

"I want to go away," was all she could say over and over. "I want to go away."

Through pink and sore eyes she was dimly aware of the tightening of Philip's face. He said bleakly, "But, darling, you've just been away — not so long ago anyway. Where do you want to go?"

"To Scotland," she said, remembering Aunt Janet in Edinburgh with the quiet Georgian house and the old retainer — not a Grace, but a friendly old retainer from Stornoway — where there would be only women, soft-spoken and understanding. The crossword before lunch, a stroll down Princes Street after, in the evening a game of patience and early to bed with a good library book.

I don't want anything to happen ever, she thought, I cannot manage a breach in the defences of my day. Why doesn't Philip take better care of me?

"Very well," said Philip, without expression. "You must do what you like—but don't stay long. It's so bad for Angela."

Why doesn't he say because I shall miss you?

She hid her face again and pretended to be nearly asleep. Philip kissed the back of her neck and tiptoed into the dressing-room.

BUT in the morning nothing was clear. The action required to arrange a visit to Scotland—letters to Aunt Janet (a telegram would be too exciting for her), booking a sleeper, telling the maids, arguing with Angela—seemed too great to be lightly undertaken. Suppose Benet comes here today though? Should I have the strength to send him away—how can I resist the telephone?

In the end she dressed slowly, clothes hanging too heavy on her limbs, and drove round to Pussy's flat. I shan't mention Benet, just ask about the party and what she thinks really in the light of morning and something may come of it, she may be helpful.

Pussy was out, but a strange woman opened the door and suggested she should wait.

"I dare say Mrs. Gardener won't be long," she remarked.

Susan sat down in a big red armchair and began to flick through the pages of Harper's. The woman plugged in the electric cleaner and wandered round the flat.

The noise made Susan fidgety, she sorted the contents of her handbag and dropped a lipstick down inside the chair. She crouched on a patch of carpet and ran her fingers round the gap between the cushion and the chair. She brought up first a small pair of Italian embroidery scissors, then a gold pencil, and, finally, the lipstick.

She sat back on the chair with the three objects in her lap and stared at them. Pussy's best little scissors, Philip's gold pencil — lost when? — and her own lipstick. Philip's gold pencil with P.H.D. on the side. She slipped the pencil into her bag and stood up.

"Tell Mrs. Gardener I called, but couldn't wait," she said.

"What name shall I say?" she asked, but at that moment Pussy herself returned.

"Lovely to see you, darling — wasn't it a good party? I don't mind telling you I feel far from my best this morning. Shall we have a strong cup of coffee?"

"I don't feel very well, either."

Susan sat down again.

"I must go now."

"But you just came?"

"No, I've been here ages."

"Is this your pencil?" Susan held it out.

"No, I don't think so," said Pussy. "Never saw it before—except it looks like that one Philip has—yes, silly, look, it's his, it's got his initials on."

"Ah, so it has." She put the pencil sadly away again. "Goodbye, Pussy. You've been a fine friend."

"What's this—a funeral oration?"

"I'm going away for a while—a long way away."

"But you just went, and it wasn't a success."

"That's exactly what Philip said." Susan was irritated. "But it isn't 'just' at all. We went for Easter, that's over two months ago. This time I'm going even further. I shall probably visit the Orkneys."

"Oh, really, Susan, are you out of your mind?"

"No—I'm being very sensible. I thought of writing a play, and I can't possibly do that at home."

"Why not? You can sit up in bed every morning and have a play finished in a week."

"You don't understand, Pussy. You've no family ties."

"I mind my husband."

"Yes, but that's different. When I'm at home people come in bothering me all the time—what shall Angela wear? and she needs new vests, and what about lunch? and where to plant dahlias?—you can't imagine how disturbing it is."

"Well, I give up," said Pussy. "It's been hard enough to get any sense out of you lately, but this is really the end. I shouldn't be surprised if Philip divorces you for desertion if you go on like this."

"Do you really think that?" Susan asked in a hollow voice. She gave Pussy a meaning glance over her shoulder as she went to the door, but Pussy seemed brazenly unconscious and only said:

"Well, ta-ta for now, postcard me from the Orkneys and give my love to you know who."

* * *

So there she sat in Kingston in her mother's small house. A very small house. Susan moved round it restlessly.

"Don't you get bored, Mother?" she asked.

"No, darling—why should I?" Her mother sat placidly turning a heel, an impossible, mysterious manoeuvre, without even counting stitches. "I've got lots of friends here now, and the garden, and my bridge club, and I often go to town for matinees."

"Do you? I didn't know. You never tell me?"

"I know how busy you are."

"I must bring Angela down to see you more often."

"Yes, do. I should like that."

Her mother was miraculously incurious. She treated Susan like an invalid, but asked no questions.

Susan could not settle. She walked in and out of the french windows sniffing the pinks. Philip would be home by now having a drink, writing to her in Scotland. How soon would he expect a letter from her? Could she involve Aunt Janet in such a ridiculous deception?

No one would really miss her; the household ran on its own orderly

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lines. Cook might consult Grace about the food, Grace always knew exactly how Philip liked everything. Perhaps Thomasina had dropped in, on business of course, and stayed for dinner. What a silly thing to do, go away and leave the citadel undefended. Or Pussy? Did Pussy believe she had gone to Scotland? She might pretend to Philip she thought Susan at home and drop in one evening saying:

"Hullo, Philip—is Susan upstairs?"

"Hullo, Puss—no, she's away."

"How sad for you—do you need cheering up?"

"Badly—she won't be back till next week."

"This is very unexpected—where is she?"

"A sudden urge to visit an old Aunt in Edinburgh. Have a drink?"

"Thanks—how strange."

But only a few months ago, before all this began, they had been so happy. Susan tried to remember the winter, the unconscious winter. Philip kissing her good-morning:—

"Is it as cold as it looks, Philip?"

"I think so, haven't dared put my nose out yet. You stay warm in bed, darling, as long as you can."

"I wish you didn't have to go to work."

"I like to think of you here, a dormouse all morning and frittering around being a butterfly in the afternoon."

"What an extraordinary idea you have of your serious-minded wife!"

"Darling, you know I've learnt better than to try and expand your delicate mind—don't start getting over-educated again, it'll only upset you—I only want you to squander my hard-won earnings."

"You must be the perfect husband. You mean I can get up and go and buy a new hat?"

"Buy three new hats, only look lovely when I come home jaded in the evening. Look lovely and don't mention Law."

"But I ought to take an interest in your career."

"Nonsense. You keep my house beautiful and yourself beautiful."

"What are you looking for?"

"Those red woolly ski-ing gloves I had last year. They'd be just the thing for a morning like this."

"Ring for Grace—she'll know. Surely you can't appear in court in those?"

"I only thought of wearing them to drive in."

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"Philip—are you asleep?"

"Not quite—why?"

"It was a good party, wasn't it?"

"Oh, darling, we've been over all that before, let's get some sleep."

"I like to see the New Year in properly. I think Diana's putting on weight, don't you?"

"Umph."

"But Charles looks better than ever. He's the best-looking man I know — apart from you, of course, darling — Philip —"

No answer. Curl down close against him and fall into moving, weaving sleep of Auld Lang Syne and whisky.

Was that the last time they were together before Philip moved into the dressing-room? She missed him more now in her mother's narrow spare bed than she had done in all those months alone at home.

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"Philip — now we're married you'll always look after me, won't you?"

"Of course, darling — always."

That's all right then, quite safe, don't bother about anything ever again, let him decide, protect, advance. But now he wasn't looking after her; no one was looking after her; she didn't like the feel of her own feet.

"Susan dear," said her mother, "why don't you take the bus down to Hampton Court and see the floodlighting?"

"Will you come with me?"

"I don't think so. I've been twice already — but it's very fine — you shouldn't miss it."

She reached the gates at ten o'clock as out of a dark and windy sky the turreted palace sprang pink and white, the very finest ballet setting. A crowd had collected, waiting for the opening, and she found herself being jostled through the back garden with hundreds of other impatient sightseers. When she came to the railings by the water stretching away into the park and saw the luminous trees and haunted, shimmering, swanless lake, she stopped delighted and let the crowd push on round the perimeter of the grounds.

She must have stood there five minutes staring before she felt an arm across her shoulders and turned indignantly to see Benet.

"Having good weather north of the Tweed?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

"By ringing up Grace."

"Did you leave your name?"

"Of course not — I said I was Gereds' antiques and had a Wedgwood tea-pot I thought would interest you, and Grace painstakingly wrote down my number. Do you realise what a silly thing you've done, my angel?"

"No, what?" She leant back against his arm.

"Everyone will think you've gone away with me."

"Why should they?"

"Oh, the moment you sneeze and I lend you my handkerchief people imagine the worst."

"What people?"

"All the people you know and I know. All the dear kind friends we have."

"I think you misjudge everyone by yourself."

"And you don't think about other people at all. You wander through the forests of your life like a lost gazelle on a diet of roses. Nothing impinges unless it suits you."

"Are you here alone?"

"No. I'm with my brother-in-law, but I seem to have lost him by the simple process of getting him past the fountains when I saw you and then doubling back against the herd."

"Where's Bess?"

"I don't know. Gone to London — not expected back till late. Susan, why did you run away from me?"

"You know why. I should have known myself weeks ago."

"But, darling, if it's the same for you, why run away?"

"Do you think there is a swan behind every clump of rushes ready to spring out when the music starts?"

"Susan—don't be so whimsy, you aren't even listening—darling look at me."

"I like to look at this perilous water."

"You are afraid to look at me."

"You talk too much," she said. Now was the time to run away again, into the darkness among the shuffling feet. Am I to spend the next twenty years running away from him into the dark? Philip should have saved me from this.

"Oh good, there you are— I was afraid I'd lost you."

Archie Partridge, large and cheerful, slapping Benet on the back, shaking Susan's hand.

"Bit of luck finding you, Susan, were you all alone? Let's put her between us and then we shan't lose her anyway."

Benet had her hand and Archie an arm—she felt like a rag doll limp and dumb between the two of them. Archie admired the palace frequently, he was sorry to have missed Susan's party, he'd heard from Bess it was good, why wasn't Philip with her now?

"Why isn't Bess with you?" she asked sharply and softened her voice to explain about her visit to her mother.

"If you are so near you must come over," Archie insisted and added how lucky it was he could drive her home. Benet said nothing. She would not let Archie take her to the door. She made him stop in the market. He did not know her mother's name—he could not find it in the telephone directory.

"Drive on" she called out in a silly gay voice to Archie, as she saw Benet preparing to get out of the back. Archie started the car and Benet fell forwards looking pained and annoyed. She walked home in tears.

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Susan sat in her mother's faded deck-chair thinking about Skye. They had gone to Skye in May, during a Whitsun vacation, driven all the way, stopped a night at the hotel on the Kyle of Lochalsh.

Then over in the ferry and alone on the coast road, not a single car passed them the whole way. Between the road and the pale sea, lines of deep blue triumphant bluebells.

"Could one be happy here, Philip, in one of those low white cottages?"

"I'm afraid not—I wouldn't be much good at crofting."

"I'm sure you could cut peat."

"Could you make me a cosy peat fire?"

"I expect I could learn. I'm happy now anyway."

Happy. When had she last been happy? Why shouldn't they go to Skye again? Now? Or fly to the Orkneys for the week-end?

"Mother," she called, carrying the shelled peas into the house. "I think I'll just run up and lunch with Philip."

"Very well, dear," said her mother, appearing with a mop. "Do I expect you back tonight?"

"I think so. I'll ring in good time if I'm not coming. You are a dear."

She crushed the mop against her mother with sudden affection.

In Lincoln's Inn she waited on a seat under a tree where she had a good view of the door to Philip's chambers; he would be so pleased and surprised to see her. "Why, darling," he'd say, "I thought you weren't coming back till next week? Where shall we lunch to celebrate?"

"How's Angela?"

"In very good form—but she asks every day for you."

"Philip—please can we go to the Orkneys this week-end?"

"What a lovely idea, darling."

"Philip, I love you."

But when she looked up, she saw Philip coming out of the door with Thomasina. Real Philip, laughing and animated, with real Thomasina laughing too. She sat still for a minute to clear her head of the picture of a sad, lonely Philip, who would be so pleased to see her. She walked out slowly and saw them pick up a taxi, they must be going to lunch in the West End.

"Follow that cab," she said to her taxi driver, but the joke came out in such a small voice, that he asked her to repeat the address.

"With the tall gentleman and lady in?"

"That's right. My friends weren't expecting me."

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He looked at her doubtfully, but shot into the traffic in pursuit.

This is exciting, Susan told herself, I'm in a taxi chasing another taxi. But still she could not swallow the lump in her throat; in the other taxi sat her husband laughing with another woman, not even pretending to be sorry she was in Scotland. She noticed that both taxis were proceeding north.

"They've only just gone ahead into the station," said her driver, dropping her at King's Cross.

But in the station they had vanished as completely as if they had known someone was after them. Probably doubled back into the Underground and gone round to Paddington. Susan bought platform tickets for every platform and laboriously plodded up to each engine. After half an hour of failure she took another taxi to Pussy's flat.

Pussy was in and alone, with her living-room floor covered with yards of yellow material.

"What are you making?" asked Susan, interested in spite of herself.

"A housecoat," said Pussy. "How were the Orkneys?"

"I haven't been there yet. I meant to go this week-end."

"Oh, I thought you left three days ago. I called at your house and Grace said you were away."

"Puss, I owe you an apology."

"What about?"

"I'm afraid, last time I was here, I entertained some rather unkind, unfriendly suspicions about you."

"Really, dear?" Pussy, on her knees by the collar of her housecoat, took a few bold snips without looking up. "What were they?"

"I actually thought you might know who Philip's woman is."

"If I did know, I should be quite disappointed. I've become passionately interested in the chase. What's all this leading up to?"

Susan fished the gold pencil out of her bag again.

"Puss, can you swear to me on the head of Christian Dior that this pencil means nothing to you?"

"Of course it means something to me—it's Philip's, I told you so last time you showed it to me. It's got his initials on."

"No, but I mean, how did this pencil come to be down the back of your chair?"

"Philip dropped it, I suppose."

"But Pussy, when was Philip sitting in your chair? We haven't been to dinner with you for months — and I know he had the pencil safe recently, and he hasn't mentioned losing it."

"Oh, I see—poor Susan, no wonder you were worried. No, you can rule me out. Besides, in my own curious way I'm fond of you—though madly exasperated at times."

"But how do you explain the pencil?"

"Easy, Watson, easy. Philip brought us home after we'd failed to meet you in the Mall the night of your party. He sat in that chair for the time it took to swallow a small whisky, but he wouldn't stay long because he was worried about you."

"George was talking to him about a Cyprus wine he hadn't tried, and he got out the pencil to write the name of it on the back of an old envelope. He hasn't mentioned losing it to you because you gave it to him for his birthday last year—convinced?"

"Yes, thank you." Susan spoke humbly. She described her hectic chase to King's Cross.

"How unlike you," said Puss, "to take such rapid action — you are getting very efficient under the pressure of circumstances."

"It wasn't at all efficient because I lost them at once. Do you think they were really going away together?"

"Had they any luggage?"

"Oh no—I never thought of that. No, only brief cases."

"I think it's much more likely they were out on a job."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do. But why don't you go home and keep an eye on things?"

"I had meant to, that's the silly part. I was rushing up to tell Philip I'd come home, but when I saw him going off with Thomasina like that I hadn't the heart."

"No, I can see it would be rather chilling."

"Pussy — could I come and hide here for a few days? I'd be so much nearer."

"You're very welcome, dear, though I'm afraid George is hopeless with a secret. He'll tell everyone he sees."

"Perhaps we could bribe him to keep quiet for just a few days? I don't mind who he tells really, as long as it isn't Philip."

And she must get away from Kingston before Benet tracked her down.

"Could I stay now, as I am?" she asked. "Your clothes fit me anyway and I'll pop out and buy a toothbrush."

SUSAN stood on the other side of the road watching Philip in the lighted drawing-room. There was nobody with him, nobody at all. Wherever he had been this afternoon with Thomasina, he had come home alone to dinner, and now sat alone reading a book which did not interest him. He yawned and stared out of the open window. Susan drew back into the shadow of her tree.

Philip looked forlorn and vacant, both expressions foreign to his confident face. She felt a wild desire to comfort and protect him, to confess all her ridiculous ignoble suspicions, she ran across the road, but as she touched the gate the telephone rang.

Philip stood with his back to her, answering. She could hear every word. He sounded pleased to be talking to whoever it was:

"Yes, I could manage this week-end easily. . . . Susan's away in Scotland . . . really? Very interesting . . . this needs looking into. Wouldn't that be too much bother? Good . . . good. Just you? I'll drive down then — hope to be with you by tea-time, tomorrow. Good night."

He no longer looked forlorn; he snapped his book shut, walked round the room picking up papers and humming, and went out of the door shouting for Grace.

Susan turned away miserably. Where could he be going? Was it someone who had invited her too, or had he said she was in Scotland to explain that he was on his own and therefore more free?

"Hot soup?" asked Pussy solicitously, when she saw Susan's face.

"Whisky?" suggested George, helping her into a chair.

Susan chose whisky, and sat there waiting for her heart to thaw.

"Fine evening for a walk," remarked George, who was heavily pretending that he did not know what was going on because Pussy had spent the best part of the last hour explaining to him.

"I think it's going to rain," said Susan.

Philip has a long nose, Philip has a strong mouth, Philip is a tall man, and I have no idea what he thinks about.

"I expect it'll rain all day tomorrow," she added.

I shall go to bed and stay in bed and never get up again.

"I think I'll go to bed, Puss."

"Yes, dear, you do that, and don't get up in the morning."

Pussy refrained from pressing for details of Susan's discoveries, assuming she would get a clearer acount tomorrow. She recognised Susan's air of complete defeat.

Sitting on Susan's bed in the full light of Saturday she tried to be constructive.

"Anyway we know it can't be Thomasina."

"Why not?"

"If they were together all the afternoon they'd have made a rendezvous then, rather than wait to telephone in the evening. Besides, she'd know you are away."

"She might not."

"Oh, I'm sure Philip would have mentioned it. Do you know, George suggests it may be somebody quite new—or rather an old flame turning up again. Somebody we haven't been reckoning on. Have you heard of any old flames recently?"

"I've only just begun to hear their names even—but not from Philip, and I'm sure I'd know if one turned up. He'd act strange, or exhilarated, or something."

Like he did last night after that telephone call. Brisk and happy, and humming to himself.

"Now then, Susan," said Pussy sternly, "no trembling lower lips here. George and I have a plan to go down and lunch at the 'Ivy', to take you out of yourself and me out of the sink. You get up now, and put on my best dress and take heart."

They sat at a table on the right just inside the door. Susan ploughed her way glumly through pate and chicken mayonnaise, scarcely lifting her eyes from her plate. It was hard on George and Pussy who were doing their best to be gay and animated. She had her back to the wall and a clear view of the room, but she did not want to look at anyone.

"It's Mrs. Denn," cried a joyful voice, and down upon their table swooped Mrs. Tring on her way out, followed by a stout gentleman contemporary, Mrs. Tring was beside herself with excitement at meeting someone she knew at the 'Ivy' and made the gentleman wait on the mat while she told Susan how naughty she — Mrs. Tring — was to come up to London for the week-end at her age.

But naturally, staying with relatives, but having such a jolly time. And Rosemary? Ah, Rosemary, well she spent the whole week in town so she liked to be in the country on Saturday but she was quite all right, she'd invited a friend down to the cottage to keep her company for a couple of nights.

At this point Susan leapt up with a strangled gulp and, brushing past the waiter with the pudding trolley, rushed out into the street leaving three or four open mouths behind her.

She jumped into a taxi, and then could not think where to go. She toyed with the idea of asking the driver to head for Tunbridge Wells, but her money was running out, the bank shut, and Philip presumably away.

She went back to Pussy's flat to avoid having to sort out change in a telephone box.

She rang home first and asked in a disguised foreign voice for Philip. Grace informed her that he was away till Sunday night. She then rang her garage and asked for her car, only to be told that Mr. Denn had given instructions for it to be overhauled and

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that it wouldn't be ready till Monday. In a final burst of despair she rang the Partridges and asked Bess in another disguised, foreign voice for Benet.

"Benet—is that really you?"

"Yes, darling—what's the matter?"

"Can you come at once—in your car—and take me away somewhere?"

"With the greatest pleasure—where are you?"

"I'm at Pussy Gardeners'." She gave him the address. "And I must get down to Kent tonight, and my car is out of commission."

"Stop worrying, darling. I'm as good as there. Pack your suitcase and I'll be with you in about forty minutes."

It took time to find a suitcase in Puss' flat, where everything was disguised as something else behind frilly chintz, or in pink cupboards. But where am I going to stay, Susan suddenly thought, why am I packing anyway? I suppose we shall all sleep in the cottage, like a Coward play, but it'll be horrid, not funny at all.

Perhaps Philip will drive me home, leaving Benet and Rosemary together, and then Philip and I can quarrel all the way back. I never have quarrelled with Philip, it might be rather exciting.

Pussy's clothes were not very suitable for a country goose-chase, either. Susan was still hesitating between bottle-green and peacock-blue when Pussy and George bustled back into the flat.

"Darling—are you all right? We thought you'd had a seizure or gone out of your mind or something—are you feverish?"

"No, thank you," said Susan calmly, folding up the peacock-blue. "I'm just going to find Philip. I just saw that empty country cottage with nothing but Rosemary Tring alone waiting for Philip in it, so I came back to get ready to go there."

"Are you sure you are acting with proper dignity, dear?"

"Puss, you've been urging me for weeks to take action, and now I am taking it you say it's not dignified."

"I must admit I never thought it would come to this—pack a pair of my American net nylons, dear, so suitable for brambles. How are you going to get there?"

"In Benet Brown's car. He's picking me up here—any minute now."

"Some gentlemen," said Pussy, "are very long-suffering and obliging. You'd better have an overcoat, his car looked chilly."

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"Now," said Benet briskly, lifting her over the car door, which had stuck, into her seat. "Where did you say we were going?"

"To Kent," said Susan. "The Trings' cottage."

"Good. I know the way there. I've been to it with Thomasina."

Susan did not feel like talking, she sat huddled up with her hands pushed into the pockets of Pussy's coat, and for once Benet left her alone.

Philip would have arrived at the cottage by now; perhaps he was saying:

"Darling Rosemary—this is an extraordinary piece of luck—fancy your mother and my wife being away the same week-end."

"You must come and see the garden and help me to pick raspberries and feed the rabbits."

"How pretty you look in the country, darling — that cotton frock suits you. Is the wood behind the house private?"

"It is, but we can walk in it. Mummy knows the owner. Shall we?"

"Perhaps a cup of tea first? I'm rather thirsty after the drive."

"Of course how stupid of me. It's all ready, the kettle's on and everything, and Mummy made us a lovely spotige cream cake before she went."

"You didn't tell her I was coming, I hope?"

"Oh no—she thinks you're a girl-friend called Ruth Saunton."

"I must be careful not to smoke any cigars."

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Susan giggled, and Benet turned to her surprised.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing, really, just imagining things. Are we nearly there?"

"Getting into Kent now — another half-hour, I should say."

Twenty-five minutes later she found her heart taking up so much space that it was hard to breathe. She had remembered now, suddenly, perhaps too late, how angry Philip would be with her for making him look a fool.

"Let's stop, Benet — here in this wood."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm frightened. I'm not sure that I want to go on."

He pulled the car over to the side of the road and helped her out. She looked down a path between the beeches.

"Let's go a little way in," she said, not letting go of Benet's hand. The path was wide enough for two, ahead of them only pools of green sunlight.

"Why are you frightened? There's nothing to be frightened of, darling."

THIS wood must have been empty for years, hot and still, waiting for Philip and Rosemary to crack the beech masts, and trample the twigs, and scuffle last year's leaves.

"Let's sit down," she said, "and see if we can hear anything."

"We shan't hear anything," said Benet. "This is our wood, we are quite alone in it, this is the bottom of our sea. I wish I could take you across the sea to my lovely farm in Provence where the sun shines all day—but of course you remember it, you spent your honeymoon there. To think that in those far off days I wasn't even jealous when Philip asked me for the loan of it—I only remember stipulating that Bess should not be done out of her holiday."

"Was it your house? I never knew."

Under the tree the ground was soft and dry. Benet pulled her down into his arms so that she lay looking up through layer after shifting, quivering, sunshot layer of beech leaf.

"Why are you frightened?" he asked again softly.

"Because Philip will be so angry."

"But, sweetheart, why should Philip ever know? Surely you don't believe in a terrifying frankness between wife and husband?"

"But how can he help knowing if I walk in on him red-handed?"

"Darling—you won't look as guilty as all that—all the women I've known have been excellent amateur actresses. Don't let's waste time talking about Philip."

He found her mouth then before she had time to explain anything, and the worry and fear dissolved into timeless light.

"Oh love, oh Benet, what am I going to do?"

"Nothing."

She scrambled to her feet, shaking all over.

"Benet—please, darling, listen, you haven't understood anything." She backed against the smooth bark.

"I've understood all anyone wants to understand, in these circumstances. Come here."

"No—oh, why do you love me?"

"Why does he expect me to love him? He's not a relation!' Susan, you are acting very oddly. What's suddenly wrong?"

He stood over her.

"I didn't know," she sobbed.

"Didn't know what?" he shook her roughly.

"It felt like this."

"Like what?"

"So confused, and agony."

"It's confusion that resolves in perfection, and an agony that leads to Elysium—what are you complaining about?"

"Benet, please let go, truly—I didn't come here for this."

Benet dropped his hands to his sides.

"For heaven's sake," he almost shouted with exasperation. "What are we here for then?"

"To catch Philip."

"What!"

Benet looked at her as if she were demented.

"But you asked me, asked me after weeks of shilly-shallying, to take you away to Kent. There was no mention of Philip coming too. Anyway, where do you expect to catch him. Behind a tree?"

"No—in the Trings' cottage."

Benet seized her hand and jerked her back on to the path. He walked so fast that she was almost running, sobbing as she ran.

"You don't understand."

"I certainly don't," snapped Benet as he almost threw her into the car. He drove recklessly and in silence and a few minutes later jammed on the brakes with such force at the gate of the cottage that Susan banged her head on the windscreen.

Rosemary and Thomasina, eating raspberries and cream in the shade of the mulberry tree, leapt to their feet with smiles of surprise and pleasure.

Benet, holding Susan's hand with painful strength, led her up to them. All his anger lay in his hand, his voice was bland and amused.

"We just dropped in for tea," he said, "didn't we, Susan? The Denns are spending the week-end with the Partridges."

"What a long way from Hampton Court, but we're glad to see you." Thomasina moved up on the garden bench to make room for Benet. Rosemary gave Susan her chair and hurried into the house, her fair hair flopping across her eyes, to find cups and plates and spoons.

"I'm afraid Mummy's away," she explained as she brought out the tray. "She'll be so sorry to have missed you."

Susan still could not speak.

"Where's Philip?" asked Thomasina.

"Philip's cheering up Bess," said Benet. "Archie's away. Somebody had to stay with the children."

"You could have brought them all," said Rosemary handing out raspberries.

"Heaven forbid!—I like a rest from my nephews and nieces at the week-end."

They stayed an hour. A whole hour of desperate self-control for Susan. Benet had known all the time where Philip was, each gulped raspberry was an effort of will—what a fool she had been not to tell Benet.

Perhaps he would kill her on the way back, with the starting handle: "Take that, Susan Denn, for being so unimaginative and that for making a monkey out of me, and that for finding me attractive and leading me up the beach-wood path, and that finally for being attractive yourself," and then she could lie dead and quiet and be no more trouble to anybody, and Philip could go on visiting Bess with a bright brisk step while Archie went away.

At last Benet suggested they should

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be on their way. Susan urged both Thomasina and Rosemary to come and see her soon in London.

"As a matter of fact, I thought you were in Scotland," Thomasina remarked.

"I came back this morning."

"What a nice surprise for Philip. When I saw him yesterday, we went down to Cambridge to the Assizes, he seemed very depressed and was dreading the week-end alone. I tried to persuade him to come here with me today but he didn't want to leave home."

So he was delighted to leave home for Bess, was he? But not for Thomasina or Rosemary.

"Now," said Benet, punishing the car up a steep hill. "What's all this about Philip?"

"I've known for a long time something's going on but I didn't know who, and I thought it was Rosemary Tring."

At the top of the hill clouds of steam poured out of the bonnet and Benet drew in to the side of the road to let the car cool down.

"Do I understand, Susan, that for a couple of months now I've been used as a sort of pawn in your complicated schemes?"

"I don't know."

"If you say I don't know again, I shall beat you soundly. You are a responsible adult of at least thirty years—"

"Nearly thirty."

"Don't be childish, what does it matter if you are twenty-eight or thirty-two, your brain has presumably formed?"

"I'm not very clever."

"You can't get out on that either—you are quite clever enough to know what's going on. Besides, being sure of you, I rashly told you how I felt about it—unless you are deaf, as well as stupid, you must have heard."

"I heard you say you loved me."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing—I told you before."

"Nothing—is one thing, but ringing up someone who happens to be mad about you and asking him to take you away to the country on a sunny Saturday afternoon is quite another."

"I didn't think."

"Do you ever think about anyone except yourself?"

"I try to—but it comes out fuzzy."

She stared miserably ahead. Benet turned her face gently towards him.

"Now, you are not to take refuge in tears. Your tears have no effect on me—do you hear—? You look swollen and ugly and like a white rabbit if you cry, and I shan't love you any more if you do."

"Oh, don't be so unkind to me."

"Why should I not be unkind to you? What have you ever done for me except drive me frantic?"

"I didn't mean to."

"Didn't mean to, didn't know—What did you mean to do? What do you know?"

"I wanted to find out who Philip is in love with."

"But surely it wasn't necessary to mess me up on the way?"

"What about me?" she broke out in despair. "What about me?"

"Then it's true," Benet said softly, pulling her towards him. "It's true, you do feel the same, you haven't been playing me up as part of the plan—you weren't just using me to make Philip jealous, knowing that Philip has always been jealous of me—?"

"No—none of that, I'm not very cunning."

"I was beginning to wonder if you weren't the most cunning woman I had ever come across."

Her limbs were dissolving again, there was light loose in her veins; she sat up with an effort.

"I think if you wouldn't mind just going away it'll be all right," she said.

"All right for who?"

"All right for me in the first place, things will always be all right for you. I'm sure you can pick up women everywhere."

He kissed her furiously then, with an anger which leapt through her blood, too. Now, she was really frightened, by his strength and by the strength of her response. He suddenly let her go.

"Have it your own way," he said abruptly, starting the car. "Now that I know how easily I could play it mine."

She lay back in her seat breathless and trembling. It was true, there was "welcome" on every mat.

"I shall go to France next week," Benet said, a few miles later, "and not disturb the barrister's wife again."

"But suppose Philip wants to divorce me for Bess?"

"You should have thought of that before, and nobody's going to use me as a co-respondent."

"But if I were free would you come back?"

"I don't expect so, you'd be too great a responsibility; I only said I loved you. I never mentioned marriage."

"Love means a lot to me."

"Perhaps that's why you never said it."

"Didn't I?"

"No—I've been listening carefully. I wouldn't have missed a thing like that, it means a lot to me, too, but it never means marriage—I'm waiting for Miss Right with her middle-west millions."

"What I don't understand," Susan tried to make her voice sound flat and impartial, "is how you can know that I really don't like you at all."

Benet grinned at her.

As they neared the Thames, Benet slowed the car again.

"Not here," said Susan faintly. "It's a main road."

She felt too exhausted to battle any further with her inexplicable emotions.

"If I chose a lane, love would have won the day?"

"No, never. I only thought you were going to kiss me with all these cars passing, and the sun still shining."

"So I am."

"But somebody will see us."

"What does it matter if they do? There's no law against kissing a girl-friend on the high road, particularly if you aren't going to see her again for a long time."

But as he spoke he turned the car down a side road under a line of elms. He switched off the engine and turned to her smiling.

"Darling Susan, I love you still, maybe I shall always have a special corner for you in my heart—the only woman I loved."

He kissed her politely, and without passion, on the eyes and the forehead.

"Please, Benet, please." It was shaming to plead with him, to have him win every round.

So he kissed her properly then.

"Darling fool," he whispered. "What a waste." The elms lay in ladders of shadow across the road.

. . .

This time she was sure he was driving to kill them both but they reached the Partridge homestead in a cloud of dust, but alive.

"Madame is out," said the new French help. "She is out with the visiting gentleman."

The children must all be in bed, there was no one downstairs.

Benet put his arm round Susan.

"Did she say where she had gone and when she would be back?"

"Not far, I think, and soon, and there may be one more person for supper, she said."

Benet took Susan into the garden. She still felt dazed, and sat down on an iron bench by the french windows. Bess was an enthusiastic gardener and her beans and peas sprouted energetically. The French help began to pick up wooden engines, woolly bears, spades, books and bicycles from the lawn.

"I'll get you a drink," Benet said. "They've probably only gone down to the pub."

Susan twisted the dead brown head of a rose beside her. She wondered if she could have been ill and was now convalescent; it was such an enormous effort to lift her hand. She was aware of children's whispers above her head and a piece of paper tickled past her ear. She looked up, but the children had withdrawn giggling. A minute later there came a squeak of excitement.

"It's Mummy, look, Janet, it's my Mummy."

Susan turned round again to see Angela's long hair over the window-sill and Angela's face pink and agitated.

"Mummy, come up—no, I'll come down," and she arrived in her night-dress, a whirl of cotton daisies, and soap and clean, brushed hair.

"Mummy, what a lovely surprise! Daddy brought me here for a treat, but he never said you were coming."

"He didn't know, darling, it's a surprise for him, too. Aren't your feet cold?"

"Not very—I'll sit on your knee. I'm not very heavy yet, am I? Mummy, Janet's got a doll's cot with curtains—can I have one with curtains, pink and white, please? Where did you go?"

"I went to see Grannie."

"Why didn't you take me? I'm quite old now for going to places."

Benet brought the drinks out.

"Ah, back to the maternal grind, aren't you smug to find the wee one welcoming?"

"What's he talking about, Mummy?"

"All nonsense—he talks too much."

"But he's a nice man. He's been to America. Haven't you?"

"Only for three weeks, but with my trained mind I made good use of the time."

"Mrs. Partridge has four little children, Mummy. Why haven't you got four?"

"Why indeed?" murmured Benet. "Why not stuff the house with stumping feet? Only don't ask me to visit you."

"I shouldn't anyway—though you manage to live with Bess' family for months on end, I notice."

"Only because, as an uncle, I can be rude and bad-tempered."

Susan took Angela up to bed again and returned to find Philip and Bess. They were both astonished to see Susan. Philip said nothing, but embraced her with a fervor strange to one who hated any sort of public demonstration.

"I've been so worried," he said. "Are you sure you're all right, darling?"

"Where did Benet find you?" Bess asked. "We've just been over to your mother's because Archie reported you to be hiding there."

"Were you looking for me?" Susan stared at Philip as if she could not take her eyes off his face.

"I couldn't understand it — when Bess rang last night and said you'd been seen in Kingston. I wondered if you'd lost your memory."

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"Or gone off with somebody else," suggested Susan shakily."

Philip was reproachful "Oh, darling, no, I never thought that, but it did seem odd after you'd been so positive about Scotland, but wouldn't let me see you off and hadn't even sent me a postcard."

"Shall we go and eat," said Bess. "I was expecting Susan to supper anyway, though from the other direction."

Philip was not to be deflected. "But your mother said you left there yesterday morning and had telephoned to her, but not given any address."

"Do let's eat," Bess urged. "Everything will be getting so dried up. I put things in the oven before we went over to Kingston."

Philip let himself be led indoors, but he would not give up his search. "But where have you been, darling, do tell me."

"I hope it's not too hot for soup," said Bess briskly. "Husbands and wives mustn't sit together. Philip, you come over here."

"I went to see Rosemary Tring this afternoon."

"But why on earth? Why not come home? You don't even like her much."

"Now then, Philip," said Bess. "You and Susan must settle your differences alone."

"I'm sure Susan has nothing to hide," said Philip stoutly. "It's just that I find the whole business most bewildering."

Susan burst into tears into her soup.

"Mock Turtle," murmured Benet.

"Oh dear," said Bess, "I can see it's no good pretending nothing is happening—how lucky that Rosalie has gone out. It looks as if Benet and I should be tactful and go out, too, but I did want something to eat first."

"I'll be all right in a minute," sobbed Susan leaning on the nearest shoulder, which happened to be Benet's.

"Over to you, old chap," said Benet, "I don't think this is my little pigeon."

Philip rushed round and gathered Susan into his arms.

"I think if you don't mind, Bess," he said, "that we had better go home. I don't think Susan can be very well."

"Good idea," said Bess, "you go home and sort it all out—I'll keep Angela till Monday. I'm coming to town then and I can bring her back."

"I'd forgotten about Angela." Philip looked relieved "Are you sure, Bess?"

"One more doesn't make much difference," Bess said.

In the car, Susan studied the left side of Philip's face. He did not speak although they no longer had an audience and a quarrel could have been conveniently arranged. Susan began to wonder nervously what he was thinking about. After twenty minutes he suddenly said,

"You know, Sue, I've known Benet a long while now."

"Yes—he told me you were at Cambridge together."

"He's a very good writer—"

"Is he? I never read any of his books."

"But he's not a suitable friend for you, I've never wanted you to meet him—I've seen him on and off the last few years, but I never took you with me."

"Aren't I old enough now to choose my own friends?"

"No, darling, it's not a question of age, but people like Benet don't believe in any of the civilised rules of behaviour. He might easily take advantage of you."

"In what way? Borrow money?"

Philip, stop begin so pompous and middle-aged, any minute now I shall run away to sea with Benet and live by selling winkles.

"I'll explain later," Philip said. "I shouldn't have started this conversation now, I want at least half my mind for the road."

Susan lay back and closed her eyes. What does he think? That I don't know what Benet was up to? But six hours ago I didn't—oh surely, surely, Susan, you can't have been as dumb as that, you dumb blonde, you knew, and you liked it.

. . . .

"Welcome home, Madame," said Grace, almost smiling.

"Can Cook find us something to eat?" asked Philip.

At supper Philip talked about a current case and the weather and Angela's recent activities. Susan answered in monosyllables, she needed all her strength for swallowing until Philip got out the good brandy and she began to revive.

By the time she climbed into bed she felt as if she had never been away. Lovely big soft bed and no more arguments.

"The way I see it is this," said Philip sitting down firmly on the other pillow in his dressing-gown, "are you in love with Benet or are you not?"

SUSAN sat bolt upright again, pink and startled.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say—darling, I've been so terribly worried the last few weeks. I knew there must be somebody else, you've been so strange and aloof, and as soon as I realised it was Benet I thought there was no hope for me at all. Every woman I know falls for Benet."

"Oh Philip," Susan could not think of anything to say. She put out her hand and patted his knee. "Would you mind if I was?"

"Darling—you know it would be the end of everything for me."

"But I don't know, that's just what I don't know. I sometimes wonder if I'm part of your life at all."

"You are the centre of my life, Susan, without you all the rest falls to pieces—you must know that. Why do you think I've been out in the dressing-room for the last few months?"

"I thought it was because you were tired of me."

"Oh, what a mess!" said Philip, pushing his hair up on end at the back. "I moved in there because I thought you were tired of me."

There was another long silence. Susan closed her eyes again, all that rushing about and worry for nothing, gaggles of wild geese flapped past her.

"Sue, don't go to sleep, darling, this is terribly important. It matters for the rest of our lives. You never answered my question."

"Which question?"

"About Benet—do you love him?"

"I don't know," she said honestly. Philip rolled over and hid his face in the pillow.

Philip went to the Partridges' to see Benet, Bess was on our honeymoon because it was Benet's house. Thomasina is work and Rosemary is duty and Pussy is Susan's friend. The Plummers' dog is a diligent scavenger. I am a fool. I am so much of a fool that I wonder if I shall ever get up in the morning and face the ironical sun.

"But I do know, darling," she went on, "that I love you."

"In that case," Philip pulled her towards him, "I think we can manage without Benet. He has plenty of other women, and I only have you."

. . . .

Some weeks later Susan lay in bed. She had just finished a hearty breakfast of tomato juice, eggs, toast, tea, and oranges. Philip, a little late for work, came in to say good-bye.

"This is not a tactful moment," said Susan, "but as far as I can see you are doomed to become another father."

Philip placed his brief case, bowler hat, and umbrella on a chair very carefully before sitting down beside her.

"Say that again."

She said it.

"Well, get this into your foolish head, I am mad about this baby. Madly pleased."

"Are you, darling?" said Susan in surprise. "But it'll be an awful nuisance and make an awful noise, and I shall be hideous for evermore."

"We'll take a chance on that. Nannie can deal with the nuisance side of it, surely. What are we well provided for, but to enjoy ourselves?"

So after Philip had gone, kissing her tenderly on the forehead, she had only a short cry (to mourn her vanished youth and beauty) and was just perking up enough to telephone Pussy and ask her to come over when Nannie knocked and walked in, looking both glum and sad.

"Good morning, Nannie. What's the trouble?"

"I'm very sorry, madam, I hate to have to tell you, but I must give in my notice."

The lump rose again at once in Susan's throat.

"Oh dear, why—has Grace said anything?"

"It's not that, Madam, everybody's always been very kind to me here but I feel I must go."

"Oh no, Nannie, how awful. I can't bear it, just when I'm going to have another baby."

Fresh tears poured down Susan's face, she dabbed her cheeks with the sheet Nannie's whole attitude changed at once.

"There, there, Mrs. Denn," she said briskly. "You mustn't upset yourself, the first few weeks are very important. Naturally I shan't be leaving—I only thought that with Angela going to school all day in the autumn you wouldn't need me any more."

She offered Susan a handkerchief and patted her on the back. "Now," she said, "what can we think of to make you feel better? We shall need everything new of course; if you were to get up and go out and buy some nice material I could start right away on the nighties this afternoon."

Grace, tidying up in Philip's dressing-room, shook her head to find yet another of Mrs. Denn's lipsticked hankies stuffed into Mr. Denn's pocket. There was the initial "S" clear on it, not that it looked like his anyway, all lace and lipstick.

Even if she has no pockets, thought Grace, she carries a bag, I've half a mind to speak to her about it, it's putting extras in pockets that spoils the shape of the whole suit.

However, hearing through the open door the gist of the conversation with Nannie, she hurried away downstairs to be first with the news to Cook and Mrs. Harris, and spoil Nannie's mid-morning triumph.

Philip, driving slowly towards the red traffic lights, recognised his attractive neighbor, Mrs. Plummer, walking in the same direction. He stopped the car and offered her a lift.

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